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MARTIAL

EPIGRAMS

I

MARTIAL

EPIGRAMS

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

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SOMETIME SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE
OF THE INNER TEMPLE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW

IN TWO VOLUMES

I

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INTRODUCTION

An epigram, as its etymology denotes, was originally merely an inscription, such as is put on a statue or a monument, a temple, or a triumphal arch.[1] But in process of time it came to mean a short poem dealing with some person, thing, or incident which the writer thinks worthy of observation and record, and by which he seeks to attract attention in the same way as a passer-by would be attracted by an inscription on a physical object. "It must have," says Professor Mackail, "the compression and conciseness of a real inscription, and in proportion to the smallness of its bulk must be highly finished, evenly balanced, simple, lucid." The comment of the writer on the subject-matter of the epigram is called the point, and this is generally satirical—"Dost thou think," says Benedick,[2] "I care for a satire or an epigram?"—but it is not necessarily so: it may even be pathetic.

Martial has several poems[3] which by reason of their length are not strictly epigrams within the definition.

[1] Even as a brand on the forehead of a runaway slave (FUG): Petr. ciii. [2] Shak. *Much Ado*, v. iv. 103.
[3] *e.g.* III. lviii.; X. xxx.

But these are of the nature of epigrams, being written in order to lead up to the point at the end.

Marcus Valerius Martialis, the greatest of epigrammatists, and the father of the epigram as we understand it, was born at Bilbilis, or Augusta[1] Bilbilis, in Hispania Tarraconensis. The town stood on a rocky height surrounded by the rushing Salo, a confluent of the Ebro, and was a municipium celebrated for the manufacture of iron, to which the cold waters of the Salo gave a peculiar temper. It also produced gold.[2] The year of the poet's birth cannot be fixed with certainty, but it was one of the years A.D. 38 to 41. It has been inferred from one of his epigrams[3] that his parents were named Fronto and Flaccilla. Though they were probably not rich, they gave the future poet a good education, a fact he afterwards acknowledges[4] somewhat bitterly, having regard to its uselessness in that corrupt age as a means of making money. About A.D. 63 or 64 he came to Rome in the last days of Nero, and attached himself to his countrymen Quintilian, Lucan the poet, and the Senecas, who introduced him to the Pisos. The ruin and death of Seneca the philosopher and of Lucan, for participation in the abortive conspiracy of L. Calpurnius

[1] *cf.* X. ciii. 1. [2] XII. xviii. 9.
[3] V. xxxiv. 1. [4] In IX. lxxiii. 7.

Piso in A.D. 65 threw Martial on his own resources. Quintilian seems to have advised him to take up a profession,[1] perhaps the bar, but Martial preferred, as he says, to make the most of life while he could, a note which he strikes consistently throughout his writings.

Of his life up to A.D. 84 or 85, the date of the publication of Book I. of his epigrams, we know nothing. In A.D. 80, however, the collection known as the Liber Spectaculorum was published to celebrate the opening of the Colosseum by Titus. On the strength of this book, and the Xenia and Apophoreta (Books XIII. and XIV.) which were issued in A.D. 84 or 85, or of other writings that have not come down to us, Martial by A.D. 85 enjoyed an assured position as a poet, as he himself says,[2] "known all over the world," and equally widely plagiarised.

At Rome he remained continuously for thirty-five years, and here all his books were published except Book III., which was issued from Gallia Cisalpina, whither he had gone in a fit of spleen at the poor rewards of literature.[3] In Book I. he speaks of himself[4] as living in a garret up three high flights of

[1] *cf.* II. xc.
[2] *cf.* I. i. 2.
[3] *cf.* III. iv. 8.
[4] *cf.* I. cxvii. 7.

stairs. Later on, by A.D. 94, he had a house of his own in the same quarter, the Quirinal, and a country villa at Nomentum,[1] which according to his own account was a poor place. Whether these houses were purchased or given to him is unknown. During his thirty-five years' sojourn he led the ordinary life of the needy client dependent on rich patrons, and he never ceases to complain of the weariness of levees to be attended, complimentary duties to be discharged at unreasonable hours and in all weathers, and of the insolence and stinginess of wealthy men. Yet he was not without compensations. Domitian rejected his petition for a sum of money, but he received from Titus the *jus trium liberorum*, a right confirmed by Domitian, and the *tribunatus semestris*, a kind of honorary tribuneship carrying with it the title of a knight.[2] Moreover, he mixed in the best society in the capital, numbering among his friends Quintilian, the poets Silius and Valerius Flaccus, the younger Pliny, and Juvenal. That Martial was capable of a very sincere and lasting friendship is shown by many of his epigrams. It is curious that he never mentions Statius, nor is he mentioned by him.

At the end of his thirty-five years' residence in

[1] *cf.* IX. xviii. 2.
[2] *cf.* III. xcv. 9, 10; IX. xcvii. 5.

Rome, either as recognizing the fact that the new regime under Nerva or Trajan was not favourable to adulation of emperors, or from that general weariness of City life of which he complains, and a longing to see again the *patrii amnes* and the *saturae sordida rura casae* of his native Bilbilis on the rough hill-side, he returned in A.D. 100 to Spain. The means of travel were supplied by Pliny, as Pliny tells us,[1] from friendliness towards the poet, and in recompense for the complimentary verses[2] Martial had written upon him. Three years afterwards Book XII. was sent from Spain. In the meantime a Spanish lady, Marcella, of whom he writes with great affection,[3] and whom some have supposed to be his wife, gave him a country house, where he lived until his death. "She," he says, "alone made a Rome for him." But the delights and the freedom of the country, of which at first he speaks exultingly, began to pall upon him, and this fact and the narrow-minded jealousy[4] of his neighbours made him look back fondly towards the fuller life of the Imperial City. But he was destined never to see it again. His death cannot be dated later than A.D. 104.

[1] *Ep.* iii. 21.
[2] *cf.* XII. xxi. and xxxi.
[3] *cf.* x. xix.
[4] *cf.* xii. *Epist.*

Whether Martial was married is uncertain. In several epigrams[1] he speaks as if he had a wife, and in two[2] (and those of the foulest) he assumes to address her. Again, a daughter is alluded to in one epigram, and perhaps in two,[3] for the reading is uncertain. A writer, however, does not always speak in his own person, and also (as Martial did[4]) sometimes writes on a subject submitted to him. In other epigrams[5] the poet speaks of a wife as an aspiration of the future, and, as Professor Sellar says, "the general tone of his epigrams is that of an easy-living bachelor who knew nothing of the cares or consolations of family life." The probability is that he was never married, and it may be said with some degree of certainty that he had no children; for the poet who touched so tenderly on the deaths of Erotion, Urbicus, and Canace, and who showed so loving a disposition towards the young and the helpless, could not have been silent if he had had children of his own.

Pliny says[6] of him, "I hear that Valerius Martialis is dead, and I am sorry. He was a man of genius,

[1] *cf.* IV. xxiii. 2; VII. xcv. 7; XI. lxxxiv. 15.
[2] XI. xliii. and civ.
[3] *cf.* VII. xcv. 8; X. lxv. 11.
[4] *cf.* XI. xlii. 1.
[5] II. xc. 9; II. xcii.
[6] *Ep.* iii. 21.

of subtle, quick intelligence, and one who in his writings showed the greatest amount of wit and pungency, and no less of fairness. . . . But it may be said his writings will not last. Perhaps they will not, but he wrote as if they would." The quality of *candor* which Pliny emphasises agrees with what Martial claimed[1] for himself. "I spare the person, I denounce the vice." Much of his work is poor, and some of it even stupid, as might have been expected in an author with so large an output. And indeed he says himself that, to constitute a book, the good must be mixed with the bad and the indifferent[2]: "the equal book," he says,[3] "is the bad one." But Martial at his best is without a rival. If the highest form of art be to conceal art, then he was a consummate artist. The point, whether dependent on a pun, or an ambiguous phrase, on a new meaning given to a word, or an antithesis, or *παρὰ προσδοκίαν*, is sharply brought out. And the words fall into their places with a fitness that suggests the solution of a puzzle: the reader feels that no other words could have been employed. He is never turgid or pompous: all he touches with a light hand. A

[1] *cf.* x. xxxiii. 10; vii. xii. [2] *cf.* i. xvi.; vii. lxxxi. [3] *cf.* vii. xc. 4.

master of terse and pregnant phrase, he has left us lines that linger in the memory, such as *perdiderit nullum vita reversa diem ; vivere bis vita est posse priore frui ; non est vivere, sed valere vita ; cineri gloria sera venit ; aestate pueri si valent, satis discunt ; non bene servo servitur amico ; sera nimis vita est crastina, vive hodie*—and many others ; and above them all that tender sigh for the shortness of mortality, which has framed a thousand dials, and has from the Temple walls reminded many a generation of lawyers of the fleeting hours, *pereunt et imputantur.*

Life was his subject, not outworn mythologies or tragic bombast.[1] And what a medley of detail that life presents ! Fops, fortune-hunters and dinner-touters, dabblers and busybodies, orators and lawyers, schoolmasters, street hawkers, barbers, cobblers, jockeys, architects, auctioneers, debtors, bores, quidnuncs, doctors, plagiarists, hypocritical philosophers, poisoners, jugglers and acrobats, the slave who has become a knight, or the knight without a qualification, personal peculiarities, the faults and vices of fashionable life. He describes a gown or a cup, a picture or a statue, a rich debauchee's banquet, the courses of a dinner, or the produce of a farm, a greenhouse, a triumphal arch, a lion in the amphitheatre, a

[1] *cf.* IV. xlviii. 7, 8 ; x. iv. 7–12.

suburban or country villa, a private bath, a beautiful slave, the noises, duties, and distractions of the town, its topography, the parties, theatres, public games, exercise grounds, the baths and the Saturnalia. He gives us a birthday or a marriage poem, the eulogy of a friend or of a Roman matron, the praise of conjugal or of fraternal love, or of a life well spent, the elements of a happy life, the death of a good man, epitaphs, verses on the eruption of Vesuvius, on a fragment of the Argo, or on an insect embedded in amber. The list might be indefinitely prolonged.

No account of the work of Martial would be complete without two features being touched upon which have darkened his fame, namely his indecency, and his adulation of Domitian. With regard to the first, however, of the 1171 epigrams in the first twelve books, those open to objection do not exceed a fourth, and if the 350 epigrams in Books XIII. and XIV. be included, the proportion is still smaller. On the other hand, of the objectionable epigrams the greater part are indescribably foul. But it should not be inferred that Martial was a peculiarly immoral man. "My page is wanton," he says,[1] "my life is good." And borrowing the excuse made by

[1] *cf.* I. iv. 8.

his master Catullus, he says[1] that *jocosa carmina* cannot please without prurience. That was as much a feature of sportive epigrams as the nudity of the performers at the Festival of Flora, and to write licentious verse was, as Pliny tells us,[2] fashionable with *summi et gravissimi viri*. A notable example of the outspoken indecency in which even Augustus indulged is to be found in XI. XX.[3] As an epigrammatist Martial had to adapt himself to the manners of his age or starve.

The poet's adulation of Domitian sounds to modern ears shameless and disgusting. But it must be remembered that the title "deus" was an official one, and it would have been dangerous in those critical times to omit it. Moreover, Martial had to live; the patronage of the Emperor and of his suite was essential, and Martial had to pay the price of recognition. A modern scholar, Professor Verrall, has sought[4] to exculpate him on the ground that "the worship of the Emperor was the best and truest form which religion took in that 'inter-religious' period . . . When [the provincials] called the Emperor 'deus' they took the simplest way of saying that the Empire

[1] *cf.* I. XXXV. 11; following Cat. XVI. 9.
[2] *Ep.* IV. XIV. 4. He gives a long list of such authors in V. III.
[3] All epigrams possible of translation by the use of dashes or paraphrases have been rendered in English, the wholly impossible ones only in Italian. [4] *Literary Essays*, 8.

deserved from them, as human beings, gratitude and veneration. And so it did." But Martial, unfortunately for his future fame, has deprived himself of this excuse. His changed tone after the accession of Nerva and Trajan [1] shows that his previous flattery of Domitian was insincere. In fact, inferentially he admits it.

The terseness and vividness of Martial's style makes the interpretation of particular words in readable English at times peculiarly difficult. To explain a phrase is easy, to translate it is often hard. And the commentators, even the most noted of them, often fail to bring out the point. Two instances only may be given. In an epigram [2]—which Pliny possibly had in his mind when he summed up Martial's style in a passage already quoted—the poet, criticising another poet, says that his rival's epigrams were *cerussata candidiora cute*. Here the epithet *candidiora* has to do service, not only in comparison with the physical feature of a white-leaded skin, but also in comparison with the style of epigram, which should contain wit and gall. Again, in another epigram [3] he speaks of the *viva quies ponti*. This, conversely put, is exactly Tennyson's "such a tide as moving seems

[1] *cf.* x. lxxii. ; xi. iv. and v.
[2] vii. xxv. [3] x. xxx. 12.

asleep." But Tennyson has used seven words, Martial only three.

Of the poet's personal appearance we know nothing beyond the slight sketch he has himself drawn,[1] where, comparing himself with an effeminate fop, he alludes to his "stiff Spanish hair," and his "hairy legs and cheeks."

The dust of Martial has mingled this many a year with the soil of his native land, and over it has passed unregarding the life of the centuries, the Visigoth, the Moor, and the Spaniard; and of the stones of Bilbilis none survive save in the structure of a Moorish city.[2] The written word, as he has told us,[3] is the only memorial that cannot die. His writings have lived, as he prophesied, when the stones of Messalla have been sundered by the wild fig,[4] the towering marble of Licinus has fallen in dust,[5] the work of Apelles has perished.[6] And they will continue to live so long as the finest literary art shall be held worthy to be had in remembrance, and the classics be read and loved.

7 Fig Tree Court, Temple.
April 22, 1919.

[1] *cf.* x. lxv. 7, 9.
[2] Calatayud (Job's Castle) two miles E.
[3] *cf.* x. ii. 12. [4] *cf.* x. ii. 9; viii. iii. 5.
[5] *cf.* viii. iii. 6. [6] *cf.* vii. lxxxiv. 8.

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Manuscripts

The acknowledgment of the translator is due to Messrs. George Bell & Sons for kind permission to use the text of Martial as published in their *Corpus Poetarum Latinorum* (1905). According to the learned editor of this text the MSS. of Martial may be divided into three families:—

The first is represented by H in the Vienna Library; R in the Leyden Library, both of the 9th century; and T (a transcript of H, and supplementing it) of the 9th–10th century in the Paris Library.

The agreement of T and R is in the following pages denoted by the letter α.

The second family is represented by L (13th century), discovered at Lucca, and now at Berlin; by P (15th century) at the Vatican; by Q (15th century) in the British Museum; and by f (15th century) in the Laurentian Library at Florence. These MSS. contain the text as emended by Torquatus Gennadius, A.D. 401. The agreement of these codices is denoted by β.

The third family is represented by E (10th century) in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh; by X (10th century) in the Paris Library; by A (11th century) at Leyden; and by V (10th century) at the Vatican. These are the four best, their agreement being denoted by γ.

Of the same family are B (12th century) at Leyden; C (14th century) also at Leyden; and G (12th century) at Wolfenbüttel.

Recent codices, not dependent on old recensions, but often giving true emendations, are denoted by ς.

Editions

Among the editions are the following. A fuller list will be found in Brunet's *Manuel du Libraire* (Paris, 1862):—

1. The Variorum Edition with the notes of T. Farnabius and others, edited by Corn. Schrevelius, Lugd. Bat. 1661.

2. The Delphin Edition by Vinc. Collesso, with a paraphrase and variorum notes, Paris, 1680, 1823. Published by command of Louis XIV.

3. An edition, containing old and new notes and occasional Greek versions, by five Professors of the French Academy, Lemaire, Paris, 1825.

4. An edition by F. G. Schneidewin, Grimae, 1842.

5. *Select Epigrams of Martial*, with English notes by F. A. Paley and W. H. Stone ("Grammar School Classics"), Whittaker & Co. and George Bell, 1868. A useful and handy edition.

6. *The Epigrams of Martial*, with explanatory notes by L. Friedlander, Leips. 1886, 2 vols. A standard edition.

7. *Selected Epigrams of Martial*, edited, with introduction, notes, and appendices, by Rev. H. M. Stephenson, Macmillan, 1880–1895.

8. *Select Epigrams of Martial*, edited according to the text of Prof. Lindsay, by R. T. Bridge and E. D. C. Lake, Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1908, 2 vols.

There is a good introduction by Prof. Sellar in *Extracts from Martial*, Edinburgh, 1884; and a valuable discussion of the epigrams in Lessing's Prose Works.

Translations

An English prose translation (the obscene epigrams being, however, in Graglia's Italian) is published in Bohn's "Classical Library." The versions are not unsatisfactory as regards correctness, but the style in the case of the more serious epigrams often falls below the dignity of the subject. A selection of 150 epigrams has also been translated, with an introduction and notes, by Alfred S. West (*Wit and Wisdom from Martial*, Hampstead Priory Press, 1912).

The latest (1924) translation of the first twelve books is by J. A. Pott and F. A. Wright, with an introduction by the latter. This volume forms part of the Broadway translations of Messrs. Routledge. [The work represents the labour of several years on the part of the first named, and was completed after his death by the collaborator.]

Among verse translations are: a MS. of the age of Elizabeth; Thomas May, poet and playwright, 1629; R. Fletcher, 1656; Anon. 1695; J. Hughes, 1737; William Hay, M.P. for

Seaford, 1755; Wright, 1763; E. B. Greene, 1774. Specimens of the preceding and of many others will be found in the Bohn Martial. Other translators are W. F. Shaw (Juvenal, Persius, Martial and Catullus, an experiment in translation, 1882), forty-three epigrams in unrhymed trochaics, a close rendering, the metre being, however, sometimes rugged; Goldwin Smith (*Bay Leaves*, Toronto, 1890), anonymously; W. T. Courthope (*Selections Translated or Imitated in English Verse*, Murray, 1914); both excellent. The most satisfactory of the translations as a whole are Hay's, but his versions are often imitations only.

Of foreign translations in prose we have in French: Marolles, 1655; Volland, 1807; Verger, Dubois, and Mangeart, 1834–5 (with a memoir of the author supposed to have been written by himself); since reissued by the Librairie Garnier Frères, Paris; Nisard, 1842; J. B. (order rearranged, with notes and commentaries), Paris, 1842–3; the obscene epigrams forming the 3rd vol.; and in Italian, Giuspanio Graglia (London, 1782 and 1791), whose versions of the obscene epigrams have been utilized in the following work. In German is the version of K. W. Ramler, Leipzig, 1787–91.

Foreign translators in verse are Marolles, Paris, 1655, 1671, 1675; Volland, 1807; E. T. Simon and P. R. Auguis, 1819; Constant Dubois (with an essay on Martial's life and works by Jules Janin), Paris, 1841; in German, Zimmermann, Frankfort, 1783; and Willemann, Cologne, 1825; the latter being expurgated.

Imitations in French verse are by Ant. P. (Antoine Pericaud), L'an de Rome 2569 (A.D. 1816); and by C. B. D. L. (Claude Breghot du Lut), L'an de Rome 2569; and by E. T. Simon, *supra*.

If a "bad eminence" confer any title to fame, James Elphinston (1721–1809) deserves special notice. He was the son of an Episcopalian clergyman, and was educated at the High School and at the University of Edinburgh. In 1750 he superintended the issue of a Scotch edition of Johnson's *Rambler*, supplying English translations of the mottoes, for which he was thanked by Johnson. From 1752 to 1776 he was successively a schoolmaster at Brompton and at Kensington. He published in 1778 a *Specimen of the Translations of Epigrams of Martial*, with a preface informing the public that he awaited subscriptions to enable him to publish a

version of Martial's works complete. With regard to this work, it is recorded by Boswell—under date of April 9, 1778—that Garrick, being consulted, told Elphinston frankly that he was no epigrammatist, and advised him against publishing; that Johnson's advice was not asked, and was not forced upon the translator; and that Elphinston's own brother-in-law, Strahan, the printer, in sending him a subscription of fifty pounds, promised him fifty more if he would abandon his project.

The offer was not accepted, and in 1782 the whole work appeared in a handsome quarto. It was received with derision, the poet Beattie saying, "It is truly an unique—the specimens formerly published did very well to laugh at, but a whole quarto of nonsense and gibberish is too much." And Mrs. Piozzi records that "of a modern Martial, when it came out, Dr. Johnson said 'there are in these verses too much folly for madness, I think, and too much madness for folly.'" And the unhappy author was gibbeted in the following epigram by Robert Burns:

> "O thou whom Poesy abhors,
> Whom Prose has turned out of doors!
> Heardst thou that groan? Proceed no further:
> 'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring 'Murther!'"

THE
EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL

M. VALERI MARTIALIS

DE SPECTACULIS LIBER

I

Barbara pyramidum sileat miracula Memphis,
  Assyrius[1] iactet nec Babylona labor;
nec Triviae templo molles laudentur Iones,[2]
  dissimulet Delon cornibus ara frequens;
aere nec vacuo pendentia Mausolea
  laudibus inmodicis Cares in astra ferant.
omnis Caesareo cedit labor Amphitheatro;
  unum pro cunctis fama loquetur opus.

II

Hic ubi sidereus propius videt astra colossus
  et crescunt media pegmata celsa via,
invidiosa feri radiabant atria regis
  unaque iam tota stabat in urbe domus.
hic ubi conspicui venerabilis Amphitheatri
  erigitur moles, stagna Neronis erant.

[1] *Assyrius* Alciatus, *assiduus* T.
[2] *Iones* Scaliger, *honores* T.

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[1] The Temple of Diana at Ephesus.
[2] Constructed by Apollo of the horns of the beasts slain by his sister Diana.

THE EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL

ON THE SPECTACLES

I

Let not barbaric Memphis tell of the wonder of her Pyramids, nor Assyrian toil vaunt its Babylon; let not the soft Ionians be extolled for Trivia's fane[1]; let the altar wrought of many horns[2] keep hid its Delos; let not Carians exalt to the skies with boundless praise the Mausoleum[3] poised on empty air. All labour yields to Caesar's Amphitheatre: one work in place of all shall Fame rehearse.

II

Here where, rayed with stars, the Colossus[4] views heaven anear, and in the middle way tall scaffolds[5] rise, hatefully gleamed the palace of a savage king, and but a single house now stood in all the City. Here, where the far-seen Amphitheatre lifts its mass august, was Nero's mere. Here, where we admire

[3] The tomb of Mausolus, king of Caria, constructed by his wife Artemisia.

[4] A statue of Nero, afterwards turned by Vespasian into a statue of the Sun with rays surrounding the head: *cf.* I. lxx. 7.

[5] Either the scaffolding of the new works, or movable cranes (*pegmata*) which could lengthen or contract, open or shut, and were used at shows as part of the appointments.

hic ubi miramur, velocia munera, thermas,
abstulerat miseris tecta superbus ager.
Claudia diffusas ubi porticus explicat umbras,
ultima pars aulae deficientis erat.
reddita Roma sibi est et sunt te praeside, Caesar,
deliciae populi, quae fuerant domini.

III

Quae tam seposita est, quae gens tam barbara, Caesar,
ex qua spectator non sit in urbe tua?
venit ab Orpheo cultor Rhodopeius Haemo,
venit et epoto Sarmata pastus equo.
et qui prima bibit deprensi flumina Nili,
et quem supremae Tethyos unda ferit;
festinavit Arabs, festinavere Sabaei,
et Cilices nimbis hic maduere suis.
crinibus in nodum tortis venere Sugambri,
atque aliter tortis crinibus Aethiopes.
vox diversa sonat populorum, tum tamen una est,
cum verus patriae diceris esse pater.

IV

Turba gravis paci placidaeque inimica quieti,
quae semper miseras sollicitabat opes,
traducta est, ingens[1] nec cepit harena nocentis:
et delator habet quod dabat exilium.

[1] *ingens* Housman, *getulis* T.

---

[1] The Baths of Titus. [2] Nero's Golden House.

the warm-baths,[1] a gift swiftly wrought, a proud domain[2] had robbed their dwellings from the poor. Where the Claudian Colonnade extends its outspread shade the Palace ended in its furthest part. Rome has been restored to herself, and under thy governance, Caesar, that is now the delight of a people which was once a master's.

III

What race is set so far, what race so barbarous, Caesar, wherefrom a spectator is not in thy city? There has come the farmer of Rhodope from Orphic Haemus, there has come too the Sarmatian fed on draughts of horses' blood, and he who quaffs at its spring the stream of first-found Nile, and he[3] whose shore the wave of farthest Tethys beats; the Arab has sped, Sabaeans have sped, and Cilicians have here been drenched in their own saffron dew.[4] With hair twined in a knot have come Sygambrians, and, with locks twined elsewise, Aethiopians. Diverse sounds the speech of the peoples, yet then is it one when thou art acclaimed thy country's Father true.

IV

A crowd dangerous to peace and a foe to tranquil rest, that ever vexed unhappy riches, has been paraded, nor could the huge Arena hold the guilty; and the informer has the exile he once bestowed.[5]

[3] Probably the Briton.

[4] With which the stage was sprinkled: *cf.* V. xxv. 7; VIII. xxxiii. 4.

[5] This epigram is sometimes joined to the following.

IVb

Exulat Ausonia profugus delator ab urbe: [5]
haec licet inpensis principis adnumeres.

V

Iunctam Pasiphaen Dictaeo credite tauro:
vidimus, accepit fabula prisca fidem.
nec se miretur, Caesar, longaeva vetustas:
quidquid fama canit, praestat harena tibi.

VI

Belliger invictis quod Mars tibi servit in armis,
non satis est, Caesar; servit et ipsa Venus.

VIb

Prostratum vasta Nemees in valle leonem
nobile et Herculeum fama canebat opus.
prisca fides taceat: nam post tua munera, Caesar,
hoc iam femineo[1] . . . . .

VII

Qualiter in Scythica religatus rupe Prometheus
adsiduam nimio pectore pavit avem,
nuda Caledonio sic viscera praebuit urso
non falsa pendens in cruce Laureolus.

[1] *Marte fatemur agi* suppl. Buecheler.

---

[1] Because, by suppressing the informers, he lost the confiscated estates.

[2] Women sometimes fought in the Amphitheatre: Juv. i. 22.

IV B

THE informer is an outcast and an exile from the Ausonian City: this may you reckon to our Prince's cost.[1]

V

THAT Pasiphae was mated to the Dictaean bull, believe: we have seen it, the old-time myth has won its warrant. And let not age-long eld, Caesar, marvel at itself: whatever Fame sings of, that the Arena makes real for thee.

VI

THAT warring Mars served thee in arms unconquered suffices not, Caesar; Venus herself too serves.[2]

VI B

OF the lion laid low in Nemea's vasty vale, a deed renowned and worthy of Hercules, Fame used to sing. Dumb be ancient witness! for after thy shows, O Caesar, we declare that such things are wrought by woman's prowess now.

VII

As, fettered on a Scythian crag, Prometheus fed the untiring fowl with his too prolific heart, so Laureolus,[3] hanging on no unreal cross, gave up his vitals defenceless to a Caledonian bear. His mangled

[3] A condémned criminal representing in the Amphitheatre Laureolus, a robber who had been crucified and torn to pieces by wild beasts, and whose death had been represented in a Mime (*fabula*, l. 12) under Caligula (Juv. 8, 187; Suet. *Cal.* 57), but in this case was enacted realistically in the Amphitheatre.

vivebant laceri membris stillantibus artus
inque omni nusquam corpore corpus erat.
denique supplicium[1] . . . . . .
vel domini iugulum foderat ense nocens,
templa vel arcano demens spoliaverat auro,
subdiderat saevas vel tibi, Roma, faces.
vicerat antiquae sceleratus crimina famae,
in quo, quae fuerat fabula, poena fuit.

VIII

Daedale, Lucano cum sic lacereris ab urso,
quam cuperes pinnas nunc habuisse tuas!

IX

Praestitit exhibitus tota tibi, Caesar, harena
quae non promisit proelia rhinoceros.
o quam terribilis exarsit pronus in iras!
quantus erat taurus, cui pila taurus erat!

X

Laeserat ingrato leo perfidus ore magistrum,
ausus tam notas contemerare manus;
sed dignas tanto persolvit crimine poenas,
et qui non tulerat verbera, tela tulit.
quos decet esse hominum tali sub principe mores,
qui iubet ingenium mitius esse feris!

[1] *dignum tulit; ille parentis* suppl. Schneidewin.

limbs lived, though the parts dripped gore, and in all his body was nowhere a body's shape. A punishment deserved at length he won—he in his guilt had with his sword pierced his parent's or his master's throat, or in his madness robbed a temple of its close-hidden gold, or had laid by stealth his savage torch to thee, O Rome. Accursed, he had outdone the crimes told of by ancient lore; in him that which had been a show before was punishment.

VIII

DAEDALUS, now thou art being so mangled by a Lucanian boar, how wouldst thou wish thou hadst now thy wings!

IX

SHOWN along thy Arena's floor, O Caesar, a rhinoceros afforded thee an unpromised fray. Oh, into what dreadful rage fired he with lowered head! How great was the bull[1] to which a bull was as a dummy!

X

A TREACHEROUS lion had with ungrateful fang wounded his master, daring to violate hands so familiar; but a penalty fitted to a crime so great he paid; and he that would not brook stripes brooked the steel. What manners befit men under such a Prince who bids the nature of wild beasts to grow more mild!

[1] Probably the rhinoceros was known as *bos Aethiopius*: *cf.* XIV. liii. As to the dummy (*pila*), *cf.* II. xliii. 6; X. lxxxvi. 4.

XI

Praeceps sanguinea dum se rotat ursus harena,
inplicitam visco perdidit ille fugam.
splendida iam tecto cessent venabula ferro,
nec volet excussa lancea torta manu;
deprendat vacuo venator in aere praedam,
si captare feras aucupis arte placet.

XII

Inter Caesareae discrimina saeva Dianae
fixisset gravidam cum levis hasta suem,
exiluit partus miserae de vulnere matris.
o Lucina ferox, hoc peperisse fuit?
pluribus illa mori voluisset saucia telis,
omnibus ut natis triste pateret iter.
quis negat esse satum materno funere Bacchum?
sic genitum numen credite: nata fera est.

XIII

Icta gravi telo confossaque vulnere mater
sus pariter vitam perdidit atque dedit.
o quam certa fuit librato dextera ferro!
hanc ego Lucinae credo fuisse manum.
experta est numen moriens utriusque Dianae,
quaque soluta parens quaque perempta fera est.

[1] *i.e.* What now remains but that beasts should fly if they can be caught like birds?

XI

While on the bloody sand a bear whirled with lowered head, he lost the escape that bird-lime clogged. Let now the burnished hunting spears, their steel hidden, lie at rest, nor the lance fly hurled from projected arm; let the hunter take his prey in the empty air, if by the fowler's art one may catch beasts.[1]

XII

When, amid the cruel hazards of Caesar's hunt, a light spear had pierced a pregnant sow, there sprang forth one of her offspring from the wound of its unhappy dam. O fell Lucina, was this a birth? Yet would she, wounded by more darts than one, have welcomed death, that a sad path should open for all her brood. Who gainsays the birth of Bacchus from his mother's death?[2] Believe ye, thus sprang a deity: thus was born a beast.

XIII

Smit by a fatal spear, and pierced by the wound, the mother sow at once lost life and gave it. Oh, how sure was the hand with its poised steel! this, I ween, was Lucina's hand. Dying, the beast proved the deity of either Dian—of her that delivered the dam, and of her that slew the brute.[3]

[2] *cf.* v. lxxii.

[3] Diana, the huntress goddess, was also Lucina, who assisted at child-birth.

XIV

Sus fera iam gravior maturi pignore ventris
emisit fetum, vulnere facta parens;
nec iacuit partus, sed matre cadente cucurrit.
o quantum est subitis casibus ingenium!

XV

Summa tuae, Meleagre, fuit quae gloria famae,
quantast Carpophori portio, fusus aper!
ille et praecipiti venabula condidit urso,
primus in Arctoi qui fuit arce poli,
stravit et ignota spectandum mole leonem,
Herculeas potuit qui decuisse manus,
et volucrem longo porrexit vulnere pardum.
praemia cum laudum ferret, adhuc poterat.

XVI

Raptus abit media quod ad aethera taurus harena,
non fuit hoc artis sed pietatis opus.

XVIb

Vexerat Europen fraterna per aequora taurus:
at nunc Alciden taurus in astra tulit.
Caesaris atque Iovis confer nunc, fama, iuvencos:
par onus ut tulerint, altius iste tulit.

---

[1] There is a play here on the two meanings of "fall," to descend or to happen.

[2] A celebrated *bestiarius*, or hunter of wild beasts, in the Amphitheatre: *cf.* xxiii. and xxvii. of this Book.

[3] A passage hopelessly corrupt. MSS. read *Praemia cum laudem ferre adhuc poteram.* Buecheler suggested *Pr. cui*

XIV

A WILD sow, now full-heavy with the pledge of her quick womb, gave forth her brood, made by her wound a mother; nor lay her offspring still-born, but, as its mother fell, it ran. Sudden chances that fall,[1] how ingenious are they!

XV

THAT which was the highest glory of thy renown, Meleager, how small a part is it of Carpophorus'[2] fame, a stricken boar! He plunged his hunter's spear also in a headlong-rushing bear, the king of beasts beneath the cope of Arctic skies; and he laid low a lion, magnificent, of bulk unknown before, one worthy of Hercules' might; and with a far-dealt wound stretched in death a rushing pard. He won the prize of honour; yet unbroken still was his strength.[3]

XVI

A BULL, borne aloft from the Arena's midst mounts to the skies; this was no work of art, but one of piety.[4]

XVI B

A BULL carried Europa along fraternal seas[5]; but now a bull has borne Alcides to the stars.[6] Compare now, Fame, the steers of Caesar and of Jove: let the burden be the same, yet Caesar's bore his more high.

laudem ferre duo poterant. ? *Praemia cum laudem* (or *cur laudem*?) *ferrea adhuc poterat.*

[4] A fragment, but sometimes combined with the succeeding.

[5] Jupiter, in the guise of a bull, carried off Europa over his brother Neptune's seas.

[6] A *bestiarius* representing Hercules, or a figure of Hercules, was tossed by a bull.

XVII

Quod pius et supplex elephas te, Caesar, adorat
hic modo qui tauro tam metuendus erat,
non facit hoc iussus, nulloque docente magistro;
crede mihi, nostrum sentit et ille deum.

XVIII

Lambere securi dextram consueta magistri
tigris, ab Hyrcano gloria rara iugo,
saeva ferum rabido laceravit dente leonem:
res nova, non ullis cognita temporibus.
ausa est tale nihil, silvis dum vixit in altis:
postquam inter nos est, plus feritatis habet.

XIX

Qui modo per totam flammis stimulatus harenam
sustulerat raptas taurus in astra pilas,
occubuit tandem cornuto ardore petitus,
dum facilem tolli sic elephanta putat.

XX

Cum peteret pars haec Myrinum, pars illa Triumphum,
promisit pariter Caesar utraque manu.
non potuit melius litem finire iocosam.
o dulce invicti principis ingenium!

---

[1] *cf.* II. xliii. 6.

XVII

In that, loyal and suppliant, the elephant adores thee which here but now was so fearful a foe to a bull, this it does unbidden, at the teaching of no master; believe me, it too feels the presence of our God!

XVIII

Wont to lick the hand of its fearless master, a tigress, sprung, their unmatched glory, from Hyrcanian hills, savagely tore a fierce lion with maddened fang: strange was the thing, unknown in any age! She ventured no such deed what time she dwelt in her deep woods: she is in our midst, and shows more fierceness now.

XIX

A bull that but now, goaded by fire through the Arena's length, had seized and flung the dummies [1] skyward, fell at length, countered by a fiery tusk,[2] while he deemed that with like ease an elephant might be tossed.

XX

When this faction called for Myrinus, that faction for Triumphus,[3] Caesar with either hand uplifted promised both. In no wise better could he end the friendly debate. O pleasant device of an unconquered Prince!

[2] Buecheler explains *flammis de cornibus*; Friedländer reads *cornuto ut ab ore.*

[3] Probably names of popular fighters against beasts.

XXI

Quidquid in Orpheo Rhodope spectasse theatro
dicitur, exhibuit, Caesar, harena tibi.
repserunt scopuli mirandaque silva cucurrit,
quale fuisse nemus creditur Hesperidum.
adfuit inmixtum pecori genus omne ferarum,
et supra vatem multa pependit avis,
ipse sed ingrato iacuit laceratus ab urso.
haec tantum res est facta παρ' ἱστορίαν.[1]

XXIb

Orphea quod subito tellus emisit hiatu
ursam invasuram, venit ab Eurydice.[2]

XXII

Sollicitant pavidi dum rhinocerota magistri
seque diu magnae colligit ira ferae,
desperabantur promissi proelia Martis;
sed tandem rediit cognitus ante furor.
namque gravem cornu gemino sic extulit ursum,
iactat ut inpositas taurus in astra pilas:[3]
Norica tam certo venabula derigit ictu [XXIII
fortis adhuc teneri dextera Carpophori.
ille tulit geminos facili cervice iuvencos,
illi cessit atrox bubalus atque vison:
hunc leo cum fugeret, praeceps in tela cucurrit.
i nunc et lentas corripe, turba, moras.

[1] The MSS. read *haec tamen res est facta ita pictoria.* The text is as amended by Housman.

[2] So Postgate. The MSS. text *versam is amur venit* is unintelligible. *Ursam mersuram* (Housman).

[3] From this point some editors begin a separate epigram on the prowess of Carpophorus.

XXI

WHATE'ER Rhodope saw, 'tis said, on the Orphic stage, that the Arena, Caesar, has shown [1] to thee. Cliffs crept, and a marvellous wood sped swiftly on, one such as was in belief of men the grove of the Hesperides. Every kind of wild beast was there mingled with the flock, and above the minstrel hovered many a bird, but he fell, mangled by an ungrateful [2] bear. This thing alone was done untold by history.

XXIB

WHEREAS the earth yawned suddenly and sent forth a she-bear to attack Orpheus, the bear came from Eurydice.[3]

XXII

WHILE in fear the trainers were goading a rhinoceros, and long was the great beast's wrath gathering strength, all despaired of the conflict of the promised war; yet at length the fury, known erewhile, returned. For a heavy bear he tossed with his double horn, even as a bull hurls dummies heavenward, and with as sure an aim as that wherewith the stout right hand of Carpophorus, as yet young, levels the Noric hunting-spear. That beast, agile with pliant neck, stood up against (?) a pair of steers, to him yielded the fierce buffalo and bison; a lion in flight from him ran headlong upon the spears. Go now, ye rabble, and gird at slow delays!

[1] A representation of Orpheus' magic power and death.
[2] Giving ill return for the sweetness of O.'s song.
[3] The epigram seems to be connected with XXI., and Eurydice sends the bear because she wants Orpheus back.

XXIV

Si quis ades longis serus spectator ab oris,
cui lux prima sacri muneris ista fuit,
ne te decipiat ratibus navalis Enyo
et par unda fretis, hic modo terra fuit.
non credis? specta, dum lassant aequora Martem: 5
parva mora est, dices "Hic modo pontus erat."

XXV

Quod nocturna tibi, Leandre, pepercerit unda
desine mirari: Caesaris unda fuit.

XXVb

Cum peteret dulces audax Leandros amores
et fessus tumidis iam premeretur aquis,
sic miser instantes adfatus dicitur undas:
"Parcite dum propero, mergite cum redeo."

XXVI

Lusit Nereidum docilis chorus aequore toto,
et vario faciles ordine pinxit aquas.
fuscina dente minax recto fuit, ancora curvo:
credidimus remum credidimusque ratem,

---

[1] Either as sacred to Neptune, or as having been given by the Emperor.
[2] While the sea-fight lasts.
[3] Artificially admitted into the Arena.

XXIV

WHOEVER you are who come from distant shores, a late spectator, for whom this day of the sacred[1] show is your first, that this naval battle with its ships, and the waters that represent seas, may not mislead, I tell you "here but now was land." Believe you not? Look on while the seas weary the God of war.[2] Wait one moment—you will say "Here but now was sea."

XXV

THAT the nightly wave spared thee, Leander, cease to wonder: it was Caesar's wave.[3]

XXVB

WHILE bold Leander was swimming to his sweet love, and his weary head was now being engulphed by the swelling waters, thus in misery ('tis said) he spake to the on-surging waves: "Spare me while I hasten, o'erwhelm me when I return."[4]

XXVI

A TRAINED bevy of Nereids played along the sea, and with their varied marshalling prankt the yielding waters.[5] Threatful with straight tooth, was a trident, with curved tooth an anchor: we deemed an oar, and we deemed a bark was there, and

[4] This epigram seems out of place, and, like XIV. clxxxi., to refer to a statue.

[5] In a water spectacle, possibly by artificial light, in which groups of Nereids presented somehow the picture of a boat and rowers.

et gratum nautis sidus fulgere Laconum,
lataque perspicuo vela tumere sinu.
quis tantas liquidis artes invenit in undis?
aut docuit lusus hos Thetis aut didicit.

XXVII

Saecula Carpophorum, Caesar, si prisca tulissent,
non Parthaoniam barbara terra feram,
non Marathon taurum, Nemee frondosa leonem,
Arcas Maenalium non timuisset aprum.
hoc armante manus hydrae mors una fuisset,
huic percussa foret tota Chimaera semel.
igniferos possit sine Colchide iungere tauros,
possit utramque feram vincere Pasiphaes.
si sit, ut aequorei revocetur fabula monstri,
Hesionem solvet solus et Andromedan.
Herculeae laudis numeretur gloria: plus est
bis denas pariter perdomuisse feras.

XXVIII

Augusti labor hic fuerat committere classes
et freta navali sollicitare tuba.
Caesaris haec nostri pars est quota? vidit in undis
et Thetis ignotas et Galatea feras;
vidit in aequoreo ferventes pulvere currus
et domini Triton isse putavit equos:
dumque parat saevis ratibus fera proelia Nereus,
horruit in liquidis ire pedestris aquis.

---

[1] Castor and Pollux, the Constellation of Gemini.
[2] *i.e.* of the Emperor.
[3] *cf. Lib. Spect.* xv. 2.
[4] For every head of the hydra that was cut off two fresh ones grew.

that the Laconians' star[1] glittered in welcome to the seamen, and sails bellied broad for all to see. Who imagined arts so wondrous in liquid waves? These pastimes either Thetis taught or herself she learned.[2]

XXVII

If the ages of old, Caesar, had begotten Carpophorus,[3] a barbarous land had not dreaded Parthaon's wild-boar, nor Marathon the bull, leafy Nemea the lion, Arcadia the Maenalian boar. When he armed his hand the hydra had died a single death,[4] all the shapes of Chimaera[5] had been stricken by him once. The fire-breathing bulls he might have yoked without the Colchian's aid,[6] he might have vanquished either monster of Pasiphae. Were the story of the sea monster renewed, he alone would loose Hesione and Andromeda. Let the glories of Hercules' honour be summed: tis more to have quelled twice ten beasts at one time.

XXVIII

It was Augustus' work here[7] to embattle fleets, and to wake the seas with the trump of naval war. How small a part of our Caesar's task! Thetis and Galatea both saw on the wave beasts unknown; Triton saw on that seafloor[8] chariots in hot rivalry, and deemed his Master's[9] steeds had sped; and Nereus, what time he set abroach fierce battle for the hostile ships, shuddered to tread a-foot amid

[5] A fabulous monster, part lion, part goat, and part dragon. [6] Of Medea.
[7] In the gardens of Caesar beyond the Tiber.
[8] Some commentators translate *pulvis* as "spray."
[9] Neptune's.

quidquid et in Circo spectatur et Amphitheatro,
id dives, Caesar, praestitit unda tibi.
Fucinus et diri taceantur stagna Neronis:
hanc norint unam saecula naumachiam.

XXIX

Cum traheret Priscus, traheret certamina Verus,
esset et aequalis Mars utriusque diu,
missio saepe viris magno clamore petita est;
sed Caesar legi paruit ipse suae:
lex erat, ad digitum posita concurrere palma;[1]
quod licuit, lances donaque saepe dedit.
inventus tamen est finis discriminis aequi:
pugnavere pares, succubuere pares.
misit utrique rudes et palmas Caesar utrique:
hoc pretium virtus ingeniosa tulit.
contigit hoc nullo nisi te sub principe, Caesar:
cum duo pugnarent, victor uterque fuit.

XXX

Concita veloces fugeret cum damma Molossos
et varia lentas necteret arte moras,
Caesaris ante pedes supplex similisque roganti
constitit, et praedam non tetigere canes.

[1] *palma* H, *parma* Wagner.

[1] He found the water sinking, and he was treading on land.

the liquid waters.[1] Whatever is viewed in Circus and in Amphitheatre, that have Caesar's waters, rich in sights, made sure to thee. Let not the Fucine lake[2] and the mere of dreadful Nero[3] be told of: of this sea-fight alone let the ages know!

XXIX

While Priscus drew out, and Verus drew out the contest, and the prowess of both stood long in balance, oft was discharge for the men claimed with mighty shouts; but Caesar himself obeyed his own law: that law was, when the prize was set up, to fight until the finger was raised; what was lawful he did, oft giving dishes and gifts therein. Yet was an end found of that balanced strife: they fought well matched, matched well they together yielded. To each Caesar sent the wooden sword,[4] and rewards to each: this prize dexterous valour won. Under no prince but thee, Caesar, has this chanced: while two fought, each was victor.

XXX

While a roused hind was flying from the swift Molossian hounds, and tangled the drawn-out chase by divers wiles, before Caesar's feet, suppliant and as in prayer, she stayed, and the hounds touched not

[2] Where the Emperor Claudius had exhibited a sea-fight: Tac. *Ann.* XII. lvi.–lvii.

[3] Who had also represented a sea-fight: Suet. *Nero* xii.

[4] *Rudis*, symbolic of discharge from service.

. 5
haec intellecto principe dona tulit.
numen habet Caesar : sacra est haec, sacra potestas ;
credite : mentiri non didicere ferae.

XXXI (XXXII)

Da veniam subitis : non displicuisse meretur,
festinat, Caesar, qui placuisse tibi.

XXXII (XXXI)

Cedere maiori virtutis fama secunda est.
illa gravis palma est, quam minor hostis habet.

XXXIII

Hoc epigramma post librum XIV invenies.

their prey . . . . This boon she won for that she avowed her Prince! Power divine hath Caesar: sacred, sacred is this puissance. Believe it ye: beasts have not learned to lie.

XXXI

PARDON my hurried offering. He deserves not to displease you, Caesar, who hastes to please you.

XXXII

To yield to the stronger is valour's second prize. Heavy[1] is the palm the weaker foeman wins.

[1] *i.e.* painful to the stronger, though defeated, man.

BOOK I

M. VALERI MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMATON

LIBER PRIMUS

Spero me secutum in libellis meis tale temperamentum ut de illis queri non possit quisquis de se bene senserit, cum salva infimarum quoque personarum reverentia ludant; quae adeo antiquis auctoribus defuit ut nominibus non tantum veris abusi sint sed et magnis. mihi fama vilius constet et probetur in me novissimum ingenium. absit a iocorum nostrorum simplicitate malignus interpres nec epigrammata mea scribat: inprobe facit qui in alieno libro ingeniosus est. lascivam verborum veritatem, id est epigrammaton linguam, excusarem, si meum esset exemplum: sic scribit Catullus, sic Marsus, sic Pedo, sic Gaetulicus, sic quicumque perlegitur. si quis tamen tam ambitiose tristis est ut apud illum in nulla pagina Latine loqui fas sit, potest epistula vel potius titulo contentus esse. epigrammata illis scribuntur qui

THE EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL

BOOK I

I TRUST that I have followed in my little books such a mean that none who forms a right judgment of himself can complain of them, inasmuch as their sprightliness does not violate that respect for persons even of the lowest degree which was so little shown by ancient authors that they maltreated the names, not merely of real persons, but even of great ones. May my fame be bought at lesser cost, and the last thing to be approved in me be cleverness. May the frankness of my jests find no malicious interpreter, and no such man rewrite my epigrams: it is a shameless business when anyone exercises his ingenuity on another man's book. For the undisguised freedom of my expressions, that is to say, the language of epigram, I would apologise, if mine were the example set: in this style writes Catullus, in this style Marsus, in this style Pedo, in this style Gaetulicus, in this style every one who is read through. Yet, if there be any man so pretentiously prudish that to his mind in no page is it permissible to speak plain Latin, he may content himself with the introductory epistle, or rather with the title. Epigrams are written for those who are

solent spectare Florales. non intret Cato theatrum meum aut, si intraverit, spectet. videor mihi meo iure facturus si epistulam versibus clusero:

> Nosses iocosae dulce cum sacrum Florae
> festosque lusus et licentiam volgi,
> cur in theatrum, Cato severe, venisti?
> an ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?

I

> Hic est quem legis ille, quem requiris,
> toto notus in orbe Martialis
> argutis epigrammaton libellis:
> cui, lector studiose, quod dedisti
> viventi decus atque sentienti
> rari post cineres habent poetae.

II

Qui tecum cupis esse meos ubicumque libellos
et comites longae quaeris habere viae,
hos eme, quos artat brevibus membrana tabellis:
scrinia da magnis, me manus una capit.
ne tamen ignores ubi sim venalis et erres
urbe vagus tota, me duce certus eris:
libertum docti Lucensis quaere Secundum
limina post Pacis Palladiumque forum.

[1] The reference is to a story told in Valer. Max. II, x. 8, to the effect that at the Floralia in B.C. 55 Cato left the theatre on finding that his presence checked the licence of the actors.

accustomed to look on the Games of Flora. Let no Cato [1] enter my theatre, or if he enters, let him look on.

I think I may justifiably close my epistle in verse:

You knew the rites to jocund Flora dear,
The festive quips and licence of the rout;
Why on our scene, stern Cato, enter here?
Did you then enter only to go out?

I

HERE is he whom you read, he whom you ask for, Martial, known throughout the whole world for his witty little books of Epigrams. To him, studious reader, while he lives and feels, you have given the glory that poets win but rarely after they are dust.

II

YOU, who wish my poems should be everywhere with you, and look to have them as companions on a long journey, buy these which the parchment confines in small pages. Assign your book-boxes to the great; this copy of me one hand can grasp. Yet, that you may not fail to know where I am for sale, or wander aimlessly all over the town, if you accept my guidance you will be sure. Seek out Secundus, the freedman of learned Lucensis, behind the entrance to the temple of Peace and the Forum of Pallas.[2]

[2] The Temple of Peace was dedicated by Vespasian in A.D. 75 after his triumph for the capture of Jerusalem. The Forum of Pallas was the Forum of Nerva, or transitorium, begun by Domitian and completed by Nerva. It contained a temple to Minerva.

III

Argiletanas mavis habitare tabernas,
cum tibi, parve liber, scrinia nostra vacent?
nescis, heu, nescis dominae fastidia Romae:
crede mihi, nimium Martia turba sapit.
maiores nusquam rhonchi: iuvenesque senesque
et pueri nasum rhinocerotis habent.
audieris cum grande sophos, dum basia iactas,
ibis ab excusso missus in astra sago.
sed tu ne totiens domini patiare lituras
neve notet lusus tristis harundo tuos,
aetherias, lascive, cupis volitare per auras.
i, fuge! sed poteras tutior esse domi.

IV

Contigeris nostros, Caesar, si forte libellos,
terrarum dominum pone supercilium.
consuevere iocos vestri quoque ferre triumphi,
materiam dictis nec pudet esse ducem.
qua Thymelen spectas derisoremque Latinum,
illa fronte precor carmina nostra legas.
innocuos censura potest permittere lusus:
lasciva est nobis pagina, vita proba.

V

Do tibi naumachiam, tu das epigrammata nobis:
vis, puto, cum libro, Marce, natare tuo.

---

[1] Varro, *Ling. Lat.* v. 157, derives the word from *argilla*, "clay"; Virgil, *Aen.* viii. 346, explains, *letum docet hospitis Argi*.

[2] It was customary for Roman soldiers, following a triumph,

III

Would you rather dwell in the shops of the Potters' Field[1] although, small volume, my book-case stands empty for you? You don't know, alas, you don't know the superciliousness of Mistress Rome; believe me, the crowd of Mars is too clever for you. Nowhere are heard louder sneers; young men and old, even boys, have noses tilted like a rhinoceros. When you have heard a deep "Bravo," while you are throwing kisses, up you will go, shot heavenward from a jerked blanket. But you, to avoid your master's constant erasures, and the scoring of your playfulness by his critical pen, are eager, wanton one, to flit through the airs of heaven. Go! fly! yet you might have been safer at home.

IV

If perchance, Caesar, you shall come upon my books, lay aside the frown that rules the world. Your triumphs too have been wont to endure jests, and no shame is it to a commander to be matter for wit.[2] With the air that views Thymele and the mime Latinus, therewith I pray you to read my verses. A censor[3] can permit harmless trifling: wanton is my page; my life is good.

V

I offer you a sea-fight: you offer me epigrams. You wish, I think, Marcus, to swim along with your book.[4]

to indulge in scurrile jests against their general. This was done possibly to avert the evil eye. See VII. viii. 7.

[3] Domitian became censor for life A.D. 85.

[4] The Emperor will throw it into the water. For a similar idea *cf.* IX. lviii. 8.

VI

Aetherias aquila puerum portante per auras
inlaesum timidis unguibus haesit onus:
nunc sua Caesareos exorat praeda leones,
tutus et ingenti ludit in ore lepus.
quae maiora putas miracula? summus utrisque
auctor adest: haec sunt Caesaris, illa Iovis.

VII

Stellae delicium mei columba,
Verona licet audiente dicam,
vicit, Maxime, passerem Catulli.
tanto Stella meus tuo Catullo
quanto passere maior est columba.

VIII

Quod magni Thraseae consummatique Catonis
dogmata sic sequeris salvos ut esse velis,
pectore nec nudo strictos incurris in ensis,
quod fecisse velim te, Deciane, facis.
nolo virum facili redemit qui sanguine famam;
hunc volo, laudari qui sine morte potest.

IX

Bellus homo et magnus vis idem, Cotta, videri:
sed qui bellus homo est, Cotta, pusillus homo est.

[1] Ganymede, the cupbearer of Jove. *See* note 4 to v. lv.
[2] Stella (*see* Index) had written a poem on a dove: the word *delicium* may be a quotation.

VI

While the eagle was bearing the boy[1] through the airs of heaven, its burden clung unscathed to those timorous talons: now their natural prey bewitches Caesar's lions, and safely the hare gambols in their monstrous jaws. Which think you the greater miracle? To each belongs a supreme Cause: this is Caesar's miracle, that Jove's.

VII

My Stella's "Dove," that "pretty pet,"[2] (I must say it, though Verona hear me!) has surpassed, Maximus, the "Sparrow" of Catullus.[3] So much is my Stella greater than your Catullus as a dove is greater than a sparrow.

VIII

In that you follow the maxims of great Thrasea and of Cato the perfect, and yet are willing to live, and rush not with unarmed breast upon drawn swords, you do, Decianus, what I would have you do. No hero to me is the man who, by easy shedding of his blood, purchases his fame; my hero is he who, without death, can win praise.

IX

A pretty[4] fellow you wish to appear, and yet, Cotta, a great man. But a pretty fellow, Cotta, is a puny fellow.

[3] Cat. ii. and iii. Catullus was born at Verona.
[4] For *bellus cf.* II. vii.; III. lxiii.

X

Petit Gemellus nuptias Maronillae
et cupit et instat et precatur et donat.
adeone pulchra est? immo foedius nil est.
quid ergo in illa petitur et placet? tussit.

XI

Cum data sint equiti bis quina nomismata, quare
bis decies solus, Sextiliane, bibis?
iam defecisset portantis calda ministros,
si non potares, Sextiliane, merum.

XII

Itur ad Herculeas gelidi qua Tiburis arces
canaque sulpureis Albula fumat aquis,
rura nemusque sacrum dilectaque iugera Musis
signat vicina quartus ab urbe lapis.
hic rudis aestivas praestabat porticus umbras,
heu quam paene novum porticus ausa nefas!
nam subito conlapsa ruit, cum mole sub illa
gestatus biiugis Regulus esset equis.
nimirum timuit nostras Fortuna querellas,
quae par tam magnae non erat invidiae.
nunc et damna iuvant; sunt ipsa pericula tanti:
stantia non poterant tecta probare deos.

X

GEMELLUS seeks wedlock with Maronilla; he desires it, he urges her, he implores her, and sends her gifts. Is she so beautiful? Nay, no creature is more disgusting. What then is the bait and charm in her? Her cough.

XI

WHILE twice five wine-tokens[1] are a knight's allowance, why do you, Sextilianus, all to yourself take twice ten drinks? By this time the warm water would have failed the attendants who bring it, were it not, Sextilianus, that you drank your wine unmixed.

XII

WHERE runs the road to the heights of cool Tibur, sacred to Hercules, and milky-hued Albula steams with its sulphurous waters, the fourth milestone from the neighbouring city marks a farm and sacred grove, acres dear to the Muses. Here a rustic portico secured a summer shade; alas, how did that portico all but dare a crime unheard of! For suddenly it fell in ruin when, under that mighty mass, Regulus had but now driven in his two-horse carriage. Assuredly Fortune was fearful of our plaints; she could not brave odium so great. Now even losses please; dangers themselves bring repayment: a standing roof could not witness to the Gods.

[1] *Tesserae vinariae* entitling to an allowance of wine at a show: *cf.* I. xxvi. 3.

XIII

Casta suo gladium cum traderet Arria Paeto,
quem de visceribus strinxerat ipsa suis,
"Si qua fides, vulnus quod feci non dolet;" inquit
"sed tu quod facies, hoc mihi, Paete, dolet."

XIV

Delicias, Caesar, lususque iocosque leonum
vidimus (hoc etiam praestat harena tibi)
cum prensus blando totiens a dente rediret
et per aperta vagus curreret ora lepus.
unde potest avidus captae leo parcere praedae?
sed tamen esse tuus dicitur: ergo potest.

XV

O mihi post nullos, Iuli, memorande sodales,
si quid longa fides canaque iura valent,
bis iam paene tibi consul tricensimus instat,
et numerat paucos vix tua vita dies.
non bene distuleris, videas quae posse negari,
et solum hoc ducas, quod fuit, esse tuum.
exspectant curaeque catenatique labores;
gaudia non remanent, sed fugitiva volant.
haec utraque manu conplexuque adsere toto:
saepe fluunt imo sic quoque lapsa sinu.
non est, crede mihi, sapientis dicere "Vivam";
sera nimis vita est crastina: vive hodie.

XIII

When chaste Arria was offering to her Paetus that sword which with her own hand she had drawn from out her breast: "If thou believest me," she said, "the wound I have inflicted has no smart; but the wound thou shalt inflict—this for me, Paetus, has the smart."

XIV

The tricks, Caesar, the play and pranks of the lions we have seen—this tribute, too, the Arena pays thee—when the hare was seized, and yet so oft was let loose from the fondling fangs, and ran here and there through the open jaws. Whence inspired can a ravaging lion spare his captured prey? But he is called thine; therefore can he spare.

XV

Julius, O thou who art to be named second to none of my comrades, if long-continued faith and ancient claims are worth aught, already thy sixtieth consul's year is well-nigh treading on thy heels, yet thy life scarce numbers a few days. Not well shalt thou put off what thou seest may be denied; and count that only which has been as thine own. Cares and linked[1] toils await us; joys abide not, but fugitive they fly. Grasp these with both thy hands, and hold them in thy full embrace; oft they glide away, even so, slipping out of the inmost bosom. It sorts not, believe me, with wisdom to say "I shall live." Too late is to-morrow's life; live thou to-day.

[1] But Friedländer explains *labores quales sunt catenatorum.*

XVI

Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt mala plura
quae legis hic. aliter non fit, Avite, liber.

XVII

Cogit me Titus actitare causas
et dicit mihi saepe "Magna res est."
res magna est, Tite, quam facit colonus.

XVIII

Quid te, Tucca, iuvat vetulo miscere Falerno
in Vaticanis condita musta cadis?
quid tantum fecere boni tibi pessima vina?
aut quid fecerunt optima vina mali?
de nobis facile est: scelus est iugulare Falernum
et dare Campano toxica saeva mero.
convivae meruere tui fortasse perire:
amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori.

XIX

Si memini, fuerant tibi quattuor, Aelia, dentes:
expulit una duos tussis et una duos.
iam secura potes totis tussire diebus:
nil istic quod agat tertia tussis habet.

---

[1] Possibly the meaning is: it needs a good farmer to make a good thing of a farm, and a good advocate—which I am

XVI

THERE are good things, there are some indifferent, there are more things bad that you read here. Not otherwise, Avitus, is a book produced.

XVII

TITUS urges me to plead causes, and often says to me: "There is fine profit." But the "fine profit" of a farm, Titus, is the work of the farmer.[1]

XVIII

WHY do you choose, Tucca, to mix with old Falernian the must stored in Vatican casks?[2] What is this great benefit the vilest wines have bestowed on you, or what harm have the best wines caused you? As to us, 'tis no matter; it is a crime to murder Falernian, to apply to Campanian wine deadly poison. Your guests perhaps have deserved extinction: a jar so priceless did not deserve to die.

XIX

IF I remember right, you had, Aelia, four teeth: one fit of coughing shot out two, and another two more. Now in peace you can cough all day: a third fit has nothing left there to discharge.

not—to make a fortune by advocacy. Friedländer suggests that M. hints that the gift of a farm would suit him better than advice.

[2] Vatican wine was very inferior: *cf.* VI. xcii.

XX

Dic mihi, quis furor est? turba spectante vocata
solus boletos, Caeciliane, voras.
quid dignum tanto tibi ventre gulaque precabor?
boletum qualem Claudius edit, edas.

XXI

Cum peteret regem decepta satellite dextra
ingessit sacris se peritura focis.
sed tam saeva pius miracula non tulit hostis
et raptum flammis iussit abire virum:
urere quam potuit contempto Mucius igne,
hanc spectare manum Porsena non potuit.
maior deceptae fama est et gloria dextrae:
si non errasset, fecerat illa minus.

XXII

Quid non[1] saeva fugis placidi, lepus, ora leonis?
frangere tam parvas non didicere feras.
servantur magnis isti cervicibus ungues
nec gaudet tenui sanguine tanta sitis.
praeda canum lepus est, vastos non implet hiatus:
non timeat Dacus Caesaris arma puer.

[1] *non* Dousa, *nunc* codd.

[1] The Emperor Claudius was poisoned by a mushroom: *cf.* Juv. v. 147, where Juvenal probably had this passage in his mind.

XX

Tell me, what madness is this? While the throng of invited guests looks on, you, Caecilianus, alone devour the mushrooms! What prayer shall I make suitable to such a belly and gorge? May you eat such a mushroom as Claudius [1] ate!

XXI

The right hand which, aimed at the king, was cheated by an attendant,[2] laid itself, doomed to perish, upon the sacred hearth. But a prodigy so cruel the kindly foe could not brook, and he bade the warrior go rescued from the flame. The hand which, scorning the fire, Mucius, endured to burn, Porsena could not endure to behold. Greater, because it was cheated, is the fame and glory of that right hand; had it not erred, it had achieved less.

XXII

Why fliest thou, hare, the lion's jaws unstirred to rage? They have not learned to crunch beasts so small. Those talons are kept for mighty necks; thirst so great delights not in a draught of blood so meagre. The hare is the prey of dogs, it fills not vasty mouths; a Dacian boy would not dread Caesar's arms.

[2] Mucius Scaevola mistook an attendant for Porsena, the king of Etruria. The story had no doubt been enacted in the theatre. *cf.* VIII. XXX. on the same subject

XXIII

Invitas nullum nisi cum quo, Cotta, lavaris
et dant convivam balnea sola tibi.
mirabar quare numquam me, Cotta, vocasses:
iam scio me nudum displicuisse tibi.

XXIV

Aspicis incomptis illum, Deciane, capillis,
cuius et ipse times triste supercilium,
qui loquitur Curios adsertoresque Camillos?
nolito fronti credere: nupsit heri.

XXV

Ede tuos tandem populo, Faustine, libellos
et cultum docto pectore profer opus,
quod nec Cecropiae damnent Pandionis arces
nec sileant nostri praetereantque senes.
ante fores stantem dubitas admittere Famam
teque piget curae praemia ferre tuae?
post te victurae per te quoque vivere chartae
incipiant: cineri gloria sera venit.

XXVI

Sextiliane, bibis quantum subsellia quinque
solus: aqua totiens ebrius esse potes;
nec consessorum vicina nomismata tantum,
aera sed a cuneis ulteriora petis.

XXIII

You invite no man to dinner, Cotta, but your bath-companion; the baths alone provide you with a guest. I was wondering why you had never asked me; now I understand that when naked I displeased you.

XXIV

You see that fellow with unkempt hair, Decianus, whose gloomy scowl you too fear, who prates of the Curii, and of the Camilli, champions of liberty? Don't credit his appearance; he was a bride yesterday.

XXV

Give at length to the people, Faustinus, your books, and send forth a work, polished by your learned skill, which Pandion's Cecropian heights would not condemn,[1] nor our sages dismiss in silence and pass by. Do you hesitate to admit Fame that stands before your doors, and shrink from winning the reward of your care? Let writings that will live after you by your aid also begin to live now; to the ashes of the dead glory comes too late.

XXVI

Sextilianus, you drink as much as five rows of benches to your own share; drinking water so often could make you drunk. It is not only the tokens of those who sit near you, but you ask for the bronze tickets from those in remoter blocks. This vintage

[1] *i.e.* which the Athenians would not despise.

non haec Paelignis agitur vindemia prelis
uva nec in Tuscis nascitur ista iugis,
testa sed antiqui felix siccatur Opimi,
egerit et nigros Massica cella cados.
a copone tibi faex Laletana petatur,
si plus quam decies, Sextiliane, bibis.

XXVII

Hesterna tibi nocte dixeramus,
quincunces puto post decem peractos,
cenares hodie, Procille, mecum.
tu factam tibi rem statim putasti
et non sobria verba subnotasti
exemplo nimium periculoso.
μισῶ μνάμονα συμπόταν, Procille.

XXVIII

Hesterno fetere mero qui credit Acerram,
fallitur. in lucem semper Acerra bibit.

XXIX

Fama refert nostros te, Fidentine, libellos
non aliter populo quam recitare tuos.
si mea vis dici, gratis tibi carmina mittam:
si dici tua vis, hoc eme, ne mea sint.

XXX

Chirurgus fuerat, nunc est vispillo Diaulus.
coepit quo poterat clinicus esse modo.

[1] Consul B.C. 121, a famous year for wine. Massic was also a choice vintage; the others mentioned were poor.

is not pressed in Pelignian wine-presses; nor is that grape of yours born on Tuscan hills; nay, a choice jar of ancient Opimius[1] is drained; 'tis a Massic store-room sends forth its smoked jars. Get from the taverner dregs of Laletanian if you take more than ten drinks, Sextilianus.

XXVII

Last night I said to you (I think it was after I had got through ten half-pints): "Dine with me to-day, Procillus." You at once thought the matter settled for you, and took secret note of my unsober remark—a precedent too dangerous! "I hate a messmate with a memory," Procillus.

XXVIII

He who fancies that Acerra reeks of yesterday's wine is wrong. Acerra always drinks till daylight.

XXIX

Rumour asserts, Fidentinus, that you recite my works to the crowd, just as if they were your own. If you wish they should be called mine, I will send you the poems gratis; if you wish them to be called yours, buy my disclaimer[2] of them.

XXX

Diaulus has been a doctor, he is now an undertaker. He begins to put his patients to bed in his old effective way.

[2] *cf.* I. lxvi. 13.

XXXI

Hos tibi, Phoebe, vovet totos a vertice crines
Encolpos, domini centurionis amor,
grata Pudens meriti tulerit cum praemia pili.
quam primum longas, Phoebe, recide comas,
dum nulla teneri sordent lanugine voltus
dumque decent fusae lactea colla iubae;
utque tuis longum dominusque puerque fruantur
muneribus, tonsum fac cito, sero virum.

XXXII

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare:
hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.

XXXIII

Amissum non flet cum sola est Gellia patrem,
si quis adest, iussae prosiliunt lacrimae.
non luget quisquis laudari, Gellia, quaerit:
ille dolet vere qui sine teste dolet.

XXXIV

Incustoditis et apertis, Lesbia, semper
liminibus peccas nec tua furta tegis,
et plus spectator quam te delectat adulter
nec sunt grata tibi gaudia si qua latent.
at meretrix abigit testem veloque seraque
raraque Summoeni[1] fornice rima patet.

[1] *submemmi* codd.

XXXI

These, all the tresses from his head, Encolpos, the darling of his master the centurion, vows, Phoebus, to thee, when Pudens shall bring home the glad guerdon of his merit, a chief centurion's rank.[1] Sever, Phoebus, with all speed these long locks while his soft cheeks are darkened not with any down, and while tumbled curls grace his milk-white neck; and, so that both master and boy may long enjoy thy gifts, make him soon shorn, but a man late!

XXXII

I do not love you, Sabidius; and I can't say why. This only I can say: I do not love you.

XXXIII

Gellia weeps not while she is alone for her lost father; if any one be present, her tears leap forth at her bidding. He does not lament who looks, Gellia, for praise; he truly sorrows who sorrows unseen.

XXXIV

It is always with doors unguarded and open, Lesbia, you offend, nor do you conceal your intrigues; and it is the spectator more than the adulterer that pleases you; no joys are grateful to you if they are hidden. But a harlot repels a witness both by curtain and bolt, and rarely a chink gapes in the

[1] *cf.* v. xlviii., where the vow was fulfilled.

a Chione saltem vel ab Iade discе pudorem :
absconduntspurcas et monumenta lupas.
numquid dura tibi nimium censura videtur?
deprendi veto te, Lesbia, non futui.

XXXV

Versus scribere me parum severos
nec quos praelegat in schola magister,
Corneli, quereris : sed hi libelli,
tamquam coniugibus suis mariti,
non possunt sine mentula placere.
quid si me iubeas thalassionem
verbis dicere non thalassionis?
quis Floralia vestit et stolatum
permittit meretricibus pudorem?
lex haec carminibus data est iocosis,
ne possint, nisi pruriant, iuvare.
quare deposita severitate
parcas lusibus et iocis rogamus,
nec castrare velis meos libellos.
Gallo turpius est nihil Priapo.

XXXVI

Si, Lucane, tibi vel si tibi, Tulle, darentur
qualia Ledaei fata Lacones habent,
nobilis haec esset pietatis rixa duobus,
quod pro fratre mori vellet uterque prior,
diceret infernas et qui prior isset ad umbras :
"Vive tuo, frater, tempore, vive meo."

[1] *Summoenium* was the name of a street or quarter in a low neighbourhood, and the resort of prostitutes.
[2] A reminiscence of Cat. xvi. 7–8.

archway under the walls.[1] From Chione at least, or from Ias learn modesty: for dirty drabs even tombs are hiding-places. Does my censure appear to you too hard? I forbid you, Lesbia, to be caught, not to be a strumpet.

XXXV

That I write verses little squeamish, and not such as a schoolmaster would dictate in school, is your complaint, Cornelius; but these poems cannot please, any more than husbands can please their wives, without amorousness. What if you bade me indite a marriage song not in the words of a marriage song? Who brings garments into Flora's festival, and permits prostitutes the modesty of the stole? This is the rule assigned to jocular poems, to be unable to please unless they are prurient.[2] Wherefore lay aside your squeamishness, and spare my pleasantries and my jokes, I beg you, and do not seek to castrate my poems. Than a Priapus as Cybele's priest[3] nothing is more disgusting.

XXXVI

If, Lucanus, to thee, or if to thee, Tullus, were given the fate of Leda's Spartan sons,[4] now would there be proud rivalry of love betwixt you twain, for each would wish to be the first to die for his brother; and he who first had passed to the nether shades would say: "Live, brother, thy own share of life, and live thou mine!"

[3] The priests of Cybele were eunuchs.

[4] Castor and Pollux, who divided alternately between them life in the shades and in heaven.

XXXVII

Ventris onus misero, nec te pudet, excipis auro,
Basse, bibis vitro. carius ergo cacas.

XXXVIII

Quem recitas meus est, o Fidentine, libellus:
sed male cum recitas, incipit esse tuus.

XXXIX

Si quis erit raros inter numerandus amicos,
quales prisca fides famaque novit anus,
si quis Cecropiae madidus Latiaeque Minervae
artibus et vera simplicitate bonus,
si quis erit recti custos, mirator honesti
et nihil arcano qui roget ore deos,
si quis erit magnae subnixus robore mentis:
dispeream si non hic Decianus erit.

XL

Qui ducis vultus et non legis ista libenter,
omnibus invideas, livide, nemo tibi.

XLI

Urbanus tibi, Caecili, videris.
non es, crede mihi. quid ergo? verna,
hoc quod Transtiberinus ambulator,
qui pallentia sulpurata fractis

XXXVII

Your bowels' load—and you are not ashamed—you receive in a golden vessel—unhappy urn! Bassus, you drink out of crystal; therefore your evacuations are the more costly.

XXXVIII

That book you recite, O Fidentinus, is mine. But your vile recitation begins to make it your own.

XXXIX

If any shall be found to be counted among rare friends, such as old-time loyalty and aged fame knows; if any shall be found steeped in the accomplishments of Attic and Latin learning, and good with a true singleness of heart; if any shall be found the guardian of right, admirer of honour, and not such as will sue the Gods for anything under his breath; if any shall be found pillared on the strength of a great mind—may I perish if Decianus will not be he!

XL

You who make faces, and grudgingly read that eulogy above, may you envy all men, you jaundiced fellow, no man envy you!

XLI

A wit, Caecilius, you fancy yourself. You are none, believe me. What then? A buffoon. You are just like the tramping hawker from beyond the Tiber who exchanges pale sulphur matches for

permutat vitreis, quod otiosae
vendit qui madidum cicer coronae,
quod custos dominusque viperarum,
quod viles pueri salariorum,
quod fumantia qui tomacla raucus
circumfert tepidis cocus popinis,
quod non optimus urbicus poeta,
quod de Gadibus inprobus magister,
quod bucca est vetuli dicax cinaedi.
quare desine iam tibi videri,
quod soli tibi, Caecili, videris,
qui Gabbam salibus tuis et ipsum
posses vincere Tettium Caballum.
non cuicumque datum est habere nasum :
ludit qui stolida procacitate,
non est Tettius ille, sed caballus.

XLII

Coniugis audisset fatum cum Porcia Bruti
et subtracta sibi quaereret arma dolor,
" Nondum scitis " ait " mortem non posse negari ?
credideram fatis hoc docuisse patrem."
dixit et ardentis avido bibit ore favillas.
i nunc et ferrum, turba molesta, nega.

XLIII

Bis tibi triceni fuimus, Mancine, vocati
et positum est nobis nil here praeter aprum,
non quae de tardis servantur vitibus uvae
dulcibus aut certant quae melimela favis,

[1] A street improvisatore : Friedländer.
[2] A court-fool of Augustus : *cf.* x. ci.: Juv. xi. 162. So

broken glass; like him, who sells to the idle ring warm pease-pudding; like the keeper and owner of vipers; like the cheap slaves of the saltsellers; like the pieman, who bawls as he carries round in his warm pans smoking sausages; like a second-rate street poet[1]; like the lewd dance-master from Gades; like the chaps of an old foul-mouthed debauchee. Wherefore cease to fancy yourself to be what you alone, Caecilius, fancy yourself, one who could surpass in wit Gabba,[2] and even Tettius Caballus himself. Not to everyone is given a critic's nose. He who jests with a pointless impudence, is no Tettius, but a dull hack.

XLII

When Porcia had learned the fate of her husband Brutus,[3] and grief looked for the weapons that had been stolen from it, "Know ye not yet," she said, "that death cannot be denied? I had believed my sire by his fate had taught you this!" She spake, and with greedy throat drank down the glowing embers. Go to now! officious throng: deny the steel!

XLIII

Twice thirty were we, Mancinus, your invited guests, and nothing was served us last night but a boar. There were no grapes such as are left to hang late upon the vine, nor honey-apples that vie

too, probably, was Caballus, a word which also means "horse," on which M. plays.

[3] The assassin of Julius Caesar.

[4] Cato the younger, who committed suicide at Utica.

non pira quae longa pendent religata genesta
aut imitata brevis Punica grana rosas,
rustica lactantis nec misit Sassina metas
nec de Picenis venit oliva cadis.
nudus aper, sed et hic minimus qualisque necari
a non armato pumilione potest.
et nihil inde datum est; tantum spectavimus omnes:
ponere aprum nobis sic et harena solet.
ponatur tibi nullus aper post talia facta,
sed tu ponaris cui Charidemus apro.

XLIV

Lascivos leporum cursus lususque leonum
quod maior nobis charta minorque gerit
et bis idem facimus, nimium si, Stella, videtur
hoc tibi, bis leporem tu quoque pone mihi.

XLV

Edita ne brevibus pereat mihi cura libellis,
dicatur potius Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος.

XLVI

Cum dicis "Propero, fac si facis," Hedyle, languet
protinus et cessat debilitata Venus.
expectare iube: velocius ibo retentus.
Hedyle, si properas, dic mihi, ne properem.

[1] Some criminal who had been exposed to a wild boar in the Arena.

[2] Perhaps the single sheets on which some epigrams were

with luscious combs; nor pears that hang tied with the pliant broom; nor pomegranates that copy the transient roses. Rural Sassina sent no cones of cheese; there came no olive from Picenian jars. A boar, and nothing else! and this too a tiny one, and such as could be slaughtered by an unarmed dwarf. And nothing after that was provided: all of us merely looked on. Even the Arena serves us up a boar in this style! May no boar be served up to you after such behaviour, but may you be served up to the same boar as Charidemus![1]

XLIV

Because a larger and a lesser page[2] of mine presents the airy gambols of hares, and the lions' play, and twice I do the same thing—if this seem to you excessive, Stella, do you in turn serve up to me twice a dish of hare!

XLV

That my labour be not lost because published in tiny volumes, rather let there be added *τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος*.[3]

XLVI

When thou sayest "I haste; now is the time," then, Hedylus, my ardour at once flags and weakens. Bid me wait: more quickly, stayed, shall I speed on. Hedylus, if thou dost haste, tell me not to haste!

circulated before publication. Thus I. vi. and xxii. would take "a lesser," I. civ. "a larger," page.

[3] *i.e.* if the public won't buy a small book, I must stuff it out with repetitions. The Greek words occur many hundreds of times in Homer.

XLVII

Nuper erat medicus, nunc est vispillo Diaulus:
quod vispillo facit, fecerat et medicus.

XLVIII

Rictibus his tauros non eripuere magistri,
per quos praeda fugax itque reditque lepus;
quodque magis mirum, velocior exit ab hoste
nec nihil a tanta nobilitate refert.
tutior in sola non est cum currit harena,
nec caveae tanta conditur ille fide.
si vitare canum morsus, lepus inprobe, quaeris,
ad quae confugias ora leonis habes.

XLIX

Vir Celtiberis non tacende gentibus
nostraeque laus Hispaniae,
videbis altam, Liciniane, Bilbilin,
equis et armis nobilem,
senemque Caium[1] nivibus, et fractis[2] sacrum
Vadaveronem montibus,
et delicati dulce Boterdi nemus,
Pomona quod felix amat.
tepidi natabis lene Congedi vadum
mollesque Nympharum lacus,
quibus remissum corpus adstringes brevi
Salone, qui ferrum gelat.
praestabit illic ipsa figendas prope
Vobesca prandenti feras.
aestus serenos aureo franges Tago
obscurus umbris arborum;

[1] *Caium* Vossius, *calvum* β, *catum* γ.
[2] *effractis* codd.

XLVII

Lately was Diaulus a doctor, now he is an undertaker. What the undertaker now does the doctor too did before.

XLVIII

The trainers have not torn bulls from these yawning mouths wherethrough, a nimble prey, the hare comes and goes, and—greater marvel yet!—issues out of the foe's jaws more agile than before; some spirit from a beast so noble he wins. No safer is he while he speeds along the lonely sand, nor is he in such ward when shut in a cage. If thou wouldst shun, impudent hare, the bite of dogs, thou hast thy refuge, the lion's mouth.

XLIX

You, a man worthy to be acclaimed by Celtiberian tribes, and the glory of our Spain, you, Licinianus, will see high-set Bilbilis, renowned for steeds and armour, and Caius[1] with its aged snows, and sacred Vadavero on the rugged hills, and the pleasant grove of delightful Boterdus which blest Pomona loves. You will swim in the smooth shallows of tepid Congedus, and the mild lake of the Nymphs, and brace your limbs, by them relaxed, in shallow Salo that chills iron. There shall Vobesca's self provide her own wild beasts to be speared near by even while you lunch. The cloudless heat you, by boughs o'ershadowed, will assuage in golden Tagus' stream; your eager thirst icy Der-

[1] Some peak in the Pyrenees.

avidam rigens Dercenna placabit sitim
et Nutha, quae vincit nives.
at cum December canus et bruma impotens
Aquilone rauco mugiet,
aprica repetes Tarraconis litora
tuamque Laletaniam.
ibi inligatas mollibus dammas plagis
mactabis et vernas apros
leporemque forti callidum rumpes equo,
cervos relinques vilico.
vicina in ipsum silva descendet focum
infante cinctum sordido;
vocabitur venator et veniet tibi
conviva clamatus prope;
lunata nusquam pellis et nusquam toga
olidaeque vestes murice;
procul horridus Liburnus et querulus cliens,
imperia viduarum procul;
non rumpet altum pallidus somnum reus,
sed mane totum dormies.
mereatur alius grande et insanum sophos:
miserere tu felicium
veroque fruere non superbus gaudio,
dum Sura laudatur tuus.
non inpudenter vita quod relicum est petit,
cum fama quod satis est habet.

L

Si tibi Mistyllos cocus, Aemiliane, vocatur,
dicatur quare non Taratalla mihi?

[1] As an advocate: see Index.

cenna will allay, and Nutha colder than the snows. But when hoar December and wild winter shall moan with the hoarse northern blast, you will repair to Tarraco's sunny shores and your own Laletania. There will you slay does enmeshed in yielding toils, and home-bred boars, and with your stout steed ride down the cunning hare, to your bailiff resign the stags. To your very hearth, ringed with unkempt boy-slaves, shall come down the neighbouring wood; the hunter will be invited, and he will come as your guest when you shout for him hard by; nowhere will be seen the crescent shoe, nowhere the toga, and clothes smelling strong of purple dye; far off will be the odious Liburnian messenger, and querulous client; the haughty commands of widows will be far off; your deep slumber the pale defendant will not break, but all through the morning will you dream. Let another win the loud and frantic "bravo"; do you pity the "fortunate," and without pride enjoy true happiness, while your Sura earns applause.[1] Not presumptuously doth life seek what remains to it when fame hath its sufficiency.

L

If your cook, Aemilianus, is called Mistyllus,[2] why should not Taratalla be the name for mine?

[2] From recollection of the Homeric line, Μίστυλλόν τ' ἄρα τἄλλα καὶ ἀμφ' ὀβελοῖσιν ἔπειραν.

LI

Non facit ad saevos cervix, nisi prima, leones.
quid fugis hos dentes, ambitiose lepus?
scilicet a magnis ad te descendere tauris
et quae non cernunt frangere colla velis.
desperanda tibi est ingentis gloria fati:
non potes hoc tenuis praeda sub hoste mori.

LII

Commendo tibi, Quintiane, nostros—
nostros dicere si tamen libellos
possum, quos recitat tuus poeta—:
si de servitio gravi queruntur,
adsertor venias satisque praestes,
et, cum se dominum vocabit ille,
dicas esse meos manuque missos.
hoc si terque quaterque clamitaris,
inpones plagiario pudorem.

LIII

Una est in nostris tua, Fidentine, libellis
pagina, sed certa domini signata figura,
quae tua traducit manifesto carmina furto.
sic interpositus villo contaminat uncto
urbica Lingonicus Tyrianthina bardocucullus,
sic Arretinae violant crystallina testae,
sic niger in ripis errat cum forte Caystri,
inter Ledaeos ridetur corvus olores,

[1] As *assertor in libertatem*, who takes up their claim to freedom, not allowing the plagiarist to claim them when manumitted by M.

LI

No neck, save the chiefest, sorts with savage lions. Why fliest thou these fangs, ambitious hare? Thou wouldst forsooth have them come down from huge bulls to thee, and crunch the neck which they cannot see! Not to be hoped for by thee is the glory of a mighty death: thou canst not, slender quarry, die under such a foe as this.

LII

To your charge I entrust, Quintianus, my works—if, after all, I can call those mine which that poet of yours recites. If they complain of their grievous servitude, come forward as their champion [1] and give bail for them; and when that fellow calls himself their owner, say that they are mine, sent forth from my hand.[2] If thrice and four times you shout this, you will shame the plagiarist.

LIII

THERE is one page of yours, Fidentinus, in a book of mine—a page, too, stamped by the distinct likeness of its master—which convicts your poems of palpable theft. So, when set among them, a Lingonian cowled cloak defiles with greasy wool the violet-purple robes of town; so crocks from Arretium degrade crystal glass; so a black raven, perchance wandering on Cayster's banks, is laughed at among Leda's swans; so, when a sacred grove is afire

[2] "To send forth from the hand" was to make free a slave. So, in another sense, a book on publication is sent forth from the hand.

sic ubi multisona fervet sacer Atthide lucus,
inproba Cecropias offendit pica querellas.
indice non opus est nostris nec iudice libris;
stat contra dicitque tibi tua pagina "Fur es."

LIV

Si quid, Fusce, vacas adhuc amari
(nam sunt hinc tibi, sunt et hinc amici),
unum, si superest, locum rogamus,
nec me, quod tibi sim novus, recuses:
omnes hoc veteres tui fuerunt.
tu tantum inspice qui novus paratur
an possit fieri vetus sodalis.

LV

Vota tui breviter si vis cognoscere Marci,
clarum militiae, Fronto, togaeque decus,
hoc petit, esse sui nec magni ruris arator,
sordidaque in parvis otia rebus amat.
quisquam picta colit Spartani frigora saxi
et matutinum portat ineptus Have,
cui licet exuviis nemoris rurisque beato
ante focum plenas explicuisse plagas
et piscem tremula salientem ducere saeta
flavaque de rubro promere mella cado?
pinguis inaequales onerat cui vilica mensas
et sua non emptus praeparat ova cinis?
non amet hanc vitam quisquis me non amat, opto,
vivat et urbanis albus in officiis.

LVI

Continuis vexata madet vindemia nimbis:
non potes, ut cupias, vendere, copo, merum.

with the varied tones of the Athenian nightingale, an impudent jay jars on those Attic notes of woe. My books need no title or judge to prove them; your page stares you in the face, and calls you "thief."

LIV

If, Fuscus, you have still any room for love—for you have friends on this side, friends on that—a single niche, if one remains, I ask. Nor should you reject me because I am a "new" friend; all your old friends were that once. Look only for this in the new friend—is he worthy to become an old comrade?

LV

If you wish briefly to learn your Marcus' wishes, Fronto, bright ornament of war and of the gown, he seeks this—to be tiller of land that is his own, though not large; and rough ease he delights in amid small means. Does any man court halls gaudy and chill with Spartan stone, and bring with him—O fool!—the morning salute, who, blest with spoils of wood and field, can before his hearth open his crowded nets, and draw with trembling line the leaping fish, and bring forth from the red jar his golden honey? For whom the bailiff's portly dame loads his rickety table, and charcoal unbought cooks his home-laid eggs? May he, I pray, who loves not me love not this, and live, pale-faced, amid the duties of the town.

LVI

The vineyard drips, lashed by continued rains. Mine host, you can't, though you would, sell undiluted wine.

LVII

Qualem, Flacce, velim quaeris nolimve puellam ?
nolo nimis facilem difficilemque nimis.
illud quod medium est atque inter utrumque probamus :
nec volo quod cruciat nec volo quod satiat.

LVIII

Milia pro puero centum me mango poposcit :
risi ego, sed Phoebus protinus illa dedit.
hoc dolet et queritur de me mea mentula secum
laudaturque meam Phoebus in invidiam.
sed sestertiolum donavit mentula Phoebo
bis decies : hoc da tu mihi, pluris emam.

LIX

Dat Baiana mihi quadrantes sportula centum.
inter delicias quid facit ista fames ?
redde Lupi nobis tenebrosaque balnea Grylli :
tam male cum cenem, cur bene, Flacce, laver ?

LX

Intres ampla licet torvi lepus ora leonis,
esse tamen vacuo se leo dente putat.
quod ruet in tergum vel quos procumbet in armos,
alta iuvencorum volnera figet ubi ?
quid frustra nemorum dominum regemque fatigas ?
non nisi delecta pascitur ille fera.

LVII

Do you ask, Flaccus, what sort of girl I like or dislike? I dislike one too yielding, and one too coy. That middle type between the two I approve: I like not that which racks me, nor like I that which cloys.

LVIII

The dealer asked me a hundred thousand for the lad; I laughed, but Phoebus straightway paid the price. Thereat my —— grieves and complains about me to itself, and Phoebus is applauded to my despite. But his —— presented Phoebus with a nice two millions: do you give me as much, and I'll bid higher.

LIX

My dole at Baiae gives me a hundred farthings. What avails that starvation allowance amid luxury? Give me back the gloomy baths of Lupus and of Gryllus. Seeing that so badly I dine, why, Flaccus, sumptuously should I bathe?

LX

Albeit, O hare, you enter the lion's yawning mouth, the lion yet regards his fang as unfleshed. Upon what back, upon what shoulders shall he throw his weight? The deep wounds that lay low steers—where shall he plant them? Why vainly tease the woodland's lord and king? 'Tis not save on the beast he has chosen that he feeds.

LXI

Verona docti syllabas amat vatis,
Marone felix Mantua est,
censetur Aponi Livio suo tellus
Stellaque nec Flacco minus.
Apollodoro plaudit imbrifer Nilus,
Nasone Paeligni sonant,
duosque Senecas unicumque Lucanum
facunda loquitur Corduba,
gaudent iocosae Canio suo Gades,
Emerita Deciano meo:
te, Liciniane, gloriabitur nostra
nec me tacebit Bilbilis.

LXII

Casta nec antiquis cedens Laevina Sabinis
et quamvis tetrico tristior ipsa viro
dum modo Lucrino, modo se permittit Averno
et dum Baianis saepe fovetur aquis,
incidit in flammas: iuvenemque secuta relicto
coniuge Penelope venit, abit Helene.

LXIII

Ut recitem tibi nostra rogas epigrammata. nolo.
non audire, Celer, sed recitare cupis.

LXIV

Bella es, novimus, et puella, verum est,
et dives, quis enim potest negare?
sed cum te nimium, Fabulla, laudas,
nec dives neque bella nec puella es.

LXI

Verona loves the syllables of her learned bard, Mantua is blest in Maro. The land of Aponus is apprised by its Livy, and by Stella, by Flaccus no less; the flooding Nile applauds Apollodorus; Pelignians are loud in Naso's praise. The two Senecas and matchless Lucan eloquent Corduba proclaims; laughing Gades delights in her Canius, Emerita in my Decianus. Of you, Licinianus, shall our Bilbilis boast, nor of me shall she be silent.

LXII

Chaste, and not inferior to the old-world Sabines, straiter-laced, too, than her husband in his sternest mood, Laevina, while she entrusted herself, now to the Lucrine lake and now to Avernus, and was oft refreshed by the waters of Baiae, fell into flames.[1] She went after a youth, leaving a husband: she arrived a Penelope and departed a Helen!

LXIII

You ask me to recite to you my epigrams. I decline. You don't wish to hear them, Celer, but to recite them.

LXIV

You are beautiful, we know, and young, that is true, and rich—for who can deny it? But while you praise yourself overmuch, Fabulla, you are neither rich, nor beautiful, nor young.

[1] The looseness of morals at Baiae, Rome's fashionable watering-place, was notorious.

LXV

Cum dixi ficus, rides quasi barbara verba
et dici ficos, Caeciliane, iubes.
dicemus ficus, quas scimus in arbore nasci,
dicemus ficos, Caeciliane, tuos.

LXVI

Erras, meorum fur avare librorum,
fieri poetam posse qui putas tanti,
scriptura quanti constet et tomus vilis:
non sex paratur aut decem sophos nummis.
secreta quaere carmina et rudes curas
quas novit unus scrinioque signatas
custodit ipse virginis pater chartae,
quae trita duro non inhorruit mento.
mutare dominum non potest liber notus.
sed pumicata fronte si quis est nondum
nec umbilicis cultus atque membrana,
mercare: tales habeo; nec sciet quisquam.
aliena quisquis recitat et petit famam,
non emere librum sed silentium debet.

LXVII

"Liber homo es nimium" dicis mihi, Ceryle, semper.
in te quis dicit, Ceryle, "liber homo es"?

---

[1] *i.e.* piles, or some tumour: *cf.* IV. lii.; VII. lxxi.; XIV. lxxxvi.

[2] By being held under the chin while being rolled up (Friedländer); or by being kissed in compliment in the recitation room (Paley): *cf.* X. xciii. 6.

LXV

When I called figs "ficus" you laughed at it as an outlandish word, and you require them, Caecilianus, to be called "ficos." We will call those "ficus" which we know grow on a tree; we will call your figs,[1] Caecilianus, "ficos."

LXVI

You mistake, you greedy thief of my works, who think you can become a poet at no more than the cost of a transcript and a cheap papyrus roll. Applause is not acquired for six or ten sesterces. Look out for unpublished poems and unfinished studies, which one man only knows of, and which the sire of the virgin sheet not yet grown rough by the contact of hard chins,[2] keeps sealed up in his book-wallet. A well-known book cannot change its author. But if there be one with ends not yet smoothed with pumice, and not yet smart with its bosses and wrapper, buy it: such I possess, and no man shall know. Whoever recites another man's work, and so woos fame, ought not to buy a book, but—silence.

LXVII

"You're too free a man," you are always saying to me, Cerylus. In your case, Cerylus, who says "you're a free man"?[3]

[3] Cerylus was a wealthy freedman of Vespasian who changed his name to Laches and pretended to be a free man (*ingenuus*); see Suet. *Vesp.* xxiii. The emendation of the text *est.* (or *est?*) is due to Wagner and accepted by Friedländer.

LXVIII

QUIDQUID agit Rufus, nihil est nisi Naevia Rufo.
si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur.
cenat, propinat, poscit, negat, innuit: una est
Naevia; si non sit Naevia, mutus erit.
scriberet hesterna patri cum luce salutem,
"Naevia lux," inquit "Naevia lumen, have."
haec legit et ridet demisso Naevia voltu.
Naevia non una est: quid, vir inepte, furis?

LXIX

COEPIT, Maxime, Pana quae solebat,
nunc ostendere Canium Tarentos.

LXX

VADE salutatum pro me, liber: ire iuberis
ad Proculi nitidos, officiose, lares.
quaeris iter, dicam. vicinum Castora canae
transibis Vestae virgineamque domum.
inde sacro veneranda petes Palatia clivo,
plurima qua summi fulget imago ducis.

---

[1] *i.e.* the preceding part of the epigram, which the husband (or lover) thinks must allude to his particular "Naevia"

[2] Since he had gone there the City of Tarentum was as proud of his laughing face (*cf.* III. xx. 21) as of a famous image of the laughing Pan. Tarentos (fem.) is probably a literary form of Tarentum.

LXVIII

WHATEVER Rufus is doing, Naevia is to Rufus his all in all. If glad, if tearful, if mute, of her he speaks. He dines, drinks healths, asks, denies, or nods: Naevia is everything; be there no Naevia, he will be dumb. When yesterday he was writing a greeting to his father, "Naevia, light of my eyes," he wrote, "Naevia, my sunbeam, I salute thee."

Naevia reads these lines[1] with face down-dropt, and laughs. There is more than one Naevia; why, you silly husband, do you rage?

LXIX

TARENTOS, that used, Maximus, to display a statue of Pan, now begins to display Canius.[2]

LXX

Go forth, my book, to bear my greeting for me; 'tis to the smart house of Proculus you are bidden to go, a duteous messenger. You ask the way? I'll tell you.[3] You will pass the temple of Castor near time-honoured Vesta, and the house of the Vestals. Thence by the Sacred Slope you will make for the august Palatine, where gleams many a statue of our

[3] M. is sending his book from his house on the Quirinal to Proculus on the Palatine across the Via Sacra and Forum Romanum, and he points out the various temples, etc., on the way. As to the Colossus (formerly a statue of Nero, afterwards of the Sun), *cf. Lib. Spect.* ii. 1. It stood in M.'s time on the Via Sacra, near the arch of Titus, and was afterwards set by Hadrian near the Flavian Amphitheatre, to which it gave the name of Colosseum.

nec te detineat miri radiata colossi
quae Rhodium moles vincere gaudet opus.
flecte vias hac qua madidi sunt tecta Lyaei
et Cybeles picto stat Corybante tholus.
protinus a laeva clari tibi fronte Penates
atriaque excelsae sunt adeunda domus.
hanc pete: ne metuas fastus limenque superbum,
nulla magis toto ianua poste patet,
nec propior quam Phoebus amet doctaeque sorores.
si dicet "Quare non tamen ipse venit?"
sic licet excuses "Quia qualiacumque leguntur
ista, salutator scribere non potuit."

LXXI

Laevia sex cyathis, septem Iustina bibatur,
quinque Lycas, Lyde quattuor, Ida tribus.
omnis ab infuso numeretur amica Falerno,
et quia nulla venit, tu mihi, Somne, veni.

LXXII

Nostris versibus esse te poetam,
Fidentine, putas cupisque credi?
sic dentata sibi videtur Aegle
emptis ossibus Indicoque cornu;
sic quae nigrior est cadente moro,
cerussata sibi placet Lycoris.
hac et tu ratione qua poeta es,
calvus cum fueris, eris comatus.

---

[1] Domitian.

illustrious Commander.[1] Let not the mass, girt with rays, of the wondrous Colossus that exults to surpass the labour of Rhodes, detain you. Bend round here where is the roof of wine-drenched Lyaeus, and Cybele's dome stands with its painted Corybants. Right before you on the left a dwelling with shining front and the hall of a lofty house invite approach. Make for this; and, that you may not fear any disdain and a proud threshold, know that no portal gapes so wide to show its doorposts, nor is there one whereto Phoebus and the learned Sisters draw more near in love. If he shall say, "Yet why did he not come himself?" thus you may excuse me: "Because those poems, whatever their worth, no man could have written who attends levees."

LXXI

Let Laevia be drunk in six measures, in seven Justina, in five Lycas, Lyde in four, Ida in three.[2] Let every mistress' name be numbered by outpoured Falernian. And, since none of them comes, do you, Sleep, come to me!

LXXII

Is it by borrowing my verses, Fidentinus, that you think yourself a poet, and would have it believed? So Aegle imagines she has teeth when she has purchased bone and ivory; so she who is blacker than a falling mulberry, Lycoris, fancies herself when plastered with white lead. On this principle that makes you too a poet you will be well thatched when you are bald.

[2] One *cyathus* (= one-twelfth of a *sextarius*) is to be poured into the cup for each letter of the name: *cf.* VIII. li. 21; XI. xxxvi. 7.

LXXIII

Nullus in urbe fuit tota qui tangere vellet
uxorem gratis, Caeciliane, tuam,
dum licuit: sed nunc positis custodibus ingens
turba fututorum est. ingeniosus homo es.

LXXIV

Moechus erat: poteras tamen hoc tu, Paula, negare
ecce vir est: numquid, Paula, negare potes?

LXXV

Dimidium donare Lino quam credere totum
qui mavolt, mavolt perdere dimidium.

LXXVI

O mihi curarum pretium non vile mearum,
Flacce, Antenorei spes et alumne laris,
Pierios differ cantus citharamque sororum;
aes dabit ex istis nulla puella tibi.
quid petis a Phoebo? nummos habet arca Minervae;
haec sapit, haec omnes fenerat una deos.
quid possunt hederae Bacchi dare? Pallados arbor
inclinat varias pondere nigra comas.
praeter aquas Helicon et serta lyrasque dearum
nil habet et magnum sed perinane sophos.

[1] Divorced or widowed, she has married her lover, and so confesses the charge.

LXXIII

THERE was no one in the whole town willing to touch your wife, Caecilianus, gratis, while he was allowed; but, now you have set your guards, there is a huge crowd of gallants. You are an ingenious person!

LXXIV

HE was your lover; yet this, Paula, you once could deny. Behold, he is your husband;[1] can you deny it now?

LXXV

HE who prefers to give Linus half rather than trust him with the whole, prefers to lose the half.

LXXVI

O YOU, whose friendship is no cheap reward for my labours, Flaccus, the hope and nursling of Antenor's settlement,[2] put aside your Pierian lays and the lute of the Sisters; no maid among them will give you a penny. What seek you from Phoebus? 'Tis Minerva's box holds the coin; she is shrewd, she alone is usurer to all the gods.[3] What can ivy wreaths of Bacchus give you? The tree of Pallas bows its varied leafage, and is dark with weight of fruit. Beyond its streams and the chaplets and lyres of the goddesses, Helicon has nought, nought beyond the loud but empty "bravo." What have you to do with

[2] Patavium, or Padua: *cf.* Virg. *Aen.* i. 246.

[3] Friedländer takes *deos* as = *deorum dona*, "lends all that the gods can bestow," *i.e.* wealth, beauty, and the like.

quid tibi cum Cirrha? quid cum Permesside nuda?
Romanum propius divitiusque forum est.
illic aera sonant: at circum pulpita nostra
et steriles cathedras basia sola crepant.

LXXVII

Pulchre valet Charinus et tamen pallet.
parce bibit Charinus et tamen pallet.
bene concoquit Charinus et tamen pallet.
sole utitur Charinus et tamen pallet.
tinguit cutem Charinus et tamen pallet.
cunnum Charinus lingit et tamen pallet.

LXXVIII

Indignas premeret pestis cum tabida fauces
inque ipsos vultus serperet atra lues,
siccis ipse genis flentes hortatus amicos
decrevit Stygios Festus adire lacus.
nec tamen obscuro pia polluit ora veneno
aut torsit lenta tristia fata fame,
sanctam Romana vitam sed morte peregit
dimisitque animam nobiliore rogo.[1]
hanc mortem fatis magni praeferre Catonis
fama potest: huius Caesar amicus erat.

LXXIX

Semper agis causas et res agis, Attale, semper:
est, non est quod agas, Attale, semper agis.
si res et causae desunt, agis, Attale, mulas.
Attale, ne quod agas desit, agas animam.

[1] *rogo* β, *vita* γ, unde *via* ς.

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[1] The nymph of the river Permessus, which rises on Mount Helicon.

Cirrha? what with naked Permessis?[1] Rome's forum is nearer and richer. There is the ring of coin: but around the platforms of us poets and our sterile chairs there is only the chink of kisses.

LXXVII

Charinus has good health, and yet he is pale. Charinus drinks moderately, and yet he is pale. Charinus has good digestion, and yet he is pale. Charinus enjoys the sunshine, and yet he is pale. Charinus rouges his skin, and yet he is pale. Charinus indulges in every debauchery—and yet he is pale.[2]

LXXVIII

When wasting disease choked his guiltless throat, and o'er his very face crept black contagion, Festus, dry-eyed himself, spake to his weeping friends, and purposed to pass to the lake of Styx. Howbeit he marred not his righteous face with secret poison, nor with slow starvation tortured his sad fate; but his sacred life he closed by a Roman's death, and set free his soul by a nobler end. This death may Fame prize more than great Cato's doom: Caesar was this man's friend.

LXXIX

You are always doing the pleader and always doing the man of business, Attalus; whether there is or is not something to do, Attalus, you are always doing something. If business and pleadings fail you, you do the mule-driver, Attalus. Attalus, that something to do may not fail you, do for yourself.[3]

[2] *i.e.* does not blush.

[3] This epigram cannot satisfactorily be translated: it plays on the meanings of *agere*, which means (*inter alia*) "conduct," "do," or "drive."

LXXX

Sportula, Cane, tibi suprema nocte petita est.
occidit puto te, Cane, quod una fuit.

LXXXI

A servo scis te genitum blandeque fateris,
cum dicis dominum, Sosibiane, patrem.

LXXXII

Haec quae pulvere dissipata multo
longas porticus explicat ruinas,
en quanto iacet absoluta casu !
tectis nam modo Regulus sub illis
gestatus fuerat recesseratque,
victa est pondere cum suo repente,
et postquam domino nihil timebat,
securo ruit incruenta damno.
tantae, Regule, post metum querellae
quis curam neget esse te deorum,
propter quem fuit innocens ruina ?

LXXXIII

Os et labra tibi lingit, Manneia, catellus :
non miror, merdas si libet esse cani.

LXXXIV

Uxorem habendam non putat Quirinalis,
cum velit habere filios, et invenit
quo possit istud more : futuit ancillas
domumque et agros implet equitibus vernis.
pater familiae verus est Quirinalis.

LXXX

On the night you died, Canus, you looked for a dole. What killed you, I think, Canus, was that there was but one.

LXXXI

You know you were begotten by a slave, and you blandly confess it, Sosibianus, when you address your father as "master."

LXXXII

This portico which, scattered in clouds of dust, spreads its length of ruin, lo! of how great a mishap does it lie guiltless! For under that roof Regulus had but lately driven and had passed out, when, suddenly o'ercome by its own weight, now it felt no misgiving for its lord, it crashed harmless in careless downfall. Now, Regulus, that fear of such heavy complaining is past, who could deny you are the charge of the gods, you, for whose sake ruin wrought no harm?

LXXXIII

Your face and lips, Manneia, your little dog licks; I don't wonder that a dog likes to eat filth.

LXXXIV

Quirinalis does not think he should take a wife, meanwhile he wishes to have sons; and he has discovered how to secure that object: he has relations with maid-servants, and fills his town-house and his country-place with home-born slave-knights. A genuine "father of a family"[1] is Quirinalis.

[1] The meaning of "paterfamilias," *i.e.* "head of a household," is altered to give a new sense.

LXXXV

VENDERET excultos colles cum praeco facetus
atque suburbani iugera pulchra soli,
"Errat" ait "si quis Mario putat esse necesse
vendere: nil debet, fenerat immo magis."
"Quae ratio est igitur?" "Servos ibi perdidit omnes
et pecus et fructus, non amat inde locum."
quis faceret pretium nisi qui sua perdere vellet
omnia? sic Mario noxius haeret ager.

LXXXVI

VICINUS meus est manuque tangi
de nostris Novius potest fenestris.
quis non invideat mihi putetque
horis omnibus esse me beatum,
iuncto cui liceat frui sodale?
tam longe est mihi quam Terentianus,
qui nunc Niliacam regit Syenen.
non convivere, nec videre saltem,
non audire licet, nec urbe tota
quisquam est tam prope tam procul que nobis.
migrandum est mihi longius vel illi.
vicinus Novio vel inquilinus
sit, si quis Novium videre non vult.

LXXXVII

NE gravis hesterno fragres, Fescennia, vino,
pastillos Cosmi luxuriosa voras.
ista linunt dentes iantacula, sed nihil opstant,
extremo ructus cum redit a barathro.

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[1] Used in two senses, unhealthy, or unsaleable.

LXXXV

When a humorous auctioneer was selling a well-cultivated hill-estate, and some beautiful acres of land near the town, he said: "He is wrong who thinks that Marius need sell; he owes nothing, but lends money rather." "What is the reason, then?" "He has lost there all his slaves, and his flocks, and his crops; hence he does not like the place." Who would make a bid but a man who was willing to lose all his possessions? So his injurious[1] land sticks to Marius.

LXXXVI

Novius is my neighbour, and can be touched by the hand from my windows. Who would not envy me, and think me every hour of the day happy in being able to enjoy so close a comrade? He is as far from me as Terentianus who now governs Syene on the Nile. I can't dine with him, nor even see him or hear him, and in all the city there is no man who is so near and yet so far from me. I must shift farther, or he must. You should be Novius's neighbour, or fellow-lodger, if you don't wish to see Novius.

LXXXVII

That you may not smell strong of yesterday's wine, Fescennia, you devour immoderately Cosmus's pastilles. That snack discolours your teeth, but is no preventive when an eructation returns from your abysmal depths. What if the stench is stronger

quid quod olet gravius mixtum diapasmate virus
atque duplex animae longius exit odor?
notas ergo nimis fraudes deprensaque furta
iam tollas et sis ebria simpliciter.

LXXXVIII

Alcime, quem raptum domino crescentibus annis
Lavicana levi caespite velat humus,
accipe non Pario nutantia pondera saxo,
quae cineri vanus dat ruitura labor,
sed faciles buxos et opacas palmitis umbras
quaeque virent lacrimis roscida prata meis
accipe, care puer, nostri monimenta doloris:
hic tibi perpetuo tempore vivet honor.
cum mihi supremos Lachesis perneverit annos,
non aliter cineres mando iacere meos.

LXXXIX

Garris in aurem semper omnibus, Cinna,
garrire et illud teste quod licet turba.
rides in aurem, quereris, arguis, ploras,
cantas in aurem, iudicas, taces, clamas,
adeoque penitus sedit hic tibi morbus,
ut saepe in aurem, Cinna, Caesarem laudes.

XC

Quod numquam maribus iunctam te, Bassa, videbam
quodque tibi moechum fabula nulla dabat,
omne sed officium circa te semper obibat
turba tui sexus, non adeunte viro,
esse videbaris, fateor, Lucretia nobis:
at tu, pro facinus, Bassa, fututor eras.

when mixed with drugs, and redoubled the reek of your breath carries farther? So away with tricks too well known, and detected dodges, and be just simply drunk!

LXXXVIII

Alcimus, whom, snatched from thy master in thy crescent years, Lavican earth shrouds with its light turf, take from me, not a nodding weight of Parian stone, the perishable gift which vain toil makes to the dust, but pliant box, and the vine's dense shadow, and grass that grows green, dewy with my tears. Take them, loved boy, as tokens of my sorrow. Here for all time shall thy honour live. When Lachesis shall have spun to their end my latest years, I charge that in none other sort my ashes lie.

LXXXIX

You are always chattering in everybody's ear, Cinna, and even what one may chatter with the crowd listening. You laugh in the ear, grumble, make accusations, complain; you sing in the ear, give opinions, are silent, shout. And so deep-seated is this malady of yours that often 'tis in the ear, Cinna, you speak Caesar's praise.

XC

In that I never saw you, Bassa, intimate with men, and that no scandal assigned you a lover, but every office a throng of your own sex round you performed without the approach of man—you seemed to me, I confess, a Lucretia; yet, Bassa—oh, monstrous!—

inter se geminos audes committere cunnos
mentiturque virum prodigiosa Venus.
commenta es dignum Thebano aenigmate monstrum,
hic, ubi vir non est, ut sit adulterium.

XCI

Cum tua non edas, carpis mea carmina, Laeli.
carpere vel noli nostra vel ede tua.

XCII

Saepe mihi queritur non siccis Cestos ocellis,
tangi se digito, Mamuriane, tuo.
non opus est digito: totum tibi Ceston habeto,
si dest nil aliud, Mamuriane, tibi.
sed si nec focus est nec nudi sponda grabati
nec curtus Chiones Antiopesve calix,
cerea si pendet lumbis et scripta lacerna
dimidiasque nates Gallica paeda tegit,
pasceris et nigrae solo nidore culinae
et bibis inmundam cum cane pronus aquam,
non culum, neque enim est culus, qui non cacat olim,
sed fodiam digito qui superest oculum:
nec me zelotypum nec dixeris esse malignum.
denique pedica, Mamuriane, satur.

XCIII

Fabricio iunctus fido requiescit Aquinus,
qui prior Elysias gaudet adisse domos.
ara duplex primi testatur munera pili:
plus tamen est, titulo quod breviore legis:
"Iunctus uterque sacro laudatae foedere vitae,
famaque quod raro novit, amicus erat."

[1] This epigram closely copies Cat. xxi, xxiii, xxiv. In lines 11 and 12 there is a pun on *culus* and *oculus*.

you are, it seems, a nondescript. You dare things unspeakable, and your portentous lust imitates man. You have invented a prodigy worthy of the Theban riddle, that here, where no man is, should be adultery!

XCI

Although you don't publish your own, you carp at my poems, Laelius. Either do not carp at mine, or publish your own.

XCII

Often Cestos complains to me with overflowing eyes that he is pawed by your finger, Mamurianus. No need of a finger: take Cestos altogether to yourself if he, Mamurianus, is all that you lack. But if you possess no fire, nor frame of a bare truckle-bed, nor a broken cup like Chione's and Antiope's; if a cloak, white with age and threadbare, hangs over your loins, and a Gaulish cape covers but half your buttocks; and if you batten on the steam only of a sooty kitchen, and on all fours like a dog drink from dirty puddles, I will not prod that latter-end of yours—it isn't a latter-end, being unused—but I will gouge out your remaining eye. And don't say I am jealous or malicious. In a word, follow your bent, Mamurianus—on a full stomach![1]

XCIII

By the side of leal Fabricius rests Aquinus, who is glad to have passed first to the Elysian abodes. A double altar-tomb attests the rank of first centurion, yet more is what you read in the brief inscription: "Both were knit in the sacred bond of a life with honour; and (what fame but seldom knows) both were friends."

XCIV

Cantasti male, dum fututa es, Aegle.
iam cantas bene ; basianda non es.

XCV

Quod clamas semper, quod agentibus obstrepis, Aeli,
non facis hoc gratis : accipis, ut taceas.

XCVI

Si non molestum est teque non piget, scazon,
nostro rogamus pauca verba Materno
dicas in aurem sic ut audiat solus.
amator ille tristium lacernarum
et baeticatus atque leucophaeatus,
qui coccinatos non putat viros esse
amethystinasque mulierum vocat vestes,
nativa laudet, habeat et licet semper
fuscos colores, galbinos habet mores.
rogabit unde suspicer virum mollem.
una lavamur : aspicit nihil sursum,
sed spectat oculis devorantibus draucos
nec otiosis mentulas videt labris.
quaeris quis hic sit ? excidit mihi nomen.

XCVII

Cum clamant omnes, loqueris tunc, Naevole, tantum,
et te patronum causidicumque putas.
hac ratione potest nemo non esse disertus.
ecce, tacent omnes : Naevole, dic aliquid.

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[1] Lit. "halting verse," or iambics ending with two long syllables.

[2] Garments of this colour were worn by women or effeminate men : Juv. ii. 97.

XCIV

You sang badly while your practices were normal, Aegle. Now you sing well—but I won't kiss you.

XCV

You are always shouting, always interrupting the pleaders, Aelius. You don't do this for nothing: you take pay to hold your tongue.

XCVI

If it is not a burden nor irksome to you, my verse,[1] I beg you speak a few words into Maternus' ear, just so, that he alone may hear. Admirer as he is of sad-coloured cloaks, and clad in Baetic wool and in grey, one who thinks that men in scarlet are not men at all, and styles violet mantles the vesture of women, although he praises native colours and always affects sober hues, grass-green[2] are his morals. He will ask you whence springs my suspicion of his effeminacy. We bathe together; he never lifts his gaze, but with eyes devouring the catamites he looks on and surveys their members with no untwitching lips. Do you enquire who this man is? The name has dropped[3] from me.

XCVII

When everybody is shouting, then only, Naevolus, you speak, and think yourself an advocate and pleader. On this principle there is none but may be eloquent. See, everybody is silent: Naevolus, say something.

[3] Used in an ambiguous sense, either as meaning "I let the name out by accident just now," or "I have forgotten the name."

XCVIII

Litigat et podagra Diodorus, Flacce, laborat.
sed nil patrono porrigit: haec cheragra est.

XCIX

Non plenum modo viciens habebas,
sed tam prodigus atque liberalis
et tam lautus eras, Calene, ut omnes
optarent tibi centies amici.
audit vota deus precesque nostras
atque intra, puto, septimas Kalendas
mortes hoc tibi quattuor dederunt.
at tu sic quasi non foret relictum
sed raptum tibi centies, abisti
in tantam miser esuritionem,
ut convivia sumptuosiora,
toto quae semel apparas in anno,
nigrae sordibus explices monetae,
et septem veteres tui sodales
constemus tibi plumbea selibra.
quid dignum meritis precemur istis?
optamus tibi milies, Calene.
hoc si contigerit, fame peribis.

C

Mammas atque tatas habet Afra, sed ipsa tatarum
dici et mammarum maxima mamma potest.

CI

Illa manus quondam studiorum fida meorum
et felix domino notaque Caesaribus,

[1] Friedländer explains *selibra* as a piece of plate of that

XCVIII

Diodorus goes to law, and suffers, Flaccus, from gout in the feet. But he offers his advocate no fee: this is gout in the hand.

XCIX

Lately you did not possess a full two millions, and yet so profuse and open-handed, and so large in entertainment were you, Calenus, that all your friends wished you ten. The god heard our vows and prayers, and within, I think, seven months, four deaths gave you this sum. But you, just as if nothing had been left you, but rather your two millions robbed from you, came down—wretched man!—to such starvation parsimony that those more sumptuous banquets which you provide just once in the whole year you now set out at the squalid expenditure of dirty coppers; and we, your seven old comrades, cost you only a half-pound of bad silver.[1] What reward for merits like those should we pray for? We wish you a hundred millions, Calenus. If this sum fall to you, you will die of hunger.

C

Afra has "mammas" and "dadas," but she herself may be called the most immemorial mamma among these dadas and mammas.

CI

Once the trusty copyist of my poems, his hand a treasure to his master and to the Caesars known,

[1] weight which he sells to save his money, and *plumbea* as "trumpery."

destituit primos viridis Demetrius annos :
quarta tribus lustris addita messis erat.
ne tamen ad Stygias famulus descenderet umbras,
ureret inplicitum cum scelerata lues,
cavimus, et domini ius omne remisimus aegro :
munere dignus erat convaluisse meo.
sensit deficiens sua praemia meque patronum
dixit ad infernas liber iturus aquas.

CII

Qui pinxit Venerem tuam, Lycori,
blanditus, puto, pictor est Minervae.

CIII

" Si dederint superi decies mihi milia centum "
dicebas, nondum, Scaevola, iustus eques,
" qualiter o vivam, quam large quamque beate ! "
riserunt faciles et tribuere dei.
sordidior multo post hoc toga, paenula peior,
calceus est sarta terque quaterque cute :
deque decem plures semper servantur olivae,
explicat et cenas unica mensa duas,
et Veientani bibitur faex crassa rubelli,
asse cicer tepidum constat et asse Venus.
in ius, o fallax atque infitiator, eamus :
aut vive aut decies, Scaevola, redde deis.

Demetrius in his fresh prime has left behind him years yet young: a fourth summer had been added to three lustres. Yet, that he should not go down to the shades of Styx a slave, when a cursed contagion held him fevered in its toils—to this I took heed, and to his sickness resigned all a master's rights: worthy was he by my gift to have seen health once more! He felt with failing strength the boon and called me "patron," now that he was passing down, a free man, to the nether wave.

CII

He who painted this Venus of yours, Lycoris, was a painter, I think, who paid court to Minerva.

CIII

"If the high gods shall give me a million," you said, Scaevola, when not yet a knight complete,[1] "oh, how I shall live! how bounteously and how richly!" Easy-going, the gods laughed and gave it you. After this your toga is much dirtier than before, your surtout shabbier, and your shoe has been thrice and four times patched. And out of ten olives the larger number is always put by, and one catering furnishes forth two dinners; and you drink thick dregs of red Veientan wine; your lukewarm pea-soup costs you a penny, and a penny your amours. Let us go into court, you fraudulent trustee! Either learn to live, or, Scaevola, restore the gods that million!

[1] He had not yet the full qualification of 400,000 sesterces.

CIV

Picto quod iuga delicata collo
pardus sustinet inprobaeque tigres
indulgent patientiam flagello,
mordent aurea quod lupata cervi,
quod frenis Libyci domantur ursi
et, quantum Calydon tulisse fertur,
paret purpureis aper capistris,
turpes esseda quod trahunt visontes
et molles dare iussa quod choreas
nigro belua non negat magistro:
quis spectacula non putet deorum?
haec transit tamen, ut minora, quisquis
venatus humiles videt leonum,
quos velox leporum timor fatigat.
dimittunt, repetunt, amantque captos,
et securior est in ore praeda,
laxos cui dare perviosque rictus
gaudent et timidos tenere dentes,
mollem frangere dum pudet rapinam,
stratis cum modo venerint iuvencis.
haec clementia non paratur arte,
sed norunt cui serviant leones.

CV

In Nomentanis, Ovidi, quod nascitur agris,
accepit quotiens tempora longa, merum
exuit annosa mores nomenque senecta;
et quidquid voluit, testa vocatur anus.

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[1] Nomentan wine, harsh when new, so improves with age

CIV

The leopard carries a spangled yoke on its spotted neck, and savage tigers give obedience to the whip; stags champ jagged golden bits; Libyan bears are cowed by the rein; a boar, as huge as the Calydonian of legend, yields to a purple halter; ugly bisons draw two-wheeled Gallic cars, and the elephant, bid lightly to dance, does not say nay to its black master. Who would not think here were sights fit for the gods? Yet he passes these by as lesser marvels, who sees lions hunting humble quarry and wearied by the timorous speed of the hares. They let them go, they retrieve them and fondle their catch, and the prey is safer in their mouths. To receive it the lions delight to offer their jaws loose and gaping, and to keep their teeth careful not to wound, ashamed as they are to crunch such gentle booty when they have just come from laying low steers. Such mercy is not won by training, but the lions know whom they serve!

CV

The new wine, Ovidius, that is born in Nomentan fields, oft as it has taken upon it length of days, by hoary age puts off its nature and its name, and when old the jar is called by whatever name it chooses.[1]

[1] that you can consider it as good as any brand: *cf.* XIII. cxvii. of Mamertine.

CVI

Interponis aquam subinde, Rufe,
et si cogeris a sodale, raram
diluti bibis unciam Falerni.
numquid pollicita est tibi beatam
noctem Naevia sobriasque mavis
certae nequitias fututionis?
suspiras, retices, gemis: negavit.
crebros ergo licet bibas trientes
et durum iugules mero dolorem.
quid parcis tibi, Rufe? dormiendum est.

CVII

Saepe mihi dicis, Luci carissime Iuli,
"Scribe aliquid magnum: desidiosus homo es."
otia da nobis, sed qualia fecerat olim
Maecenas Flacco Vergilioque suo:
condere victuras temptem per saecula curas
et nomen flammis eripuisse meum.
in steriles nolunt campos iuga ferre iuvenci:
pingue solum lassat, sed iuvat ipse labor.

CVIII

Est tibi (sitque precor multos crescatque per annos)
pulchra quidem, verum Transtiberina domus:
at mea Vipsanas spectant cenacula laurus,
factus in hac ego sum iam regione senex;

[1] *Trien*s = ⅓ *sextarius* = 4 *cyathi*. In l. 3 *uncia* = 1 *cyathus*.
[2] In the Campus of Vipsanius Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus. Here stood the Porticus Agrippae. This was on the right bank of the Tiber, and east of the Campus Martius.

CVI

You often put water in your wine, Rufus, and, if you are pressed by a friend, drink—but seldom—a twelfth-part measure of diluted Falernian. Is it that Naevia has promised you a night of joy, and you prefer the lecheries by sobriety assured? You sigh, you are dumb, you groan: she has denied you. So you may drink full cup [1] after full cup, and throttle with wine your cruel pain. Why spare yourself, Rufus? Remains but to sleep.

CVII

Oft you say to me, dearest Lucius Julius: "Write something great! You are a lazy man." Give me leisure, and leisure such as once Maecenas provided for Flaccus and his own Virgil; then would I essay to build up works that should live throughout ages, and to rescue my name from the fire. Into unfruitful fields steers care not to bear the yoke; a fat soil wearies, but the very labour delights.

CVIII

You have—and may it stand, I pray, and flourish for many years!—a house, beautiful indeed, but beyond the Tiber, whereas my garret looks out on the Vipsanian laurels,[2] and in this region I have already grown old: I must shift my quarters if I am

Beyond the Tiber the population was of a low class (*cf.* I. xli. 3), but this epigram shows there were some better-class residents.

migrandum est, ut mane domi te, Galle, salutem.
est tanti, vel si longius illa foret.
sed tibi non multum est, unum si praesto togatum:
multum est hunc unum si mihi, Galle, nego.
ipse salutabo decuma te saepius hora:
mane tibi pro me dicet havere liber.

CIX

Issa est passere nequior Catulli,
Issa est purior osculo columbae,
Issa est blandior omnibus puellis,
Issa est carior Indicis lapillis,
Issa est deliciae catella Publi.
hanc tu, si queritur, loqui putabis;
sentit tristitiamque gaudiumque.
collo nixa cubat capitque somnos,
ut suspiria nulla sentiantur;
et desiderio coacta ventris
gutta pallia non fefellit ulla,
sed blando pede suscitat toroque
deponi monet et rogat levari.
castae tantus inest pudor catellae,
ignorat Venerem; nec invenimus
dignum tam tenera virum puella.
hanc ne lux rapiat suprema totam,
picta Publius exprimit tabella,
in qua tam similem videbis Issam,
ut sit tam similis sibi nec ipsa.
Issam denique pone cum tabella:
aut utramque putabis esse veram,
aut utramque putabis esse pictam.

to salute you, Gallus, in the morning at your house. 'Tis worth my while, even if that house of yours were farther off. But to you 'tis not much my providing one gowned client; 'tis much if I refuse this one man to myself.[1] In person I will full frequently salute you at the tenth hour[2]; in the morning, on my behalf, my book will bid "good day."

CIX

2 6998

Issa is naughtier than Catullus' sparrow; Issa is more pure than kiss of dove; Issa is more coaxing than any maid; Issa is more precious than Indian pearls; Issa is Publius' darling lap dog. If she whines you think she is speaking; she feels sadness and joy. Resting on his neck she lies and takes her sleep so softly that her breathings are not heard; and when o'ercome by nature's longing never did she by a single drop betray the coverlet, but with wheedling paw she rouses you, warns you to put her down from the bed, and asks to be lifted. So great is the modesty of this chaste lap-dog that she knows not of love, nor can we find a mate worthy of a maid so tender. That death should not rob him of her altogether, Publius portrays her in a picture, wherein you will see an Issa so like that not even the dog herself is so like herself. In fine, set Issa alongside her picture; you will think either that each is genuine, or you will think that each is painted.

[1] If I rob myself of my leisure.
[2] The dinner hour.

CX

Scribere me quereris, Velox, epigrammata longa,
ipse nihil scribis. tu breviora facis.

CXI

Cum tibi sit sophiae par fama et cura deorum,
ingenio pietas nec minor ipsa tuo:
ignorat meritis dare munera, qui tibi librum
et qui miratur, Regule, tura dari.

CXII

Cum te non nossem, dominum regemque vocabam:
nunc bene te novi; iam mihi Priscus eris.

CXIII

Quaecumque lusi iuvenis et puer quondam
apinasque nostras, quas nec ipse iam novi,
male conlocare si bonas voles horas
et invidebis otio tuo, lector,
a Valeriano Pollio petes Quinto,
per quem perire non licet meis nugis.

CXIV

Hos tibi vicinos, Faustine, Telesphorus hortos
Faenius et breve rus udaque prata tenet.

CX

You complain, Velox, that I write long epigrams, you yourself write nothing. Yours are shorter.

CXI

Since the fame of your scholarship is as great as your allegiance to the gods, your piety no less than your genius, he knows not how to reward merit who wonders that a book, and who wonders, Regulus, that incense is given to you.

CXII

When I did not know you, I called you my master and my king.[1] Now I know you well; henceforth you shall be to me Priscus.

CXIII

All the light verse I penned once as youth and boy, and my worthless efforts which not even I myself now recognise—these, if you want to spend good hours badly, and have a grudge against your leisure time, reader, you can get from Pollius Quintus Valerianus. It is through him my trifles are not allowed to perish.

CXIV

These gardens near to thee, Faustinus, and the narrow field and water-meadows, Telesphorus Faenius

[1] *i.e.* patron. M. has now found that his patron will do nothing for him: *cf.* II. lxviii.

condidit hic natae cineres nomenque sacravit
quod legis Antullae, dignior ipse legi.
ad Stygias aequum fuerat pater isset ut umbras:
quod quia non licuit, vivat, ut ossa colat.

CXV

Quaedam me cupit, (invide, Procille!)
loto candidior puella cycno
argento nive lilio ligustro:
sed quandam volo nocte nigriorem
formica pice graculo cicada.
iam suspendia saeva cogitabas:
si novi bene te, Procille, vives.

CXVI

Hoc nemus aeterno cinerum sacravit honori
Faenius et culti iugera pulchra soli.
hoc tegitur cito rapta suis Antulla sepulchro,
hoc erit Antullae mixtus uterque parens.
si cupit hunc aliquis, moneo, ne speret agellum:
perpetuo dominis serviet iste suis.

CXVII ✓

Occurris quotiens, Luperce, nobis,
"Vis mittam puerum" subinde dicis
"cui tradas epigrammaton libellum,
lectum quem tibi protinus remittam?"
non est quod puerum, Luperce, vexes.
longum est, si velit ad Pirum venire,
et scalis habito tribus sed altis.
quod quaeris propius petas licebit.

owns. Here has he buried the ashes of his daughter and made holy the name you read, Antulla, though 'twere fitter his own name were read there! More justly had the sire passed to the shades of Styx! But as it could not be, let him live to honour her bones.

CXV

One I could name desires me (be jealous, Procillus!), a girl whiter than a washed swan, than silver, snow, lily, privet. But I woo one I could name darker than night, than an ant, pitch, a jackdaw, a cicada. Just now you were contemplating a cruel death by the rope. If I know you well, Procillus, you will keep alive!

CXVI

This grove, and the fair acres of tilled land, Faenius has consecrated to the eternal honour of the dead. In this sepulchre is shut Antulla, snatched too quickly from her own; in this shall both Antulla's parents blend their dust. If someone covets this small field, I warn him not to hope: for all time shall it lie subject to its lords.

CXVII

As often as you run across me, Lupercus, at once you say: "May I send a boy to get from you your book of epigrams? When I have read it I will at once return it." There is no call, Lupercus, to trouble your boy. It is a long way if he sets out for the Pear-tree, and I live up three flights of stairs, and high ones; you can look for what you want

Argi nempe soles subire Letum :
contra Caesaris est forum taberna
scriptis postibus hinc et inde totis,
omnis ut cito perlegas poetas.
illinc me pete. nec roges Atrectum
(hoc nomen dominus gerit tabernae) :
de primo dabit alterove nido
rasum pumice purpuraque cultum
denaris tibi quinque Martialem.
"Tanti non es" ais? sapis, Luperce.

CXVIII

Cui legisse satis non est epigrammata centum,
nil illi satis est, Caediciane, mali.

nearer. Of course you often go down to the Potter's Field.[1] There is a shop opposite Caesar's Forum with its door-posts from top to bottom bearing advertisements, so that you can in a moment read through the list of poets. Look for me in that quarter. No need to ask Atrectus (that is the name of the shopkeeper): out of the first or second pigeon-hole he will offer you Martial smoothed with pumice and smart with purple, for three shillings. "You're not worth it," you say? You are wise, Lupercus.

CXVIII

He who is not glutted with the reading of a hundred epigrams is, not glutted, Caecilianus, with any amount of badness.

[1] *cf.* I. iii. 1.

BOOK II

LIBER SECUNDUS

VAL. MARTIALIS DECIANO SUO SAL.

"QUID nobis" inquis "cum epistula? parum enim tibi praestamus, si legimus epigrammata? quid hic porro dicturus es quod non possis versibus dicere? video quare tragoedia atque comoedia epistulam accipiant, quibus pro se loqui non licet: epigrammata curione non egent et contenta sunt sua lingua: in quacumque pagina visum est, epistulam faciunt. noli ergo, si tibi videtur, rem facere ridiculam et in toga saltantis[1] inducere personam. denique videris an te delectet contra retiarium ferula. ego inter illos sedeo qui protinus reclamant." puto me hercules, Deciane, verum dicis. quid si scias cum qua et quam longa epistula negotium fueris habiturus? itaque quod exigis fiat. debebunt tibi si qui in hunc librum inciderint, quod ad primam paginam non lassi pervenient.

I

TER centena quidem poteras epigrammata ferre,
sed quis te ferret perlegeretque, liber?

[1] *saltantis* Pontanus, *saltanti* codd.

BOOK II

VALERIUS MARTIALIS TO HIS DECIANUS SENDS GREETING.

"WHAT have I to do," you say, "with a letter? Why, am I not bountiful enough if I read epigrams? What further are you going to say here that you cannot say in verse? I see why tragedy and comedy admit of a prefatory epistle, for they cannot speak for themselves. Epigrams need no crier, but are content with their own tongue: in whatever page they choose they constitute an epistle. Do not then, if it please you, do a ridiculous thing and introduce the character of one dancing in a toga. Lastly, consider whether you are inclined to encounter the net-caster with a wand.[1] I sit with those who at once protest." I think, so help me Hercules! Decianus, you say truly. But if you knew what an epistle, and how long a one, you were about to deal with! So let what you require be done. It will be owing to you that any persons who come across this book will not be weary before they come to the first page!

I

You might certainly have borne with you thrice a hundred epigrams, but who would have borne with *you*, my book, and have read you through? But now

[1] *i.e.* with such a poor weapon as a prefatory epistle to encounter the critic.

at nunc succincti quae sint bona disce libelli.
hoc primum est, brevior quod mihi charta perit;
deinde, quod haec una peragit librarius hora,
nec tantum nugis serviet ille meis;
tertia res haec est, quod si cui forte legeris,
sis licet usque malus, non odiosus eris.
te conviva leget mixto quincunce, sed ante
incipiat positus quam tepuisse calix.
esse tibi tanta cautus brevitate videris?
ei mihi, quam multis sic quoque longus eris!

II

Creta dedit magnum, maius dedit Africa nomen,
Scipio quod victor quodque Metellus habet;
nobilius domito tribuit Germania Rheno;
et puer hoc dignus nomine, Caesar, eras.
frater Idumaeos meruit cum patre triumphos;
quae datur ex Chattis laurea, tota tua est.

III

Sexte, nihil debes, nil debes, Sexte, fatemur.
debet enim, si quis solvere, Sexte, potest.

IV

O quam blandus es, Ammiane, matri!
quam blanda est tibi mater, Ammiane!
fratrem te vocat et soror vocatur.
cur vos nomina nequiora tangunt?
quare non iuvat hoc quod estis esse?

[1] Presumably he was drinking a hot mixture.
[2] He assumed the name Germanicus in 84, after his triumph

learn what are the merits of a concise book. This first: less of my paper is wasted; next, my copyist gets through it in a single hour, and he will not be wholly busied with my trifles; the third thing is this, that, if you are perhaps read to anyone, bad as you may be all through, you will not be a bore. The guest will read you after his five measures have been mixed, and before the cup he has put aside begins to grow cool.[1] Do you fancy yourself guarded by such brevity? Alas, to how many even so will you be long!

II

Crete gave a great name, Africa gave a greater, the one victorious Scipio, the other Metellus bears; a nobler yet Germany bestowed when the Rhine was subdued; and of this name thou, Caesar, wert worthy while still a boy![2] Along with his sire thy brother[3] won his Idumaean triumph; the bay given for the Chatti is wholly thine.

III

Sextus, you are no debtor, you are no debtor, Sextus, we allow. For he is a debtor, Sextus, who can pay.

IV

Oh, how fondling you are, Ammianus, to your mother! How fondling is your mother to you, Ammianus! Brother is what she calls you, and she is called sister. Why do disreputable names attract you? Why are you not content to be what you are?

over the Chatti, but he had taken part in an expedition into Germany in A.D. 70.

[3] Titus: the reference is to the capture of Jerusalem, A.D. 70.

lusum creditis hoc iocumque? non est:
matrem, quae cupit esse se sørorem,
nec matrem iuvat esse nec sororem.

V

Ne valeam, si non totis, Deciane, diebus
et tecum totis noctibus esse velim.
sed duo sunt quae nos disiungunt milia passum:
quattuor haec fiunt, cum rediturus eam.
saepe domi non es; cum sis quoque, saepe negaris;
vel tantum causis vel tibi saepe vacas.
te tamen ut videam, duo milia non piget ire:
ut te non videam, quattuor ire piget.

VI

I nunc, edere me iube libellos.
lectis vix tibi paginis duabus
spectas eschatocollion, Severe,
et longas trahis oscitationes.
haec sunt, quae relegente me solebas
rapta exscribere, sed Vitellianis;
haec sunt, singula quae sinu ferebas
per convivia cuncta, per theatra;
haec sunt, aut meliora, si qua nescis.
quid prodest mihi tam macer libellus,
nullo crassior ut sit umbilico,
si totus tibi triduo legatur?
numquam deliciae supiniores.
lassus tam cito deficis viator
et, cum currere debeas Bovillas,
interiungere quaeris ad Camenas?
i nunc, edere me iube libellos.

[1] Small, delicate tablets, often used for love-messages: *cf.* XIV. viii. and ix.

Do you imagine this conduct is play and amusement? It isn't. A mother who desires that she should be a "sister," is not content to be a mother or a sister either.

V

May I be shot but I should like, Decianus, to be with you all day and all night. But there are two miles that part us; these become four when I go and have to return. Often you are not at home; even although you are, often you are denied; or you have spare time only for clients or for yourself. Yet to see you I do not mind going the two miles; not to see you and to go four I do mind.

VI

So much for your bidding me publish my poems! When you have read scarcely two pages, you glance at the last sheet, Severus, and pull interminable yawns! These are the poems which, when I read them again to you, you used to snatch from me and copy, and on Vitellian tablets[1] too! These are they, which, every one, you used to carry in your pocket at all the parties, at the theatres—these are they, or others better you don't know of. What advantage to me is a volume so thin that it is not thicker than a roller-stick, if it takes three days to read it all? Never was dilettante so indolent! A weary traveller, do you give in so soon, and, although you have to drive to Bovillae,[2] want to change horses at the Camenae? So much for your bidding me publish my poems!

[2] Twelve miles from Rome on the Appian Way; the fountain and temple of the Camenae were just outside the Porta Capena.

VII

Declamas belle, causas agis, Attice, belle,
historias bellas, carmina bella facis.
componis belle mimos, epigrammata belle;
bellus grammaticus, bellus es astrologus;
et belle cantas et saltas, Attice, belle;
bellus es arte lyrae, bellus es arte pilae.
nil bene cum facias, facias tamen omnia belle,
vis dicam quid sis? magnus es ardalio.

VIII

Si qua videbuntur chartis tibi, lector, in istis
sive obscura nimis sive Latina parum,
non meus est error: nocuit librarius illis
dum properat versus adnumerare tibi.
quod si non illum sed me peccasse putabis,
tunc ego te credam cordis habere nihil.
"Ista tamen mala sunt." quasi nos manifesta negemus!
haec mala sunt, sed tu non meliora facis.

IX

Scripsi; rescripsit nil Naevia; non dabit ergo.
sed puto quod scripsi legerat: ergo dabit.

X

Basia dimidio quod das mihi, Postume, labro,
laudo: licet demas hinc quoque dimidium.
vis dare maius adhuc et inenarrabile munus?
hoc tibi habe totum, Postume, dimidium.

VII

You declaim nicely; you plead causes, Atticus, nicely; you write nice histories, nice poems. You compose nicely mimes, epigrams nicely; you are a nice littérateur, a nice astronomer, and you sing nicely and dance nicely, Atticus; you are a nice performer on the lyre, you are a nice player at ball. Seeing that you do nothing well, yet do everything nicely, would you have me describe you? You are a great dabbler.

VIII

If any poems in those sheets, reader, seem to you either too obscure or not quite good Latin, not mine is the mistake: the copyist spoiled them in his haste to complete for you his tale of verses. But if you think that not he, but I am at fault, then I will believe that you have no intelligence. "Yet, see, those *are* bad." As if I denied what is plain! They *are* bad, but you don't make better.

IX

I wrote; Naevia wrote me no reply; so she will not receive me. But, I think, she read what I wrote: so she will.

X

In that you give me kisses, Postumus, with only half your lips, I thank you; you may subtract a half even from this half. Will you give me a gift still greater, and one inexpressible? Keep to yourself the whole of this half, Postumus.

XI

Quod fronte Selium nubila vides, Rufe,
quod ambulator porticum terit seram,
lugubre quiddam quod tacet piger voltus,
quod paene terram nasus indecens tangit,
quod dextra pectus pulsat et comam vellit,
non ille amici fata luget aut fratris;
uterque natus vivit et precor vivat;
salva est et uxor sarcinaeque servique;
nihil colonus vilicusque decoxit.
maeroris igitur causa quae? domi cenat.

XII

Esse quid hoc dicam quod olent tua basia murram
quodque tibi est numquam non alienus odor?
hoc mihi suspectum est, quod oles bene, Postume, semper:
Postume, non bene olet qui bene semper olet.

XIII

Et iudex petit et petit patronus.
solvas censeo, Sexte, creditori.

XIV

Nil intemptatum Selius, nil linquit inausum,
cenandum quotiens iam videt esse domi.
currit ad Europen et te, Pauline, tuosque
laudat Achilleos, sed sine fine, pedes.

[1] In the Campus Martius. It was built by Vipsania Polla, the sister of Agrippa and was adorned with paintings of the

XI

You see, Rufus, how Selius wears a cloudy brow, how he paces up and down the colonnade late; how his heavy countenance silently bespeaks some melancholy thought; how his ugly nose almost touches the ground; how with his right hand he beats his breast and plucks his hair. Yet he is not lamenting the death of a friend or of a brother; each of his sons is living—and I hope may live; his wife, too, is safe, and his chattels and his slaves; neither his tenant nor his steward has made default. His sorrow then—what is the cause of it? He dines at home!

XII

How shall I explain this, that your kisses smell of myrrh, and that there is about you invariably some foreign odour? This is suspect to me, your being well-scented, Postumus, always. Postumus, he is not well scented who always is well-scented!

XIII

The judge wants his fee, and your counsel wants his. My advice, Sextus, is: pay your creditor.

XIV

Nothing Selius leaves untried, nothing unventured, as often as he perceives at last that he must dine at home. He scurries to Europa's Portico[1] and pours forth praise—and interminable praise—of you, Paulinus, and of your feet that vie with Achilles'. If

[1] rape of Europa. As to its connection with running matches, *cf.* VII. XXXII. 12.

si nihil Europe fecit, tunc Saepta petuntur,
si quid Phillyrides praestet et Aesonides.
hic quoque deceptus Memphitica templa frequentat,
adsidet et cathedris, maesta iuvenca, tuis.
inde petit centum pendentia tecta columnis,
illinc Pompei dona nemusque duplex.
nec Fortunati spernit nec balnea Fausti
nec Grylli tenebras Aeoliamque Lupi:
nam thermis iterum ternis iterumque lavatur.
omnia cum fecit, sed renuente deo,
lotus ad Europes tepidae buxeta recurrit,
si quis ibi serum carpat amicus iter.
per te perque tuam, vector lascive, puellam,
ad cenam Selium tu, rogo, taure, voca.

XV

Quod nulli calicem tuum propinas,
humane facis, Horme, non superbe.

XVI

Zoilus aegrotat: faciunt hanc stragula febrem.
si fuerit sanus, coccina quid facient?
quid torus a Nilo, quid Sidone tinctus olenti?
ostendit stultas quid nisi morbus opes?

[1] The Saepta Julia, an enclosure in the Campus Martius, begun by Julius Caesar, and completed by Agrippa. It contained shops, and became a fashionable place of resort: *cf.* II. lvii.; IX. lix. Pliny (*Nat. Hist.* xxxvi. 29) mentions it as containing a group of Chiron (Philyrides) and Achilles. Aesonides (= Jason) probably refers to the neighbouring *Porticus Argonautarum*: *cf.* III. xx.; XI. i. 12.

Europa has produced nothing, then he makes for the Saepta,[1] to see if the son of Philyras and the son of Aeson will guarantee him anything. Baffled in this quarter, too, he haunts the temple of Isis,[2] and takes his seat beside the chairs, sad leifer, of thy worshippers. Thence he seeks the roof poised on a hundred columns;[3] from there Pompey's gift with its double groves. Neither of Fortunatus nor of Faustus does he spurn the bath, nor Gryllus' gloom and Lupus' cave of the winds; as to the three hot baths[4] he bathes again and again. When he has done everything—the god still refusing his wishes—after his bath he runs again to the box-groves of sun-warmed Europa, in hope that there some friend may be walking late. Wanton carrier, I pray thee by thyself and by thy virgin freight,[5] do thou, O bull, ask Selius to dinner.[6]

XV

To no one do you pass your cup to pledge you. This is human feeling,[7] Hormus, not pride.

XVI

Zoilus is ill: it is his bed-trappings cause this fever. Suppose him well; what will be the use of scarlet coverlets? What of a mattress from Nile, or of one dipped in strong-smelling purple of Sidon? What but illness displays such foolish wealth?

[1] Also in the Campus Martius.

[2] The so-called Hecatostylon, close to the Portico and Theatre of Pompey.

[3] *i.e.* of Agrippa, Nero, and Titus.

[4] Europa.

[5] *i.e.* M. prays that S. should be thrown to a bull in the Arena (Friedländer): *cf.* I. xliii. 14. Others explain that M. hopes Jupiter will remove S. from the world.

[6] Because his lips polluted the cup (Friedländer).

quid tibi cum medicis? dimitte Machaonas omnis.
vis fieri sanus? stragula sume mea.

XVII

Tonstrix Suburae faucibus sedet primis,
cruenta pendent qua flagella tortorum
Argique Letum multus obsidet sutor.
sed ista tonstrix, Ammiane, non tondet,
non tondet, inquam. quid igitur facit? radit.

XVIII

Capto tuam, pudet heu, sed capto, Maxime, cenam,
tu captas aliam: iam sumus ergo pares.
mane salutatum venio, tu diceris isse
ante salutatum: iam sumus ergo pares.
sum comes ipse tuus tumidique anteambulo regis,
tu comes alterius: iam sumus ergo pares.
esse sat est servum, iam nolo vicarius esse.
qui rex est, regem, Maxime, non habeat.

XIX

Felicem fieri credis me, Zoile, cena?
felicem cena, Zoile, deinde tua?
debet Aricino conviva recumbere clivo,
quem tua felicem, Zoile, cena facit.

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[1] *cf.* I. iii. 1; cxvii. 9. [2] *Sensu obsceno.* [3] *cf.* II. xxxii.

What do you want with doctors? Dismiss all your physicians. Do you wish to become well? Take my bed-trappings!

XVII

A FEMALE barber sits just at the entrance of the Subura, where the blood-stained scourges of the executioners hang, and many a cobbler faces the Potter's Field.[1] But that female barber, Ammianus, does not crop you; she does not crop you, I say. What, then, does she do? She skins you.[2]

XVIII

I FISH for your invitation to dinner; I am ashamed, alas! yet, Maximus, I fish for it; you fish for another man's; so now we are a pair. In the morning I attend your levee; you, they tell me, have gone before to another levee; so now we are a pair. I in person am your attendant, and the escort of a haughty lord; you are escort of another; so now we are a pair. To be a slave is enough; I won't any longer be a slave's slave. He who is a lord, Maximus, should not have his own lord.[3]

XIX

D'YE think I am made happy, Zoilus, by a dinner? Happy by a dinner, Zoilus, and—above all—by yours? That guest should lie at his meals on Aricia's slope[4] whom your dinner, Zoilus, makes happy.

[4] A favourite resort of beggars: *cf.* XII. XXXII. 10; Juv. iv. 117.

XX

Carmina Paulus emit, recitat sua carmina Paulus.
nam quod emas possis iure vocare tuum.

XXI

Basia das aliis, aliis das, Postume, dextram.
dicis "Utrum mavis? elige." malo manum.

XXII

Quid mihi vobiscum est, o Phoebe novemque sorores?
ecce nocet vati Musa iocosa suo.
dimidio nobis dare Postumus ante solebat
basia, nunc labro coepit utroque dare.

XXIII

Non dicam, licet usque me rogetis,
qui sit Postumus in meo libello,
non dicam: quid enim mihi necesse est
has offendere basiationes
quae se tam bene vindicare possunt?

XXIV

"Si det iniqua tibi tristem fortuna reatum,
squalidus haerebo pallidiorque reo:
si iubeat patria damnatum excedere terra,
per freta, per scopulos exulis ibo comes."
Dat tibi divitias: ecquid sunt ista duorum?
das partem? "Multum est." Candide, das aliquid?
mecum eris ergo miser: quod si deus ore sereno
adnuerit, felix, Candide, solus eris.

---

[1] *cf.* II. xv.

XX

Paulus purchases poetry, Paulus recites the poetry as his. For what you purchase you may rightly call your own.

XXI

Kisses you give to some; to others you give, Postumus, your hand. You say, "Which do you prefer? Choose." I prefer the hand.[1]

XXII

What do I want with you, O Phoebus, and ye Sisters Nine? See how the jesting Muse injures her own bard! Postumus used before to give me kisses with half his lips; now he begins to give them with both.

XXIII

I will not say, however repeatedly you ask me, who is the Postumus in my little book; I will not say. For why must I offend those kisses which can so well avenge themselves?

XXIV

"Should unkind Fortune give you the sad lot of one accused, in squalid guise will I cling to you, paler than the accused. Should she bid you, a condemned man, to leave your fatherland, over seas, over rocks will I go, companion of the exile." She gives you wealth; does that belong to two? Do you give half? "'Tis much." Candidus, do you give something? My comrade then you will be in trouble; but let the god smile with sunny face, Candidus, your good luck you will enjoy alone.

XXV

Das numquam, semper promittis, Galla, roganti.
si semper fallis, iam rogo, Galla, nega.

XXVI

Quod querulum spirat, quod acerbum Naevia tussit,
inque tuos mittit sputa subinde sinus,
iam te rem factam, Bithynice, credis habere?
erras: blanditur Naevia, non moritur.

XXVII

Laudantem Selium cenae cum retia tendit
accipe, sive legas sive patronus agas:
"Effecte! graviter! cito! nequiter! euge! beate!"
hoc volui: facta est iam tibi cena, tace.

XXVIII

Rideto multum qui te, Sextille, cinaedum
dixerit et digitum porrigito medium.
sed nec pedico es nec tu, Sextille, fututor,
calda Vetustinae nec tibi bucca placet.
ex istis nihil es fateor, Sextille: quid ergo es?
nescio, sed tu scis res superesse duas.

XXIX

Rufe, vides illum subsellia prima terentem,
cuius et hinc lucet sardonychata manus,

[1] *cf.* I. x. [2] The *digitus infamis*; *cf.* Pers. ii. 33.

XXV

You never grant my prayer, Galla, but are always promising. If you are always false my prayer is now, "Galla, refuse."

XXVI

Because Naevia wheezes, because Naevia has a racking cough, and oft flings her spittle into your bosom, do you imagine, Bithynicus, that you have your object already attained?[1] You are mistaken. Naevia is wheedling you; she is not dying.

XXVII

When Selius is spreading his nets for a dinner, take him with you to applaud, whether you are reciting or acting as counsel. "A good point! Weighty that! How ready! A hard hit! Bravo! That's happy!" That is what I wanted. You have now earned your dinner; hold your tongue.

XXVIII

Scoff much at him who calls you, Sextillus, a ——, and push out your middle finger.[2] Indeed you are no ——, nor are you, Sextillus, an adulterer, nor have Vetustina's hot lips delight for you. None of those things are you, I confess, Sextillus: what then are you? I don't know; but *you* know two things remain.

XXIX

Rufus, you see that fellow lolling in the front seats, whose hand even at this distance shines with sardonyx, and whose mantle has so often absorbed all

quaeque Tyron totiens epotavere lacernae
et toga non tactas vincere iussa nives,
cuius olet toto pinguis coma Marcelliano
et splendent volso bracchia trita pilo.
non hesterna sedet lunata lingula planta,
coccina non laesum pingit aluta pedem,
et numerosa linunt stellantem splenia frontem.
ignoras quid sit? splenia tolle, leges.

XXX

Mutua viginti sestertia forte rogabam,
quae vel donanti non grave munus erat.
quippe rogabatur felixque vetusque sodalis
et cuius laxas arca flagellat opes.
is mihi "Dives eris, si causas egeris" inquit.
quod peto da, Gai: non peto consilium.

XXXI

Saepe ego Chrestinam futui. det quam bene quaeris?
supra quod fieri nil, Mariane, potest.

XXXII

Lis mihi cum Balbo est, tu Balbum offendere non vis,
Pontice: cum Licino est, hic quoque magnus homo est.

---

[1] South of the Circus Flaminius. Begun by Julius Caesar, and finished by Augustus, who dedicated it B.C. 11 in the name of Marcellus.

[2] *i.e.* brand-new, not twenty-four hours old.

the purple of Tyre, and whose toga has been made to outshine the untrodden snow; whose greasy hair is smelt all over Marcellus' theatre[1]; and whose arms gleam smooth with the hair plucked off. His shoe-latchet, not of yesterday,[2] rests on a crescent-decked[3] shoe; scarlet leather adorns his ungalled foot; and his brow numerous patches[4] star and plaster. Don't you know what is the reason? Lift the patches: you will read.

XXX

I ASKED, as it chanced, the loan of twenty thousand sesterces, which, even to a giver, would have been no burden. The fact was I asked them of a well-to-do and old friend, and one whose money-chest keeps in control[5] o'erflowing wealth. His answer was: "You will be rich if you plead causes." Give me what I ask, Gaius: I don't ask for advice.

XXXI

I HAVE often enjoyed Chrestina's favours. Do you ask how generously she grants them? Beyond them, Marianus, nothing is possible.

XXXII

I HAVE a lawsuit with Balbus: you don't wish to offend Balbus, Ponticus; I have one with Licinus:

[3] The crescent on the shoe was a mark of senatorial or patrician rank: Juv. vii. 192.

[4] Often used to set off beauty (*cf.* VIII. xxxiii. 22), here to hide the marks of the branding-iron.

[5] Others take *flagellat* as = "urges into activity."

vexat saepe meum Patrobas confinis agellum;
contra libertum Caesaris ire times.
abnegat et retinet nostrum Laronia servum;
respondes "Orba est, dives, anus, vidua."
non bene, crede mihi, servo servitur amico:
sit liber, dominus qui volet esse meus.

XXXIII

Cur non basio te, Philaeni? calva es.
cur non basio te, Philaeni? rufa es.
cur non basio te, Philaeni? lusca es.
haec qui basiat, o Philaeni, fellat.

XXXIV

Cum placeat Phileros tota tibi dote redemptus,
tres pateris natos, Galla, perire fame.
praestatur cano tanta indulgentia cunno
quem nec casta potest iam decuisse Venus.
perpetuam di te faciant Philerotis amicam,
o mater, qua nec Pontia deterior.

XXXV

Cum sint crura tibi simulent quae cornua lunae,
in rhytio poteras, Phoebe, lavare pedes.

XXXVI

Flecterb te nolim sed nec turbare capillos;
splendida sit nolo, sordida nolo cutis;

he, too, is a great man. My next-door neighbour, Patrobas, often trespasses on my small field: you are afraid to oppose Caesar's freed-man. Laronia denies that I lent her my slave, and keeps him: you will answer me, "She is childless, rich, old, a widow." It is useless, believe me, to be the slave of a slave, though he is a friend: let him be free who shall wish to be my lord.

XXXIII

Why do I not kiss you, Philaenis? You are bald. Why do I not kiss you, Philaenis? You are carroty. Why do I not kiss you, Philaenis? You are one-eyed. He who kisses these things, Philaenis, is capable of anything.

XXXIV

While Phileros, whom with your whole dowry you have redeemed from slavery, is your favourite, you allow your three sons, Galla, to perish of hunger. Your hoary carcass is assured such indulgence as this, although not even chaste love can any longer become it. For ever may the gods make you the mistress of Phileros, O mother, than whom not even Pontia[1] was viler!

XXXV

Seeing that your legs resemble the horns of the moon, you could bathe your feet, Phoebus, in a drinking-horn.

XXXVI

I would not have you curl your hair, nor yet ruffle it; I do not want your skin to be sleek, I do not

[1] She poisoned her two sons (Juv. vi. 638).

nec tibi mitrarum nec sit tibi barba reorum:
nolo virum nimium, Pannyche, nolo parum.
nunc sunt crura pilis et sunt tibi pectora saetis
horrida, sed mens est, Pannyche, volsa tibi.

XXXVII

Quidquid ponitur hinc et inde verris,
mammas suminis imbricemque porci
communemque duobus attagenam,
mullum dimidium lupumque totum
muraenaeque latus femurque pulli
stillantemque alica sua palumbum.
haec cum condita sunt madente mappa,
traduntur puero domum ferenda:
nos accumbimus otiosa turba.
ullus si pudor est, repone cenam:
cras te, Caeciliane, non vocavi.

XXXVIII

Quid mihi reddat ager quaeris, Line, Nomentanus?
hoc mihi reddit ager: te, Line, non video.

XXXIX

Coccina famosae donas et ianthina moechae:
vis dare quae meruit munera? mitte togam.

---

[1] M. is probably thinking of the eunuch and depilated priests of Cybele (Friedländer).

want it to be dirty; do not let your beard be that of Orientals[1] nor yet that of men on trial;[2] I do not want one too much a man, Pannychus; I do not want one too little. As it is, your shanks are shaggy with hair and your chest is with bristles: but it is your mind, Pannychus, that is depilated.

XXXVII

Whatever is served you sweep off from this or that part of the table: the teats of a sow's udder and a rib of pork, and a heathcock meant for two, half a mullet, and a bass whole, and the side of a lamprey, and the leg of a fowl, and a pigeon dripping with its white sauce. These dainties, when they have been hidden in your sodden napkin, are handed over to your boy to carry home: we recline at table, an idle crowd. If you have any decency, restore our dinner; I did not invite you, Caecilianus, to a meal to-morrow.

XXXVIII

Do you ask, Linus, what my Nomentan farm returns me? This my land returns me: I don't see you, Linus.

XXXIX

You present a notorious adulteress with scarlet and violet dresses. Do you want to give her the present she has deserved? Send her a toga.[3]

[2] Who let their beards grow unkempt to excite the jury's compassion.

[3] Courtesans, or women *in adulterio deprehensae*, were compelled by law to wear the toga.

XL

Uri Tongilius male dicitur hemitritaeo.
novi hominis fraudes: esurit atque sitit.
subdola tenduntur crassis nunc retia turdis,
hamus et in mullum mittitur atque lupum.
Caecuba saccentur quaeque annus coxit Opimi,
condantur parco fusca Falerna vitro.
omnes Tongilium medici iussere lavari:
o stulti, febrem creditis esse? gula est.

XLI

"Ride si sapis, o puella, ride"
Paelignus, puto, dixerat poeta.
sed non dixerat omnibus puellis.
verum ut dixerit omnibus puellis,
non dixit tibi: tu puella non es,
et tres sunt tibi, Maximina, dentes,
sed plane piceique buxeique.
quare si speculo mihique credis,
debes non aliter timere risum,
quam ventum Spanius manumque Priscus,
quam cretata timet Fabulla nimbum,
cerussata timet Sabella solem.
voltus indue tu magis severos
quam coniunx Priami nurusque maior.
mimos ridiculi Philistionis
et convivia nequiora vita,
et quidquid lepida procacitate
laxat perspicuo labella risu.

[1] Ovid; but the passage is not found in his extant works. He, however, gives a warning against laughing if the teeth are bad (*Art. Am.* iii. 279 *seqq.*).

XL

'Tis a false report that Tongilius is being consumed by a semi-tertian fever. I know the tricks of the man: he is hungry and thirsty. Crafty nets are now being stretched for dull-witted thrushes, and the hook is being let down for the mullet and the bass. Let the Caecuban be strained, and the wines Opimius' year ripened; let the dark Falernian be poured in small glasses. All his doctors have ordered Tongilius to take baths. O you fools! Think you this is a fever? 'Tis gluttony.

XLI

"Laugh, if you are wise, O girl, laugh," the Pelignian bard,[1] I think, said. But he did not say it to all girls. However, granted he said it to all girls, he did not say it to you: you are not a girl, and you have three teeth, Maximina, but they are altogether of the hue of pitch or boxwood. So, if you trust your mirror and me, you ought to dread laughing as much as Spanius dreads a breeze,[2] and Priscus the touch of a hand; as much as pearl-powdered Fabulla dreads a shower, white-leaded Sabella dreads the sun. Do you put on an aspect more grave than that of Priam's spouse and of his eldest son's wife. Avoid the mimes of laughter-moving Philistion, and revelries of looser kind, and anything that by witty wantonness unseals the lips

[2] *i.e.* that might disorder the arrangement of his hair that conceals his baldness (*cf.* x. lxxxiii.). Priscus is a fop who is afraid a touch might disorder or soil his dress (*cf.* III. lxiii. 10).

te maestae decet adsidere matri
lugentive virum piumve fratrem,
et tantum tragicis vacare Musis.
at tu iudicium secuta nostrum
plora, si sapis, o puella, plora.

XLII

Zoile, quid solium subluto podice perdis?
spurcius ut fiat, Zoile, merge caput.

XLIII

Κοινὰ φίλων haec sunt, haec sunt tua, Candide, κοινά,
quae tu magnilocus nocte dieque sonas?
te Lacedaemonio velat toga lota Galaeso
vel quam seposito de grege Parma dedit:
at me, quae passa est furias et cornua tauri,
noluerit dici quam pila prima suam.
misit Agenoreas Cadmi tibi terra lacernas:
non vendes nummis coccina nostra tribus.
tu Libycos Indis suspendis dentibus orbis:
fulcitur testa fagina mensa mihi.
immodici tibi flava tegunt chrysendeta mulli:
concolor in nostra, cammare, lance rubes.
grex tuus Iliaco poterat certare cinaedo:
at mihi succurrit pro Ganymede manus.
ex opibus tantis veteri fidoque sodali
das nihil et dicis, Candide, κοινὰ φίλων?

[1] The *pila* was a dummy figure thrown into the Arena to enrage the bull: *cf. Lib. Spect.* ix. 4; x. lxxxvi. The first one thrown would be the worst gored.

in manifest laughter. You should rightly sit by some sorrowing mother, or by one who weeps for her husband or loving brother, and you should be free only for the tragic Muse. Nay, follow my advice, and weep, if you are wise, O girl, weep.

XLII

Zoilus, why do you defile the bath by immersing your latter end? To make it dirtier, Zoilus, plunge in your head.

XLIII

"Friends have all in common." Is this, is this, Candidus, that "all in common" which you night and day mouth pompously? A toga dipt in Lacedaemonian Galaesus enwraps you, or one which Parma has supplied you out of a choice flock; as for mine, it is one which has suffered the fury and horns of a bull, one which the first straw-dummy[1] would refuse to have called its own. The land of Cadmus has sent you Tyrian mantles; my scarlet one you could not sell for sixpence. You poise round Libyan table-tops on legs of Indian ivory; my beechen table is propped on a tile. Mullets of huge size cover your yellow gold-inlaid dishes; thou, O crab,[2] matching its hue, dost blush upon my plate. Your train of slaves might have vied with the cup-bearer from Ilium; but my own hand is Ganymede to serve me. Out of such wealth to your old and trusty comrade do you give nothing, and then say, Candidus, "Friends have all in common"?

[2] The *cammarus* was cheap food (*cf.* Juv. v. 84), and was served on common red earthenware.

XLIV

Emi seu puerum togamve pexam
seu tres, ut puta, quattuorve libras,
Sextus protinus ille fenerator,
quem nostis veterem meum sodalem,
ne quid forte petam timet cavetque,
et secum, sed ut audiam, susurrat:
"Septem milia debeo Secundo,
Phoebo quattuor, undecim Phileto,
et quadrans mihi nullus est in arca."
o grande ingenium mei sodalis!
durum est, Sexte, negare, cum rogaris,
quanto durius, antequam rogeris!

XLV

Quae tibi non stabat praecisa est mentula, Glypte.
demens, cum ferro quid tibi? Gallus eras.

XLVI

Florida per varios ut pingitur Hybla colores,
cum breve Sicaniae ver populantur apes,
sic tua subpositis conlucent prela lacernis,
sic micat innumeris arcula synthesibus,
atque unam vestire tribum tua candida possunt,
Apula non uno quae grege terra tulit.
tu spectas hiemem succincti lentus amici
pro scelus! et lateris frigora trita tui.[1]
quantum erat, infelix, pannis fraudare duobus—
quid metuis?—non te, Naevole, sed tineas?

[1] *tui* Friedländer, *times* codd.

XLIV

Suppose I have bought a slave or a long-napped toga, or three, say, or four pounds of plate; straightway Sextus, the money-lender yonder whom you know to be mine ancient comrade, is timorous and careful lest perchance I should ask a loan, and murmurs to himself, but so that I may hear: "Seven thousand I owe to Secundus, to Phoebus four, eleven to Philetus, and there isn't a farthing in my chest!" O grand device of my comrade! It is harsh to refuse, Sextus, when you are asked; how much harsher before you are asked!

XLV

Nerveless as you are, you have been operated upon, Glyptus. Madman, what use had you for the knife? You were a Gaul[1] before.

XLVI

Like the flowers of Hybla painted in varied hues, what time Sicilian bees ravage the brief-lived spring, so shine your presses with mantles laid between, so gleams your chest with countless dinner suits, and a whole tribe might be clothed in the white togas which Apulia's land has brought you out of more flocks than one. You regard without concern your shivering, thin-clad friend—what an outrage!—and your escort, threadbare and cold. What sacrifice were it, wretched man, to cheat of a couple of rags—why be afraid?—not yourself, Naevolus, but the moths?

[1] See note to III. xxiv. 13.

XLVII

Subdola famosae moneo fuge retia moechae,
levior o conchis, Galle, Cytheriacis.
confidis natibus? non est pedico maritus:
quae faciat duo sunt: irrumat aut futuit.

XLVIII

Coponem laniumque balneumque,
tonsorem tabulamque calculosque
et paucos, sed ut eligam, libellos:
unum non nimium rudem sodalem
et grandem puerum diuque levem
et caram puero meo puellam:
haec praesta mihi, Rufe, vel Butuntis,
et thermas tibi habe Neronianas.

XLIX

Uxorem nolo Telesinam ducere: quare?
moecha est. sed pueris dat Telesina. volo.

L

Quod fellas et aquam potas, nil, Lesbia, peccas.
qua tibi parte opus est, Lesbia, sumis aquam.

LI

Unus saepe tibi tota denarius arca
cum sit et hic culo tritior, Hylle, tuo,
non tamen hunc pistor, non auferet hunc tibi copo,
sed si quis nimio pene superbus erit.
infelix venter spectat convivia culi
et semper miser hic esurit, ille vorat.

XLVII

FLY, Gallus, I warn you, from the crafty toils of the infamous adulteress, smoother though you are than conch-shells of Cytherea. Do you trust in your own charms? The husband is not of that sort: there are two things he can do, and neither is what you offer.

XLVIII

A TAVERNER, and a butcher and a bath, a barber, and a draught-board and pieces, and a few books—but to be chosen by me—a single comrade not too unlettered, and a tall boy and not early bearded, and a girl dear to my boy—warrant these to me, Rufus, even at Butunti,[1] and keep to yourself Nero's warm baths.

XLIX

I WILL not take Telesina to wife: why? she is an adulteress. But Telesina is kindly to boys. I will.

L

YOU —— and drink water: 'tis no error, Lesbia. Just where you need it, Lesbia, you take water.

LI

QUANTUNQUE tutto il tuo danaro sorvente non consista, O Hyllo, che in una sola moneta, e questa più rimenata del tuo culo; con tutto ciò il panatiere non te la tirerà dalle mani, ne tampoco l'oste; ma bensì se qualcuno sarà baldanzoso per esser bene in membro. Lo sfortunato ventre sta a videre i banchetti del culo, e mentre miserabile, questo ha sempre fame, quello divora.

[1] An insignificant town in Calabria: *cf.* IV. lv.

LII

Novit loturos Dasius numerare : poposcit
mammosam Spatalen pro tribus : illa dedit.

LIII

Vis liber fieri ? mentiris, Maxime, non vis :
sed fieri si vis, hac ratione potes.
liber eris, cenare foris si, Maxime, nolis,
Veientana tuam si domat uva sitim,
si ridere potes miseri chrysendeta Cinnae,
contentus nostra si potes esse toga,
si plebeia Venus gemino tibi iungitur asse,
si tua non rectus tecta subire potes.
haec tibi si vis est, si mentis tanta potestas,
liberior Partho vivere rege potes.

LIV

Quid de te, Line, suspicetur uxor
et qua parte velit pudiciorem,
certis indiciis satis probavit,
custodem tibi quae dedit spadonem.
nil nasutius hac maligniusque.

LV

Vis te, Sexte, coli : volebam amare.
parendum est tibi ; quod iubes, colere :
sed si te colo, Sexte, non amabo.

LII

Dasius knows how to count his bathers. He demanded of Spatale, that full-breasted lady, the entrance-moneys of three; she gave them.

LIII

Do you wish to become free? You lie, Maximus; you don't wish. But if you do wish, in this way you can become so. You will be free, Maximus, if you refuse to dine abroad, if Veii's grape[1] quells your thirst, if you can laugh at the gold-inlaid dishes of the wretched Cinna, if you can content yourself with a toga such as mine, if your plebeian amours are handfasted at the price of twopence, if you can endure to stoop as you enter your dwelling. If this is your strength of mind, if such its power over itself, you can live more free than a Parthian king.

LIV

What your wife's suspicion of you is, Linus, and in what particular she wishes you to be more respectable, she has sufficiently proved by unmistakable signs, in setting as watcher over you a eunuch. Nothing is more sagacious and more spiteful than this lady.

LV

You wish to be courted, Sextus; I wished to love you. I must obey you; as you demand, you shall be courted. But if I court you, Sextus, I shall not love you.

[1] Veientan wine was turbid and inferior: *cf.* I. ciii. 9; III. xlix.

LVI

Gentibus in Libycis uxor tua, Galle, male audit
inmodicae foedo crimine avaritiae.
sed mera narrantur mendacia : non solet illa
accipere omnino. quid solet ergo ? dare.

LVII

Hic quem videtis gressibus vagis lentum,
amethystinatus media qui secat Saepta,
quem non lacernis Publius meus vincit,
non ipse Cordus alpha paenulatorum,
quem grex togatus sequitur et capillatus
recensque sella linteisque lorisque,
oppigneravit modo modo ad Cladi mensam
vix octo nummis anulum, unde cenaret.

LVIII

Pexatus pulchre rides mea, Zoile, trita.
sunt haec trita quidem, Zoile, sed mea sunt.

LIX

Mica vocor : quid sim cernis, cenatio parva :
ex me Caesareum prospicis ecce tholum.
frange toros, pete vina, rosas cape, tinguere nardo :
ipse iubet mortis te meminisse deus.

---

[1] Where Gallus was perhaps governor.
[2] See note to II. xiv. 5.
[3] *cf.* v. xxvi., where M. apologises to Cordus.
[4] Generally supposed to refer to a banqueting-hall said to have been built by Domitian, and having a view of the

LVI

Amongst Libyan tribes[1] your wife, Gallus, has a bad reputation; they charge her foully with insatiate greed. But these stories are simply lies; she is not at all in the habit of receiving favours. What, then, is her habit? To give them.

LVII

This fellow, whom you observe languidly wandering; who, in an amethystine gown, parts the crowd in the middle of the Saepta;[2] whom my Publius does not outshine with his mantle, not Cordus himself, A 1 in cloaks;[3] whom a throng of clients in togas and of long-haired slaves attends, and whose sedan has new blinds and straps—this fellow has only just now with difficulty pawned for eighteenpence, at Cladus' counter, a ring to get a dinner!

LVIII

Smart in a long-napped toga, you laugh, Zoilus, at my threadbare garb. 'Tis threadbare no doubt, Zoilus, but 'tis my own.

LIX

"The Tiny"[4] am I called; what I am thou seest, a small dining-room; from me thou lookest, see, upon Caesar's dome. Crush the couches, call for wine, wear roses, anoint thee with nard; the god[5] himself bids thee to remember death.

Mausoleum Augusti, which stood about 650 yards S. of the Porta Flaminia, the N. gate of Rome. Burn, however (*Rome and C.* p. 223), places the Mica Aurea on the Coelian and identifies "Caesar's dome" as the Palace on the Palatine.

[5] Augustus, buried in the Mausoleum: *cf.* v. lxiv. 5.

LX

Uxorem armati futuis, puer Hylle, tribuni,
supplicium tantum dum puerile times.
vae tibi! dum ludis, castrabere.[1] iam mihi dices
"Non licet hoc." quid? tu quod facis, Hylle, licet?

LXI

Cum tibi vernarent dubia lanugine malae,
lambebat medios inproba lingua viros.
postquam triste caput fastidia vispillonum
et miseri meruit taedia carnificis,
uteris ore aliter nimiaque aerugine captus
adlatras nomen quod tibi cumque datur.
haereat inguinibus potius tam noxia lingua:
nam cum fellaret, purior illa fuit.

LXII

Quod pectus, quod crura tibi, quod bracchia vellis,
quod cincta est brevibus mentula tonsa pilis,
hoc praestas, Labiene, tuae (quis nescit?) amicae.
cui praestas, culum quod, Labiene, pilas?

LXIII

Sola tibi fuerant sestertia, Miliche, centum,
quae tulit e sacra Leda redempta via.
Miliche, luxuria est si tanti dives amares.
"Non amo" iam dices: haec quoque luxuria est.

---

[1] Domitian forbade castration: *cf.* VI. 2; Suet. *Dom.* vii. For *supp. puerile*, *cf.* II. xlvii. and xlix.

LX

You have relations, boy Hyllus, with the wife of an armed tribune, and all the time are dreading only a boy's punishment. Alas for you! in the midst of your enjoyments you will be gelded. You will reply "This is not permitted." [1] Well? Is what you are doing, Hyllus, permitted?

LXI

Allorche un'apparente lanugine spontava su 'l tuo volte, la sozza tua lingua lambiva i centri virili. Dopo che la tua odiata testa si tirò l'aversione de' beccamorti, e lo schiffo del carnefice, fai altr'uso della tua lingua, ossesso da un'eccessivo livore, la scateni contro chiunque ti viene in mente. Sia la tua esecrabil lingua piu tosto appesa alle pudenda, imperocche essa mentre fellava, era meno impura.

LXII

Il perche ti dissetoli il petto, le gambe, le braccia, il perche la rasa tua mentola è cinta di curti peli, chi non sa che tutto questo, O Labieno, prepari per la tua amica? Per chi, O Labieno, prepari tu il culo che dissetoli?

LXIII

Only a hundred thousand sesterces was what you possessed, Milichus, and these the purchase of Leda in the Sacred Way made off with. Milichus, 'tis extravagance to love at such a price even if you were rich. "I am not in love," you will reply; that too [2] is extravagance.

[1] *i.e.* all the more.

LXIV

Dum modo causidicum, dum te modo rhetora fingis
et non decernis, Laure, quid esse velis,
Peleos et Priami transit et Nestoris aetas
et fuerat serum iam tibi desinere.
incipe, tres uno perierunt rhetores anno,
si quid habes animi, si quid in arte vales.
si schola damnatur, fora litibus omnia fervent,
ipse potest fieri Marsua causidicus.
heia age, rumpe moras : quo te sperabimus usque ?
dum quid sis dubitas, iam potes esse nihil.

LXV

Cur tristiorem cernimus Saleianum ?
" An causa levis est ? " inquis " extuli uxorem."
o grande fati crimen ! o gravem casum !
illa, illa dives mortua est Secundilla,
centena decies quae tibi dedit dotis ?
nollem accidisset hoc tibi, Saleiane.

LXVI

Unus de toto peccaverat orbe comarum
anulus, incerta non bene fixus acu.
hoc facinus Lalage speculo, quo viderat, ulta est,
et cecidit saevis icta Plecusa comis.
desine iam, Lalage, tristes ornare capillos,
tangat et insanum nulla puella caput.

[1] A statue of Marsyas stood near the Rostra in the Forum Romanum, and was a rendezvous of lawyers : *cf.* Hor. I. *Sat.* vi. 120 ; Juv. ix. 2.

LXIV

While you are shaping yourself, now into a pleader, now into a teacher of rhetoric, and don't decide, Taurus, what you want to be, the age of Peleus and of Priam and of Nestor has passed, and by now 'twere late for you even to be retiring. Begin — three rhetoricians have died in a single year—if you have any spirit, if any proficiency in your calling. If your vote is against the schools, all the courts are alive with suits: even Marsyas[1] himself may turn into a pleader. Up, then! put off delay; how long shall we be waiting for you? While you cannot resolve what you are, at last you may be nothing.[2]

LXV

Why see we in Saleianus unwonted melancholy? "Is the reason light?" you answer, "I have buried my wife." O grievous crime of Fate! O heavy chance! Is that Secundilla, that rich Secundilla, dead—she who brought you as dower a million? I am sorry this has happened to you,[3] Saleianus!

LXVI

One curl of the whole round of hair had gone astray, badly fixed by an insecure pin. This crime Lalage avenged with the mirror in which she had observed it, and Plecusa, smitten, fell because of those cruel locks. Cease any more, Lalage, to trick out your ill-omened tresses; and let no maid touch

[2] A play on words, *i.e.* "of no calling," or "dead."
[3] Intentionally ambiguous.

hoc salamandra notet vel saeva novacula nudet,
ut digna speculo fiat imago tua.

LXVII

Occurris quocumque loco mihi, Postume, clamas
protinus et prima est haec tua vox "Quid agis?"
hoc, si me decies una conveneris hora,
dicis: habes puto tu, Postume, nil quod agas.

LXVIII

Quod te nomine iam tuo saluto,
quem regem et dominum prius vocabam,
ne me dixeris esse contumacem:
totis pillea sarcinis redemi.
reges et dominos habere debet
qui se non habet atque concupiscit
quod reges dominique concupiscunt.
servom si potes, Ole, non habere,
et regem potes, Ole, non habere.

LXIX

Invitum cenare foris te, Classice, dicis:
si non mentiris, Classice, dispeream.
ipse quoque ad cenam gaudebat Apicius ire:
cum cenaret, erat tristior ille, domi.
si tamen invitus vadis, cur, Classice, vadis?
"Cogor" ais: verum est; cogitur et Selius.
en rogat ad cenam Melior te, Classice, rectam.
grandia verba ubi sunt? si vir es, ecce, nega.

[1] It was supposed that contact with a salamander acted as a depilatory: Plin. *N.H.* x. 188.

your distempered head. May salamander[1] mark it, or ruthless razor rasp it bare, that your features may befit your mirror.

LXVII

In whatever place you meet me, Postumus, you immediately cry out—and this is your first remark—"How d'ye do?" This if you meet me ten times in a single hour you say. *You* have, I think, Postumus, nothing "to do."

LXVIII

Because I greet you now by your own name whom formerly I used to call "patron" and "master," do not proclaim me insolent: I have bought my cap of liberty at the cost of all my goods and chattels. "Patrons" and "masters" a man should possess who is not possessor of himself, and who eagerly covets what patrons and masters eagerly covet. If you can endure not having a slave, Olus, you can also endure, Olus, not having a patron.

LXIX

Unwillingly you dine out, you say, Classicus. If you don't lie, Classicus, may I be hanged! Even Apicius himself was glad to go out to dinner; when he dined at home he was the more depressed. Yet if you go unwillingly, Classicus, why do you go? "I am obliged," you say: 'tis true; Selius[2] is also obliged. See, Melior asks you, Classicus, to a grand dinner. Where are your fine professions? If you are a man, come, refuse!

[1] Who fishes for invitations: *cf.* II. xi.

LXX

Non vis in solio prius lavari
quemquam, Cotile. causa quae, nisi haec est,
undis ne fovearis irrumatis?
primus te licet abluas: necesse est
ante hic mentula quam caput lavetur.

LXXI

Candidius nihil est te, Caeciliane. notavi,
si quando ex nostris disticha pauca lego,
protinus aut Marsi recitas aut scripta Catulli.
hoc mihi das, tamquam deteriora legas,
ut conlata magis placeant mea? credimus istud.
malo tamen recites, Caeciliane, tua.

LXXII

Hesterna factum narratur, Postume, cena
quod nollem (quis enim talia facta probet?)
os tibi percisum quanto non ipse Latinus
vilia Panniculi percutit ora sono:
quodque magis mirum est, auctorem criminis huius
Caecilium tota rumor in urbe sonat.
esse negas factum: vis hoc me credere? credo.
quid quod habet testes, Postume, Caecilius?

LXXIII

†Quid faciat volt scire Lyris: quod sobria: fellat.†

---

[1] *i.e.* you are as great a source of pollution as the others you complain of: *cf.* II. xlii.

LXX

You are unwilling that anyone should wash in the bath before you, Cotilus. What reason is there but this, that you be not touched by polluted waters? Be first then in the bath, but needs must be that your —— is washed here before your head.[1]

LXXI

You are candour itself, Caecilianus. I have noticed that if I ever read a few distichs of my poems, at once you recite passages either of Marsus or Catullus. Is this your compliment to me, as if you were reading what was inferior, that, compared, my own should please me the more? I believe that. Yet I would rather you recited your own, Caecilianus.

LXXII

A THING is said to have been done at dinner last night, Postumus, which I should deprecate—for who could approve such doings?—it is said that your face was mauled, and by an assault even noisier than when Latinus smacks the beggarly cheeks of Panniculus;[2] and—what is more wonderful—it is Caecilius whom as author of this outrage rumour proclaims all over the city. You say this was not done; do you wish me to believe this? I believe it. What if Caecilius has witnesses, Postumus?

LXXIII

LYRIS wishes to know what she is doing. What she does when she is sober. She is ——.

[2] Comic actors, like clown and pantaloon: *cf.* I. iv. 5; V. lxi. 11.

LXXIV

Cinctum togatis post et ante Saufeium,
quanta reduci Regulus solet turba,
ad alta tonsum templa cum reum misit,
Materne, cernis? invidere nolito.
comitatus iste sit precor tuus numquam.
hos illi amicos et greges togatorum
Fuficulenus praestat et Faventinus.

LXXV

Verbera securi solitus leo ferre magistri
insertamque pati blandus in ora manum
dedidicit pacem subito feritate reversa,
quanta nec in Libycis debuit esse iugis.
nam duo de tenera puerilia corpora turba,
sanguineam rastris quae renovabat humum,
saevos et infelix furiali dente peremit.
Martia non vidit maius harena nefas.
exclamare libet "Crudelis, perfide, praedo,
a nostra pueris parcere disce lupa!"

LXXVI

Argenti libras Marius tibi quinque reliquit.
cui nihil ipse dabas, hic tibi verba dedit.

LXXVII

Cosconi, qui longa putas epigrammata nostra,
utilis unguendis axibus esse potes.

---

[1] *i.e.* to return thanks that his advocacy has secured their acquittal. Before trial the accused dressed in dark clothes, and let his hair and beard grow, to excite pity by his unkempt appearance: *cf.* Ovid, *Met.* xv. 38.

LXXIV

Saufeius is surrounded behind and in front with gowned clients, a crowd as big as escorts Regulus home when he has sent the accused with trimmed hair to the temples of the high gods.[1] Do you see him, Maternus? Don't envy him. May such a company, I pray, never be yours. These friends and troop of gowned clients 'tis Fuficulenus and Faventinus[2] who provide.

LXXV

A lion, wont to stand the blows of its fearless master, and with gentleness to suffer a hand thrust into its mouth, unlearned its peaceful ways; a fierceness suddenly returned greater than he should have shown even on Libyan hills. For two boys of the youthful band that was smoothing with rakes the bloody sand, the savage, ill-starred beast slew with furious fang; the sand of Mars never saw a greater crime. One may cry aloud: "Cruel, perfidious, robber, from our Roman wolf learn to spare boys!"

LXXVI

Marius has left you five pounds of silver plate. He, whom you yourself gave nothing, has given you —words.[3]

LXXVII

Cosconius, who think my epigrams long, you would be useful for greasing axles.[4] On this principle you

[2] Moneylenders, who supply the means of display.

[3] *i.e.* has cheated you.

[4] He is a lump of stupidity, fit only for axle-grease; *cf.* the proverb *pingui Minerva* (of stupid wit).

hac tu credideris longum ratione colosson
et puerum Bruti dixeris esse brevem.
disce quod ignoras : Marsi doctique Pedonis
saepe duplex unum pagina tractat opus.
non sunt longa quibus nihil est quod demere possis,
sed tu, Cosconi, disticha longa facis.

LXXVIII

Aestivo serves ubi piscem tempore, quaeris?
in thermis serva, Caeciliane, tuis.

LXXIX

Invitas tunc me cum scis, Nasica, vocasse.[1]
excusatum habeas me rogo : ceno domi.

LXXX

Hostem cum fugeret, se Fannius ipse peremit.
hic, rogo, non furor est, ne moriare, mori?

LXXXI

Laxior hexaphoris tua sit lectica licebit :
cum tamen haec tua sit, Zoile, sandapila est.

LXXXII

Abscisa servom quid figis, Pontice, lingua?
nescis tu populum, quod tacet ille, loqui?

[1] *vocatum* γ.

[1] A statuette admired by Brutus, the assassin of Caesar: *cf.* IX. li. 5.

[2] If *vocatum* (have an invitation) be read, M. returns an excuse known by N. to be false, as a hint that M. knows N.'s invitation was unreal.

would fancy the Colossus to be tall, and would describe Brutus' boy[1] as short. Learn what you are ignorant of: often two pages of Marsus and of learned Pedo treat of a single theme. Things are not long from which you can subtract nothing; but you, Cosconius, make your distichs long.

LXXVIII

Do you ask where to keep your fish in summer? Keep them, Caecilianus, in your warm bath.

LXXIX

You ask me, Nasica, to dinner just when you know I have guests.[2] I beg you to hold me excused; I dine at home.

LXXX

Because he was flying from an enemy, Fannius[3] slew himself. Is not this, I ask, madness—to die to avoid death?

LXXXI

Your litter may be roomier than one borne by six; but, seeing that it is yours, Zoilus, it is a pauper's bier.[4]

LXXXII

Why cut your slave's tongue out and crucify him, Ponticus? Don't you know that the people speak of what he cannot?

[3] Fannius Caepio, condemned for conspiring against Augustus: Suet. *Aug.* xix. and *Tib.* viii.

[4] Which was ordinarily borne by four: *cf.* VI. lxxvii.; VIII. lxxv. Z. is such a worthless fellow (or, perhaps, so foul a man) that he is no better than a *vile cadaver*.

LXXXIII

Foedasti miserum, marite, moechum,
et se, qui fuerant prius, requirunt
trunci naribus auribusque voltus.
credis te satis esse vindicatum?
erras: iste potest et irrumare.

LXXXIV

Mollis erat facilisque viris Poeantius heros:
volnera sic Paridis dicitur ulta Venus.
cur lingat cunnum Siculus Sertorius, hoc est:
†ab hoc† occisus, Rufe, videtur Eryx.

LXXXV

Vimine clausa levi niveae custodia coctae,
hoc tibi Saturni tempore munus erit.
dona quod aestatis misi tibi mense Decembri
si quereris, rasam tu mihi mitte togam.

LXXXVI

Quod nec carmine glorior supino
nec retro lego Sotaden cinaedum,
nusquam Graecula quod recantat echo
nec dictat mihi luculentus Attis
mollem debilitate galliambon,
non sum, Classice, tam malus poeta.

---

[1] *cf.* III. lxxxv.

[2] *cf.* XIV. cxvi., and Plin. *N.H.* xxxi. 23, and the famous *Haec est Neronis decocta* (Suet. *Ner.* xlviii.).

[3] *i.e.* that read backward as well as forward.

[4] Sotades was an obscene and scurrilous Alexandrian poet. Perhaps the reference is to verses which, read one way, are complimentary, read the other, the reverse.

LXXXIII

You have disfigured, O husband, the wretched adulterer, and his face, shorn of nose and ears, misses its former self. Do you believe you are sufficiently avenged? You mistake; he has still other activities.[1]

LXXXIV

L'Eroe Peanzio era effeminato e compiacente agli uomini: si dice che Venere così abbia vendicato le ferite di Paride. Il perche Sertoria Siculo sia cunnilingo, si è, O Rufo, per quel che pare, dall'aver ucciso Erice.

LXXXV

A flask enclosed in light wicker-work, and preserving water boiled and iced,[2] this shall be your present at Saturn's season. If you complain that I have sent you the gift of summer in the month of December, do you send me a thin, smooth toga.

LXXXVI

Because I do not pride myself on topsy-turvy verses,[3] nor read backwards in obscene Sotadics;[4] because nowhere does a Greekling echo[5] answer you, nor does graceful Attis[6] dictate to me galliambics, voluptuous and broken, I am not, Classicus,

[5] Versus echoici, where a concluding word echoes a preceding one (*e.g. reris* and *eris*); or where the first words of an hexameter are repeated at the end of the pentameter.

[6] A beautiful youth, beloved by Cybele, the Great Mother of the Gods, who gives his name to a poem by Catullus (lxiii.) in the Galliambic metre.

quid si per gracilis vias petauri
invitum iubeas subire Ladan ?
turpe est difficiles habere nugas
et stultus labor est ineptiarum.
scribat carmina circulis Palaemon :
me raris iuvat auribus placere.

LXXXVII

Dicis amore tui bellas ardere puellas,
qui faciem sub aqua, Sexte, natantis habes.

LXXXVIII

Nil recitas et vis, Mamerce, poeta videri.
quidquid vis esto, dummodo nil recites.

LXXXIX

Quod nimio gaudes noctem producere vino,
ignosco : vitium, Gaure, Catonis habes.
carmina quod scribis Musis et Apolline nullo,
laudari debes : hoc Ciceronis habes.
quod vomis, Antoni : quod luxuriaris, Apici.
quod fellas, vitium dic mihi cuius habes ?

XC

Quintiliane, vagae moderator summe iuventae,
gloria Romanae, Quintiliane, togae,
vivere quod propero pauper nec inutilis annis,
da veniam : properat vivere nemo satis.

---

[1] A famous Spartan runner, and winner at the Olympic games: *cf.* x. c.

a bad poet after all. What if you bade Ladas[1] unwillingly to mount the narrow ways of a spring-board? 'Tis degrading to undertake difficult trifles; and foolish is the labour spent on puerilities. Let Palaemon[2] write poems for the general throng; my delight is to please listeners few and choice.

LXXXVII

You say that beautiful girls burn with love for you, Sextus, who have a face like that of a man swimming under water![3]

LXXXVIII

You recite nothing, and yet wish, Mamercus, to be held a poet. Be what you like—provided you recite nothing.

LXXXIX

Your joy in prolonging the night with too much wine I pardon; this vice of yours, Gaurus, was Cato's. Your writing poems, aided by no Muse and no Apollo, must merit praise; this gift of yours was Cicero's. Your vomiting, 'twas Antony's vice; your luxury, Apicius'. Your beastliness—tell me, whose vice was that?

XC

Quintilian, illustrious trainer of errant youth; Quintilian, glory of the Roman toga; because, though still poor, yet of an age not worn out, I am quick to enjoy life, pardon me; no man is quick

[2] A grammarian and improvisatore of the day, who composed in unusual metres: Suet. *De Gram.* xxii.

[3] *i.e.* bloated and disfigured.

differat hoc patrios optat qui vincere census
atriaque inmodicis artat imaginibus.
me focus et nigros non indignantia fumos
tecta iuvant et fons vivus et herba rudis.
sit mihi verna satur, sit non doctissima coniunx,
sit nox cum somno, sit sine lite dies.

XCI

Rerum certa salus, terrarum gloria, Caesar,
sospite quo magnos credimus esse deos,
si festinatis totiens tibi lecta libellis
detinuere oculos carmina nostra tuos,
quod fortuna vetat fieri permitte videri,
natorum genitor credar ut esse trium.
haec, si displicui, fuerint solacia nobis;
haec fuerint nobis praemia, si placui.

XCII

Natorum mihi ius trium roganti
Musarum pretium dedit mearum
solus qui poterat. valebis, uxor.
non debet domini perire munus.

XCIII

"Primus ubi est" inquis "cum sit liber iste secundus?"
quid faciam si plus ille pudoris habet?
tu tamen hunc fieri si mavis, Regule, primum,
unum de titulo tollere iota potes.

---

[1] By the *Lex Julia et Papia Poppaea* in A.D. 9 certain privileges were conferred on the fathers of three sons (*jus trium liberorum*). These privileges were afterwards often

enough to enjoy life. Let him delay who craves to surpass his father's means and crowds beyond measure his hall with busts. My hearth and a roof-tree that disdains not sooty smoke delight me, and a bubbling spring and untrimmed sward. Let me have a plump home-born slave, have a wife not too lettered, have night with sleep, have day without a lawsuit.

XCI

SURE saviour of our State, the world's glory, Caesar, from whose safety we win belief that the great gods exist, if, so oft read by thee in hurried books, my poems have held thine eyes captive, vouchsafe me in repute what Fortune denies me, that I be deemed the sire of three sons.[1] This, if I have displeased, shall be my solace; this shall be my reward if I have pleased.

XCII

WHEN I begged for the right of a father of three sons,[1] he, who alone could, gave me the reward of my Muse. Good bye, wife! The bounty of my master should not perish.

XCIII

"WHERE is the first book," you say, "if that is the second?" What can I do if my first book is too shy? Yet if you, Regulus, prefer that this should become the first, you can take one "I" from its title.

given even to childless or unmarried persons. Both Titus and Domitian conferred them on M.: *cf.* III. xcv. 5; IX. xcvii. 5.

BOOK III

LIBER TERTIUS

I

Hoc tibi quidquid id est longinquis mittit ab oris
Gallia Romanae nomine dicta togae.
hunc legis et laudas librum fortasse priorem:
illa vel haec mea sunt, quae meliora putas.
plus sane placeat domina qui natus in urbe est:
debet enim Gallum vincere verna liber.

II

Cuius vis fieri, libelle, munus?
festina tibi vindicem parare,
ne nigram cito raptus in culinam
cordylas madida tegas papyro
vel turis piperisve sis cucullus.
Faustini fugis in sinum? sapisti.
cedro nunc licet ambules perunctus
et frontis gemino decens honore
pictis luxurieris umbilicis,
et te purpura delicata velet,
et cocco rubeat superbus index.
illo vindice nec Probum timeto.

---

[1] *Gallia Togata*, that part of Cisalpine Gaul where the toga was worn, *i.e.* on the Roman side of the Po. M. was here at the time: *cf.* III. iv. 4.

BOOK III

I

This, whate'er its worth, Gaul, named after Rome's toga,[1] sends you from distant shores. You read this book, and perhaps praise the former one; that or this I claim as mine, the one you deem the better. Let that which was born in the Queen City by all means please you more: for the home-born book should surpass the Gaul.

II

For whom, my little book, would you become a present? Haste to get to yourself a protector, lest, hurried off to a sooty kitchen, you wrap tunny-fry in your sodden papyrus, or be a cornet for incense or pepper. Fly you to Faustinus' bosom? You are wise. Now may you strut abroad, anointed with cedar-oil, and, spruce with the twin deckings of your brow, wax insolent with painted bosses,[2] and a delicate purple clothe you, and your title proudly blush with scarlet. With him for your protector do not fear even Probus.[3]

[2] The two edges of the papyrus roll (called brows) were gaily coloured. The bosses were the ends of the cylinder round which the roll was wrapped. The outer membrane or envelope of all was coloured purple.

[3] A celebrated critic of the day: Suet. *De Gram.* xxiv.

III

[Formosam faciem nigro medicamine celas,
sed non formoso corpore laedis aquas.
ipsam crede deam verbis tibi dicere nostris:
"Aut aperi faciem, aut tunicata lava."]

IV

Romam vade, liber: si, veneris unde, requiret,
Aemiliae dices de regione viae.
si, quibus in terris, qua simus in urbe, rogabit,
Corneli referas me licet esse Foro.
cur absim, quaeret: breviter tu multa fatere:
"Non poterat vanae taedia ferre togae."
"Quando venit?" dicet: tu respondeto: "Poeta
exierat: veniet, cum citharoedus erit."

V

Vis commendari sine me cursurus in urbem,
parve liber, multis, an satis unus erit?
unus erit, mihi crede, satis, cui non eris hospes,
Iulius, adsiduum nomen in ore meo.
protinus hunc primae quaeres in limine Tectae:
quos tenuit Daphnis, nunc tenet ille lares.
est illi coniunx, quae te manibusque sinuque
excipiet, tu vel pulverulentus eas.

[1] Ran from Ariminum (Rimini) to Placentia (Piacenza) in Cisalpine Gaul. Cornelii Forum, a town called after the Dictator Sulla; now Imola.

III

A BEAUTEOUS face you conceal with black ointment but with a body not beauteous you insult the waters. Believe that the very goddess of the spring says to you in my words: "Either disclose your face or bathe in your shift!"

IV

Go, book, to Rome; if she shall ask whence you came, you will say "From the district of the Aemilian Way." [1] If she shall ask in what lands, in what city, I am, you may report that I am in Cornelii Forum.[1] She will ask why I am abroad; in brief do you make full confession: "He could not endure the weariness of the futile toga." "When comes he?" she will say; do you reply: "A poet he departed; he will return when he is a harp-player." [2]

V

Now you purpose hurrying to the city without me, little book, do you wish to be recommended to many, or will one be enough? One will be enough, believe me, one to whom you will be no stranger, Julius, a name perpetually in my mouth. Right before you, just at the very threshold of the Covered Way,[3] you must look for him; he now occupies the house which Daphnis occupied. He has a wife who with hand and heart will welcome you, however dusty

[2] A lucrative calling: *cf.* v. lvi. 9.

[3] A colonnade closed at both ends, in the N. of Rome, not far from the Mausoleum of Augustus.

hos tu seu pariter sive hanc illumve priorem
videris, hoc dices "Marcus havere iubet,"
et satis est; alios commendet epistula: peccat
qui commendandum se putat esse suis.

VI

Lux tibi post Idus numeratur tertia Maias,
Marcelline, tuis bis celebranda sacris.
inputat aetherios ortus haec prima parenti;
libat florentes haec tibi prima genas.
magna licet dederit iucundae munera vitae,
plus numquam patri praestitit ille dies.

VII

Centum miselli iam valete quadrantes,
anteambulonis congiarium lassi,
quos dividebat balneator elixus.
quid cogitatis, o fames amicorum?
regis superbi sportulae recesserunt.
"Nihil stropharum est: iam salarium dandum est."

VIII

"Thaida Quintus amat." "Quam Thaida?" "Thaida luscam."
unum oculum Thais non habet, ille duos.

---

[1] The first shaving of the beard was considered the first day of manhood, and was sacred. The hair was often dedicated to a god: *cf.* I. xxxi. Nero dedicated his to Jupiter Capitolinus in a gold box studded with pearls, and instituted

you arrive. Whether you see them both at once, or her or him first, you will say this: "Marcus sends greeting," and it is enough. A letter may recommend others: he errs who thinks he should be recommended to his friends.

VI

This is the third morn counted to you after the Ides of May, Marcellinus, one twice to be honoured by your rites. This first made your father debtor for his birth into the light of heaven; this first takes toll of your blooming cheeks.[1] Though that day gave him the great gift of a joyous life, yet it has not given thy sire more than it gives now.

VII

Farewell now, ye hundred wretched farthings, the largess of the jaded escort, ye whom the parboiled bath-man parcelled out. What think ye, my famished friends? The doles of a haughty patron are gone. "No wriggling serves; at once he must give a salary."[2]

VIII

"Quintus loves Thais." "Which Thais?" "Thais the one-eyed." Thais lacks one eye, he both.

the festival of the Juvenalia in honour of the event; Suet. *Ner.* xii.; Tac. *Ann.* xiv. xv.

[2] Nero substituted for a dinner a dole to clients of a hundred farthings. Domitian restored the dinner. But many clients (the "famished friends" of the epigram) depended on the money dole, for which a dinner was a bad substitute: *cf.* iii. xxx. and lx.

IX

Versiculos in me narratur scribere Cinna.
non scribit, cuius carmina nemo legit.

X

Constituit, Philomuse, pater tibi milia bina
menstrua perque omnis praestitit illa dies,
luxuriam premeret cum crastina semper egestas
et vitiis essent danda diurna tuis.
idem te moriens heredem ex asse reliquit.
exheredavit te, Philomuse, pater.

XI

Si tua nec Thais nec lusca est, Quinte, puella,
cur in te factum distichon esse putas?
sed simile est aliquid. pro Laide Thaida dixi?
dic mihi, quid simile est Thais et Hermione?
tu tamen es Quintus: mutemus nomen amantis:
si non vult Quintus, Thaida Sextus amet.

XII

Unguentum, fateor, bonum dedisti
convivis here, sed nihil scidisti.
res salsa est bene olere et esurire.
qui non cenat et unguitur, Fabulle,
hic vere mihi mortuus videtur.

[1] III. viii.
[2] If, instead of Thais, I had said Hermione, you would not

IX

Cinna is said to write verses against me. He doesn't write at all whose poems no man reads.

X

Philomusus, your father arranged to allow you two thousand sesterces a month, and every day he handed you that allowance, seeing that on the heels of luxury trod ever to-morrow's beggary, and your vices called for a daily wage. Dying he also left you heir to every penny. Your father has disinherited you, Philomusus!

XI

If your mistress is neither Thais nor one-eyed, Quintus, why do you think my distich[1] was aimed at you? But there is some likeness. Did I say "Thais" and mean "Lais"? Tell me, what likeness is there between "Thais" and Hermione? Yet you are Quintus; let us change the lover's name. If Quintus is unwilling, let Sextus be Thais' lover.[2]

XII

Good unguent, I allow, you gave your guests yesterday, but you carved nothing. 'Tis a droll thing to be scented and to starve. He who doesn't dine, and is anointed, Fabullus, seems to me to be in very truth a corpse.[3]

have seen any likeness. Let us call her Hermione, and Sextus her lover.

[3] Which was anointed.

XIII

Dum non vis pisces, dum non vis carpere pullos
et plus quam putri,[1] Naevia, parcis apro,
accusas rumpisque cocum, tamquam omnia cruda
attulerit. numquam sic ego crudus ero.

XIV

Romam petebat esuritor Tuccius
profectus ex Hispania.
occurrit illi sportularum fabula:
a ponte rediit Mulvio.

XV

Plus credit nemo tota quam Cordus in urbe.
"Cum sit tam pauper, quomodo?" caecus amat.

XVI

Das gladiatores, sutorum regule cerdo,
quodque tibi tribuit subula, sica rapit.
ebrius es: neque enim faceres hoc sobrius umquam,
ut velles corio ludere, cerdo, tuo.
lusisti corio: sed te, mihi crede, memento
nunc in pellicula, cerdo, tenere tua.

[1] *putri* Heins., *patri* codd.

---

[1] *Crudus* means "raw," and also "suffering from indigestion." Milton uses the word in the latter sense (*Com.* 476), and this has been adopted in the translation. See also "crude or intoxicate" (*Par. Reg.* iv. 328).

[2] Without even entering Rome. The Mulvian Bridge was just outside the Porta Flaminia, the N. Gate of Rome. As to the dole, *cf.* III. vii.

XIII

While you are unwilling to carve your fish, while you are unwilling to carve your fowls, and spare, Naevia, your boar although more than high, you rate and cut up your cook, saying he sent up everything crude. Mine will be no "crude surfeit"[1] on these terms.

XIV

The starveling Tuccius made for Rome, setting out from Spain. A report of the clients' dole met him: home he returned from the Mulvian Bridge.[2]

XV

No man in all the city gives more credit than Cordus. "Seeing he is so poor, how's that?" He is a blind lover.[3]

XVI

You give a show of gladiators,[4] cobbler, little king of stitchers, and what the awl has earned for you the poniard hurries off with. You are drunk; for you would never do this sober, to take your pleasure, cobbler, at the expense of your own hide.[5] You have played with your hide! but bear this in mind—trust my word!—to keep yourself, cobbler, now in your own little skin.[6]

[3] A play on the word "credit," *i.e.* "gives credit," or "trusts," "believes." Cordus believes more than he sees: *cf.* VIII. xlix. [4] *cf.* III. lix. and xcix.

[5] Proverbial for "at your own expense."

[6] Stick to your last. Perhaps also an allusion to the ass in a lion's skin.

XVII

Circumlata diu mensis scribilita secundis
urebat nimio saeva calore manus;
sed magis ardebat Sabidi gula: protinus ergo
sufflavit buccis terque quaterque suis.
illa quidem tepuit digitosque admittere visa est,
sed nemo potuit tangere: merda fuit.

XVIII

Perfrixisse tuas questa est praefatio fauces.
cum te excusaris, Maxime, quid recitas?

XIX

Proxima centenis ostenditur ursa columnis,
exornant fictae qua platanona ferae.
huius dum patulos adludens temptat hiatus
pulcher Hylas, teneram mersit in ora manum.
vipera sed caeco scelerata latebat in aere
vivebatque anima deteriore fera.
non sensit puer esse dolos, nisi dente recepto
dum perit. o facinus, falsa quod ursa fuit!

XX

Dic, Musa, quid agat Canius meus Rufus:
utrumne chartis tradit ille victuris
legenda temporum acta Claudianorum?
an quae Neroni falsus adstruit scriptor,

[1] A live bear might have done no harm.
[2] There are many references to Nero's poetry. Tacitus (*Ann.* xiv. xvi.) says it was not his own; but Suetonius

XVII

A TART, repeatedly handed round at the second course, burnt the fingers cruelly with its excessive heat. But Sabidius' gluttony was more ardent still; straightway, therefore, three and four times he blew upon it with his full cheeks. The tart, indeed, grew cooler, and seemed to allow the fingers; but not a man could touch it—'twas filth!

XVIII

YOUR opening address complained that you had a cold in your throat. Now you have excused yourself, Maximus, why do you recite?

XIX

NEXT to the Hundred Columns, where wild beasts in effigy adorn the plane-grove, is shown a bear. While fair Hylas was in play challenging its yawning mouth he plunged into its throat his youthful hand. But an accursed viper lay hid in the dark cavern of the bronze, alive with a life more deadly than that of the beast itself. The boy perceived not the guile but when he felt the fang and died. Oh, what a crime was this, that unreal was the bear![1]

XX

TELL me, Muse, what my Canius Rufus is doing. Is he committing to immortal pages, for men to read, the deeds of Claudian times? or does he emulate the works the lying chronicler ascribes to Nero?[2] or the

denies this: *Ner.* lii. Some editions put a ? at *scriptor*, making the sense: "is his theme the deeds the lying chronicler etc.?"

an aemulatur inprobi iocos Phaedri?
lascivus elegis an severus herois?
an in coturnis horridus Sophocleis?
an otiosus in schola poetarum
lepore tinctos Attico sales narrat?
hinc si recessit, porticum terit templi
an spatia carpit lentus Argonautarum?
an delicatae sole rursus Europae
inter tepentes post meridiem buxos
sedet ambulatve liber acribus curis?
Titine thermis an lavatur Agrippae
an inpudici balneo Tigillini?
an rure Tulli fruitur atque Lucani?
an Pollionis dulce currit ad quartum?
an aestuantis iam profectus ad Baias
piger Lucrino nauculatur in stagno?
"Vis scire quid agat Canius tuus? ridet."

XXI

Proscriptum famulus servavit fronte notata.
non fuit haec domini vita, sed invidia.

XXII

Dederas, Apici, bis trecenties ventri,
et adhuc supererat centies tibi laxum.
hoc tu gravatus ut famem et sitim ferre

[1] The translator of Aesop; but the reference must be to lost works.
[2] Not known, unless it was the *Schola Octaviae*, part of the *Porticus Liviae et Octaviae*.
[3] Perhaps the Temple of Isis: *cf.* II. xiv. 7.
[4] The *Porticus Argonautarum*: *cf.* II. xiv. 6.
[5] The *Porticus Europae*: *cf.* II. xiv. 5. [6] *cf.* I. lxix.

jests of naughty Phaedrus ?[1] is he wanton in elegy or severe in heroics? or terrible in Sophoclean buskin? or does he, idling in the Poets' School,[2] tell witty stories touched with Attic grace? If he has gone hence, does he tread the Temple's[3] piazza, or idly stroll along the expanse of the Argonauts?[4] Or again, does he sit or walk, free of anxious care, amid the box-trees, warm after noon, of Europa[5] luxuriating in the sun? Does he bathe in Titus' or Agrippa's warm baths, or in the bath of shameless Tigellinus? Does he enjoy the country seat of Tullus and Lucanus? or is he driving to Pollio's charming house at the fourth milestone? or setting out for steaming Baiae does he now sail lazily on the Lucrine mere? "Do you wish to know what your Canius is doing? He is laughing."[6]

XXI

A SLAVE he had branded saved the life of a proscribed man.[7] This was to give his master not life, but lifelong shame.[8]

XXII

YOU had expended, Apicius, twice thirty millions on your gorging, and still there remained to you a full ten millions. This you scorned to endure, as

[7] Antius Restio, proscribed by the Triumvirs, whose life was saved by his slave's pretence to the soldiers in pursuit that the corpse of a man he had slain, or had found, and was burning, was his master's: Macrob. *Sat.* ii. 11; Val. Max. VI. viii. 7.

[8] For branding such a slave. The assonance in *vita* and *invidia* is intentional.

summa venenum potione perduxti.
nihil est, Apici, tibi gulosius factum.

XXIII

Omnia cum retro pueris opsonia tradas,
cur non mensa tibi ponitur a pedibus?

XXIV

Vite nocens rosa stabat moriturus ad aras
hircus, Bacche, tuis victima grata sacris.
quem Tuscus mactare deo cum vellet aruspex,
dixerat agresti forte rudique viro
ut cito testiculos et acuta falce secaret,
taeter ut inmundae carnis abiret odor.
ipse super virides aras luctantia pronus
dum resecat cultro colla premitque manu,
ingens iratis apparuit hirnea sacris.
occupat hanc ferro rusticus atque secat,
hoc ratus antiquos sacrorum poscere ritus
talibus et fibris numina prisca coli.
sic, modo qui Tuscus fueras, nunc Gallus aruspex,
dum iugulas hircum, factus es ipse caper.

XXV

Si temperari balneum cupis fervens,
Faustine, quod vix Iulianus intraret,
roga lavetur rhetorem Sabineium.
Neronianas is refrigerat thermas.

[1] *i.e.* for the benefit of your slaves. They stood behind their masters at dinner. The epigram is taken by some as addressed to one who (*cf.* II. xxxvii.) handed viands to his slave to be carried home.

mere hunger and thirst, and, as the last draught of all, quaffed poison. You never did anything, Apicius, more gluttonous!

XXIII

Seeing that you hand all your viands to your slaves behind you, why is not the table laid out at your feet?[1]

XXIV

Guilty of having gnawed a vine, a he-goat, doomed to die, stood at the altar, a victim, Bacchus, welcome to thy rites. When the Tuscan soothsayer was minded to sacrifice this to the god, he chanced to bid a country clown quickly to sever with his sharp sickle the testicles of the beast that the foul odour of unclean flesh should pass away. While he himself, leaning over the turf altar, was cutting with his knife the throat of the struggling beast and pressing it down with his hand, a huge hernia was revealed to the scandal of the rites; this the clown at once seized and severed, thinking that the ritual's ancient mode required this offering, and that by such entrails the old-world deities were honoured. So you, just lately a Tuscan soothsayer, now a Gaul,[2] in slaughtering a he-goat have been made a gelding.[3]

XXV

If you wish, Faustinus, that a bath, so hot that even Julianus could scarcely get into it, should be cooled, ask the rhetorician Sabineius to bathe in it. He makes icy the warm baths of Nero.

[1] The priests of Cybele were eunuchs, and called Galli.
[3] *Caper* meant "goat" or "castrated goat": Gell. IX. ix.

XXVI

Praedia solus habes et solus, Candide, nummos,
aurea solus habes, murrina solus habes,
Massica solus habes et Opimi Caecuba solus,
et cor solus habes, solus et ingenium.
omnia solus habes—hoc me puta[1] velle negare!—
uxorem sed habes, Candide, cum populo.

XXVII

Numquam me revocas, venias cum saepe vocatus:
ignosco, nullum si modo, Galle, vocas.
invitas alios: vitium est utriusque. "Quod?" inquis.
et mihi cor non est et tibi, Galle, pudor.

XXVIII

Auriculam Mario graviter miraris olere.
tu facis hoc: garris, Nestor, in auriculam.

XXIX

Has cum gemina compede dedicat catenas,
Saturne, tibi Zoilus, anulos priores.

XXX

Sportula nulla datur; gratis conviva recumbis:
dic mihi, quid Romae, Gargiliane, facis?

[1] *nec me puta* Madvig.

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[1] *cf.* II. xliii.
[2] Probably porcelain: *cf.* XIV. cxiii.

XXVI

Lands are yours alone, and yours alone, Candidus,[1] are moneys; gold plate is yours alone; murrine[2] cups are yours alone; Massic wines are yours alone, and Caecuban of Opimius' year yours alone, and talent is yours alone; yours alone genius. All things are yours alone—fancy I want to deny it!—but you have a wife, Candidus, who is also the people's property.

XXVII

You never invite me in return, though you come often when invited; I pardon you, Gallus, if only you invite no one else. You invite others. This is a fault in each of us. "What fault?" you say. I have no sense, and you, Gallus, no decency.

XXVIII

You wonder that Marius' ear smells abominably. You are the cause: you whisper, Nestor, into his ear.

XXIX

These chains with their double fetter Zoilus dedicates to you, Saturnus.[3] They were formerly his rings.[4]

XXX

No dole is given; you recline an unbought guest at dinner[5]: tell me, what do you, Gargilianus, at

[3] Slaves, on gaining freedom, dedicated their fetters to Saturn, during whose festival, the Saturnalia, they had some degree of freedom.

[4] Z. now wears the ring of a knight: *cf.* XI. xxxvii. 3.

[5] *cf.* III. vii.

unde tibi togula est et fuscae pensio cellae?
unde datur quadrans? unde vir es Chiones?
cum ratione licet dicas te vivere summa,
quod vivis, nulla cum ratione facis.

XXXI

Sunt tibi, confiteor, diffusi iugera campi
urbanique tenent praedia multa lares,
et servit dominae numerosus debitor arcae
sustentatque tuas aurea massa dapes.
fastidire tamen noli, Rufine, minores:
plus habuit Didymos, plus Philomelus habet.

XXXII

"An possim vetulam" quaeris, Matronia: possum
et vetulam, sed tu mortua, non vetula es.
possum Hecubam, possum Nioben, Matronia, sed si
nondum erit illa canis, nondum erit illa lapis.

XXXIII

Ingenuam malo, sed si tamen illa negetur,
libertina mihi proxuma condicio est:
extremo est ancilla loco, sed vincet utramque,
si facie nobis haec erit ingenua.

XXXIV

Digna tuo cur sis indignaque nomine, dicam.
frigida es et nigra es: non es et es Chione.

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[1] For the baths.
[2] D. a wealthy eunuch; P. a harp-player: *cf.* III. iv. 8.
[3] H. was turned into a bitch, N. into stone. H. was also

Rome? Whence comes your poor toga and the rent of your grimy garret? Whence is provided the farthing?[1] whence the support of Chione your mistress? You may say that you live with the most reasonable economy: your living at all is unreasonable.

XXXI

You have, I allow, acres of land widely spread, and houses in town occupy many sites, and many a debtor is a slave to your imperious money-chest, and gold plate supports your banquets. Yet do not scorn, Rufinus, lesser men. More had Didymus; more Philomelus has.[2]

XXXII

"CAN I love an old woman?" you ask me, Matronia. I can even an old woman; but you are a corpse, not an old woman. I can love Hecuba, I can Niobe, Matronia, but only if the one is not yet a bitch, the other not yet a stone.[3]

XXXIII

I PREFER one free-born, yet if she be denied me, a freedwoman's quality is next in worth to me. In the last rank is the servant-maid; yet she shall surpass either of the others if her face be to me that of a free-born maid.

XXXIV

I WILL tell you why you suit, and do not suit, your name. You are cold and you are dark; you are, and are not, Chione.[4]

called *canis* from the virulence of her vituperation: Cic. *Tusc.* III. xxvi. and Plaut. *Men.* 718.

[4] Derived from χιών (snow).

XXXV

Artis Phidiacae toreuma clarum
pisces aspicis: adde aquam, natabunt.

XXXVI

Quod novus et nuper factus tibi praestat amicus,
hoc praestare iubes me, Fabiane, tibi:
horridus ut primo te semper mane salutem
per mediumque trahat me tua sella lutum,
lassus ut in thermas decuma vel serius hora
te sequar Agrippae, cum laver ipse Titi.
hoc per triginta merui, Fabiane, Decembres,
ut sim tiro tuae semper amicitiae?
hoc merui, Fabiane, toga tritaque meaque,
ut nondum credas me meruisse rudem?

XXXVII

Irasci tantum felices nostis amici.
non belle facitis, sed iuvat hoc facere.

XXXVIII

Quae te causa trahit vel quae fiducia Romam,
Sexte? quid aut speras aut petis inde? refer.
"Causas" inquis "agam Cicerone disertior ipso
atque erit in triplici par mihi nemo foro."
egit Atestinus causas et Civis (utrumque
noras); sed neutri pensio tota fuit.

XXXV

You see these fish carved finely in relief by Phidian art. Add water: they will swim.

XXXVI

The duties of a new and recent friend you bid me perform towards you, Fabianus; that shivering at early morn I should pay my respects to you continually; that your chair should drag me through the midst of the mud; that when I am fagged out I should follow you at the tenth hour, or later, to the warm baths of Agrippa, although I myself bathe at those of Titus. Is this what I have deserved, Fabianus, for my thirty Decembers of service, to be always a raw recruit to your friendship? Is this what I have deserved, Fabianus, that, when my toga (my own purchase) is threadbare, you think that I have not yet deserved my discharge?

XXXVII

To be angry is all you know, you rich friends. You do not act prettily, but it pays to do this.[1]

XXXVIII

What reason or what confidence draws you to Rome, Sextus? What do you either hope or look for from that quarter? tell me. "I will conduct cases," you say, "more eloquently than Cicero himself, and there shall be in the three Forums no man my match." Atestinus and Civis each conducted cases—you knew

[1] It is an excuse for not being liberal in presents: *cf.* XII. xiii.

"Si nihil hinc veniet, pangentur carmina nobis:
audieris, dices esse Maronis opus."
insanis: omnes, gelidis quicumque lacernis
sunt ibi, Nasones Vergiliosque vides.
"Atria magna colam." vix tres aut quattuor ista
res aluit, pallet cetera turba fame.
"Quid faciam? suade: nam certum est vivere Romae."
si bonus es, casu vivere, Sexte, potes.

XXXIX

Iliaco similem puerum, Faustine, ministro
lusca Lycoris amat. quam bene lusca videt!

XL

Mutua quod nobis ter quinquagena dedisti
ex opibus tantis, quas gravis arca premit,
esse tibi magnus, Telesine, videris amicus.
tu magnus, quod das? immo ego, quod recipis.

XLI

Inserta phialae Mentoris manu ducta
lacerta vivit et timetur argentum.

XLII

Lomento rugas uteri quod condere temptas,
Polla, tibi ventrem, non mihi labra linis.

[1] Jove's cupbearer Ganymede.

both—but neither made his full rent. "If nothing comes from this source, I will compose poems; hear them, you will call them Maro's work." You are crazy; in all those fellows there with their chill mantles you see Nasos and Virgils. "I will court the halls of great men." Barely three or four has that procedure supported; all the rest of the crowd are pale with hunger. "What shall I do? Advise me, for I am bent on living in Rome." If you are a good man you may live, Sextus, by accident.

XXXIX

One-eyed Lycoris loves a youth like to the cup-bearer from Ilium.[1] How well the one-eyed sees!

XL

Because you made me a loan of one hundred and fifty thousand sesterces out of all the wealth on which your heavy money-chest shuts tight, you fancy yourself, Telesinus, a great friend. You a great friend because you give? I, rather, because you get back.

XLI

Set on the bowl, portrayed by Mentor's[2] hand the lizard lives; and we fear to touch the silver.[3]

XLII

You try to conceal your wrinkles by the use of bean-meal, but you plaster your skin, Polla, not my

[2] A celebrated artist in relief of some centuries before.
[3] *cf.* III. XXXV. on a similar subject.

simpliciter pateat vitium fortasse pusillum :
quod tegitur, maius creditur esse malum.

XLIII

Mentiris iuvenem tinctis, Laetine, capillis,
tam subito corvus, qui modo cycnus eras.
non omnes fallis ; scit te Proserpina canum :
personam capiti detrahet illa tuo.

XLIV

Occurrit tibi nemo quod libenter,
quod, quacumque venis, fuga est et ingens
circa te, Ligurine, solitudo,
quid sit, scire cupis ? nimis poeta es.
hoc valde vitium periculosum est.
non tigris catulis citata raptis,
non dipsas medio perusta sole,
nec sic scorpios inprobus timetur.
nam tantos, rogo, quis ferat labores ?
et stanti legis et legis sedenti,
currenti legis et legis cacanti.
in thermas fugio : sonas ad aurem.
piscinam peto : non licet natare.
ad cenam propero : tenes euntem.
ad cenam venio : fugas edentem.
lassus dormio : suscitas iacentem.
vis, quantum facias mali, videre ?
vir iustus probus innocens timeris.

[1] To "plaster the face" (*os sublinere*) meant to deceive : Plaut. *Merc.* II. iv. 17, *et passim.* The idea was taken from

lips.[1] Let a blemish, which perhaps is small, simply show. The flaw which is hidden is deemed greater than it is.

XLIII

You falsely ape youth, Laetinus, with dyed hair, so suddenly a raven who were but now a swan. You don't deceive all; Proserpine[2] knows you are hoary: she shall pluck the mask from off your head.

XLIV

That no man willingly meets you, that, wherever you arrive, there is flight and vast solitude around you, Ligurinus, do you want to know what is the matter? You are too much of a poet. This is a fault passing dangerous. No tigress roused by the robbery of her cubs, no viper scorched by tropic suns, nor deadly scorpion is so dreaded. For who, I ask you, would endure such trials? You read to me while I am standing, and read to me when I am sitting; while I am running you read to me, and read to me while I am using a jakes. I fly to the warm baths: you buzz in my ear; I make for the swimming bath: I am not allowed to swim; I haste to dinner: you detain me as I go; I reach the table: you rout me while I am eating. Wearied out, I sleep: you rouse me up as I lie. Do you want to appreciate the evil you cause? Though you are a man just, upright, and harmless, you are a terror.

[1] the practical joke of blackening the face of a drunken man.

[2] Queen of the shades below.

XLV

Fugerit an Phoebus mensas cenamque Thyestae
ignoro: fugimus nos, Ligurine, tuam.
illa quidem lauta est dapibusque instructa superbis,
sed nihil omnino te recitante placet.
nolo mihi ponas rhombos mullumve bilibrem
nec volo boletos, ostrea nolo: tace.

XLVI

Exigis a nobis operam sine fine togatam:
non eo, libertum sed tibi mitto meum.
"Non est" inquis "idem." multo plus esse probabo.
vix ego lecticam subsequar, ille feret.
in turbam incideris, cunctos umbone repellet:
invalidum est nobis ingenuumque latus.
quidlibet in causa narraveris, ipse tacebo:
at tibi tergeminum mugiet ille sophos.
lis erit, ingenti faciet convicia voce:
esse pudor vetuit fortia verba mihi.
"Ergo nihil nobis" inquis "praestabis amicus?"
quidquid libertus, Candide, non poterit.

XLVII

Capena grandi porta qua pluit gutta
Phrygiumque Matris Almo qua lavat ferrum,
Horatiorum qua viret sacer campus
et qua pusilli fervet Herculis fanum,

[1] Atreus, king of Argos, in revenge for an injury, served up to his brother Thyestes the bodies of T.'s two sons, which T. unknowingly ate. The Sun is said to have veiled his face in horror: *cf.* x. iv. 1.

XLV

WHETHER Phoebus fled from the table and banquet of Thyestes[1] I don't know: we fly from yours, Ligurinus. It is undoubtedly choice, and laid out with rich viands, but nothing at all pleases us while you recite. I don't want you to serve me turbots, or a two-pound mullet, nor do I want mushrooms, oysters I do not want: hold your tongue!

XLVI

You exact from me gowned service without end; I don't attend, but I despatch to you my freedman. "It isn't the same thing," you say. I will prove it is much more: I could hardly escort a litter, he will carry it. Supposing you get into a crowd, he will thrust them all back with his elbow; my flanks are weak, and a gentleman's. Supposing you tell a story in your pleading, I myself will hold my peace; but he will bellow for you a thrice-redoubled "Bravo!" If you have a lawsuit he will pour abuse in stentorian tones; shyness has forbidden me strong language. "So you, though a friend, will give me no service?" you say. Whatever, Candidus,[2] my freedman cannot.

XLVII

WHERE the Capene Gate drips with heavy drops, and where Almo washes the Phrygian Mother's knife,[3] where the plain, hallowed by the Horatii, is green, and where the temple of the little Hercules

[2] Addressed also in II. xliii. and III. xxvi.

[3] The priests of Cybele annually washed the statue of the Goddess, and the sacred implements, in the Almo: Ov. *Fast.* iv. 339.

Faustine, plena Bassus ibat in raeda,
omnis beati copias trahens ruris.
illic videres frutice nobili caules
et utrumque porrum sessilesque lactucas
pigroque ventri non inutiles betas;
illic coronam pinguibus gravem turdis
leporemque laesum Gallici canis dente
nondumque victa lacteum faba porcum.
nec feriatus ibat ante carrucam
sed tuta faeno cursor ova portabat.
urbem petebat Bassus? immo rus ibat.

XLVIII

Pauperis extruxit cellam, sed vendidit Olus
praedia: nunc cellam pauperis Olus habet.

XLIX

Veientana mihi misces, ubi Massica potas:
olfacere haec malo pocula quam bibere.

L

Haec tibi, non alia, est ad cenam causa vocandi,
versiculos recites ut, Ligurine, tuos.
deposui soleas, adfertur protinus ingens
inter lactucas oxygarumque liber:
alter perlegitur, dum fercula prima morantur:
tertius est, nec adhuc mensa secunda venit:

[1] And so had to carry his supplies with him, for his country villa produced nothing: *cf.* III. lviii. 49.

[2] He has become poor in earnest. "A poor man's box" was ordinarily a modest apartment in rich men's houses,

is thronged, Bassus was riding, Faustinus, in a travelling carriage crammed full, dragging with him all the abundance of the rich country. There might you see cabbages with noble heads, and each kind of leek, and squat lettuces, and beets not unserviceable to a sluggish stomach; there a hoop heavy with fat fieldfares, and a hare that had been wounded by the fang of a Gallic hound, and a sucking-pig too young to munch beans. Nor was the runner taking holiday; he went before the vehicle carrying eggs protected by straw. Was Bassus making for the city? On the contrary: he was going into the country.[1]

XLVIII

Olus built "a poor man's box," but sold his lands. Now Olus occupies a "poor man's box."[2]

XLIX

You mix Veientan wine[3] for me, whereas you drink Massic. I would rather smell these cups of mine than drink them.

L

This, no other, is your reason for inviting me to dine, that you may recite your verses, Ligurinus. I have put off my shoes; at once a huge volume is brought along with the lettuce and the fish sauce. A second is read through while the first course stands waiting; there is a third, and the dessert

constructed either for variety, or to be used on unceremonious occasions: Sen. *Ep.* xviii. and c. Sen. associates it with "quidquid est per quod luxuria divitiarum taedio ludit."

[3] Poor wine: *cf.* I. ciii. 9. Massic was one of the finest.

et quartum recitas et quintum denique librum.
putidus est, totiens si mihi ponis aprum.
quod si non scombris scelerata poemata donas,
cenabis solus iam, Ligurine, domi.

LI

Cum faciem laudo, cum miror crura manusque,
dicere, Galla, soles "Nuda placebo magis,"
et semper vitas communia balnea nobis.
numquid, Galla, times ne tibi non placeam?

LII

Empta domus fuerat tibi, Tongiliane, ducentis:
abstulit hanc nimium casus in urbe frequens.
conlatum est deciens. rogo, non potes ipse videri
incendisse tuam, Tongiliane, domum?

LIII

Et voltu poteram tuo carere
et collo manibusque cruribusque
et mammis natibusque clunibusque,
et, ne singula persequi laborem,
tota te poteram, Chloe, carere.

LIV

Cum dare non possim quod poscis, Galla, rogantem,
multo simplicius, Galla, negare potes.

does not yet appear; and you recite a fourth, and finally a fifth book. Sickening is a boar if you serve it to me so often. If you don't consign your accursed poems to the mackerel,[1] in future, Ligurinus, you shall dine at home alone.

LI

When I compliment your face, when I admire your legs and hands, you are accustomed to say, Galla: "Naked I shall please you more," and yet you continually avoid taking a bath with me. Surely you are not afraid, Galla, that I shall not please you?

LII

You had bought a house, Tongilianus, for two hundred thousand sesterces: an accident too common in the city destroyed it. A million was subscribed. I ask you, are you not open to the suspicion, Tongilianus, of having yourself set fire to your house?[2]

LIII

I could dispense with your face, and neck, and hands, and legs, and bosom, and back, and hips. And—not to labour details—I could dispense with the whole of you, Chloe.

LIV

As I cannot give the price, Galla, you demand of your suitor, you may more simply, Galla, say "No" outright.

[1] *cf.* IV. lxxxvi. 8. [2] *cf.* Juv. iii. 220.

LV

Quod quacumque venis Cosmum migrare putamus
et fluere excusso cinnama fusa vitro,
nolo peregrinis placeas tibi, Gellia, nugis.
scis, puto, posse meum sic bene olere canem.

LVI

Sit cisterna mihi quam vinea malo Ravennae,
cum possim multo vendere pluris aquam.

LVII

Callidus inposuit nuper mihi copo Ravennae :
cum peterem mixtum, vendidit ille merum.

LVIII

Baiana nostri villa, Basse, Faustini
non otiosis ordinata myrtetis
viduaque platano tonsilique buxeto
ingrata lati spatia detinet campi,
sed rure vero barbaroque laetatur.
hic farta premitur angulo Ceres omni
et multa fragrat testa senibus autumnis ;
hic post Novembres imminente iam bruma
seras putator horridus refert uvas.
truces in alta valle mugiunt tauri
vitulusque inermi fronte prurit in pugnam.
vagatur omnis turba sordidae chortis,

[1] A perfumer of the period.
[2] R. suffered from lack of water.
[3] *cf.* note to last epigram.

LV

WHEREVER you come we fancy Cosmus[1] is on the move, and that oil of cinnamon flows streaming from a shaken out glass bottle. I would not have you, Gellia, pride yourself upon alien trumpery. You know, I think, my dog can smell sweet in the same way.

LVI

I PREFER a cistern at Ravenna to a vineyard, seeing that I can get a much better price for water.[2]

LVII

A CUNNING taverner imposed on me lately at Ravenna. Whereas I asked for negus, he sold me wine neat.[3]

LVIII

THE Baian villa, Bassus, of our friend Faustinus keeps unfruitful no spaces of wide field laid out in idle myrtle-beds, and with widowed planes and clipped clumps of box, but rejoices in a farm, honest and artless.[4] Here in every corner corn is tightly packed, and many a crock is fragrant of ancient autumns. Here, when November is past, and winter is now at hand, the unkempt pruner brings home late grapes. Fiercely in the deep valley roar bulls, and the steer with brow unhorned itches for the fray. All the crowd of the untidy poultry-yard wanders here and there, the shrill-cackling goose, and the

[4] Friedländer takes *barbaro* as "uncultivated." But this is inconsistent with what follows. The whole epigram is a comparison between Faustinus' uncivilised farm and Bassus' artificial and unfruitful villa.

argutus anser gemmeique pavones
nomenque debet quae rubentibus pinnis
et picta perdix Numidicaeque guttatae
et impiorum phasiana Colchorum ;
Rhodias superbi feminas premunt galli ;
sonantque turres plausibus columbarum,
gemit hinc palumbus, inde cereus turtur.
avidi secuntur vilicae sinum porci
matremque plenam mollis agnus expectat.
cingunt serenum lactei focum vernae
et larga festos lucet ad lares silva.
non segnis albo pallet otio copo,
nec perdit oleum lubricus palaestrita ;
sed tendit avidis rete subdolum turdis
tremulave captum linea trahit piscem
aut impeditam cassibus refert dammam.
exercet hilares facilis hortus urbanos,
et paedagogo non iubente lascivi
parere gaudent vilico capillati,
et delicatus opere fruitur eunuchus.
nec venit inanis rusticus salutator :
fert ille ceris cana cum suis mella
metamque lactis Sassinate de silva ;
somniculosos ille porrigit glires,
hic vagientem matris hispidae fetum,
alius coactos non amare capones.
et dona matrum vimine offerunt texto
grandes proborum virgines colonorum.
facto vocatur laetus opere vicinus ;
nec avara servat crastinas dapes mensa,
vescuntur omnes ebrioque non novit
satur minister invidere convivae.
at tu sub urbe possides famem mundam
et turre ab alta prospicis meras laurus,

spangled peacocks, and the bird that owes its name to its flaming plumes,[1] and the painted partridge, and speckled guinea-fowls, and the impious[2] Colchians' pheasant. Proud cocks tread their Rhodian dames, and cotes are loud with the pigeons' croon; on this side moans the ringdove, on that the glossy turtle. Greedily pigs follow the apron of the bailiff's wife, and the tender lamb waits for its dam's full udder. Infant home-born slaves ring the clear-burning hearth, and thickly piled billets gleam before the household gods on holidays. The wine seller[3] does not idly sicken with pale-faced ease, nor the anointed wrestling-master make waste of oil, but he stretches a crafty net for greedy fieldfares, or with tremulous line draws up the captured fish, or brings home the doe entangled in his nets. The kindly garden keeps the town slaves cheerfully busy, and, without the overseer's order, even the wanton long-curled pages gladly obey the bailiff; even the delicate eunuch delights in work. Nor does the country visitor come empty handed: that one brings pale honey in its comb, and a pyramid of cheese from Sassina's woodland; that one offers sleepy dormice; this one the bleating offspring of a shaggy mother; another capons debarred from love. And the strapping daughters of honest farmers offer in a wicker basket their mother's gifts. When work is done a cheerful neighbour is asked to dine; no niggard table reserves a feast for the morrow; all take the meal, and the full-fed attendant need not envy the well-drunken guest. But you in the suburbs possess what is elegant starvation, and from your high tower survey

[1] Phoenicopterus, or flamingo.

[2] An allusion to Medea's sorceries.

[3] The slaves mentioned are employed in town for profit or luxury; in the country they have healthy exercise.

furem Priapo non timente securus
et vinitorem farre pascis urbano
pictamque portas otiosus ad villam
holus, ova, pullos, poma, caseum, mustum.
rus hoc vocari debet, an domus longe?

LIX

Sutor cerdo dedit tibi, culta Bononia, munus,
fullo dedit Mutinae: nunc ubi copo dabit?

LX

Cum vocer ad cenam non iam venalis ut ante,
cur mihi non eadem quae tibi cena datur?
ostrea tu sumis stagno saturata Lucrino,
sugitur inciso mitulus ore mihi:
sunt tibi boleti, fungos ego sumo suillos:
res tibi cum rhombo est, at mihi cum sparulo.
aureus immodicis turtur te clunibus implet,
ponitur in cavea mortua pica mihi.
cur sine te ceno cum tecum, Pontice, cenem?
sportula quod non est prosit. edamus idem.

LXI

Esse nihil dicis quidquid petis, inprobe Cinna:
si nil, Cinna, petis, nil tibi, Cinna, nego.

---

[1] *cf.* III. xlvii. [2] *cf.* III. xvi.

laurels alone; you are not nervous, for your Priapus fears no thief; and your vine-dresser you feed on corn brought from town, and indolently cart to your frescoed villa cabbages, eggs, fowls, apples, cheese, must.[1] Ought this to be called a farm, or a town-house away from town?

LIX

A cobbler gave you a show,[2] lettered Bononia, a bleacher gave one to Mutina. Now where will the taverner give one?

LX

Since I am asked to dinner, no longer, as before, a purchased guest,[3] why is not the same dinner served to me as to you? You take oysters fattened in the Lucrine lake,[4] I suck a mussel through a hole in the shell;[5] you get mushrooms, I take hog funguses; you tackle turbot, but I brill. Golden with fat, a turtle-dove gorges you with its bloated rump; there is set before me a magpie that has died in its cage. Why do I dine without you although, Ponticus, I am dining with you? The dole has gone: let us have the benefit of that; let us eat the same fare.

LXI

"'Tis nothing," you say, whatever you ask, importunate Cinna. If you ask "nothing," Cinna, nothing I deny you, Cinna.

[3] The money dole having been abolished: *cf.* III. vii.
[4] Its waters imparted a flavour to oysters: *cf.* XIII. lxxxii.
[5] Or (perhaps) "with lips cut by the shell."

LXII

Centenis quod emis pueros et saepe ducenis,
quod sub rege Numa condita vina bibis,
quod constat decies tibi non spatiosa supellex,
libra quod argenti milia quinque rapit,
aurea quod fundi pretio carruca paratur,
quod pluris mula est quam domus empta tibi:
haec animo credis magno te, Quinte, parare?
falleris: haec animus, Quinte, pusillus emit.

LXIII

Cotile, bellus homo es: dicunt hoc, Cotile, multi.
audio: sed quid sit, dic mihi, bellus homo?
"Bellus homo est, flexos qui digerit ordine crines,
balsama qui semper, cinnama semper olet;
cantica qui Nili, qui Gaditana susurrat,
qui movet in varios bracchia volsa modos;
inter femineas tota qui luce cathedras
desidet atque aliqua semper in aure sonat,
qui legit hinc illinc missas scribitque tabellas;
pallia vicini qui refugit cubiti;
qui scit quam quis amet, qui per convivia currit,
Hirpini veteres qui bene novit avos."
quid narras? hoc est, hoc est homo, Cotile, bellus?
res pertricosa est, Cotile, bellus homo.

LXII

You buy slaves for a hundred thousand, and often
two hundred thousand sesterces apiece; you drink
es laid down in King Numa's reign; no vast
ount of furniture stands you in a million; a
nd of silver plate runs off with five thousand;
lt coach is acquired at the price of a farm; you
a mule for more than a town mansion. Do you
ık, Quintus, that you acquire these things be-
se you have a great mind? You are deceived.
ese are what a puny mind buys, Quintus.

LXIII

Cotilus, you are "a pretty fellow": many call you
Cotilus; I hear them. But, tell me, what is a
tty fellow? "A pretty fellow is one who arranges
tly his curled locks, who continually smells of
am, continually of cinnamon; who hums catches
n the Nile and Gades; who waves his depilated
s in time to varied measures; who all the day
s amid the women's chairs, and is ever whispering
ome ear; who reads billets sent from one quarter
nother, and writes them; who shrinks from con-
with the cloak on his neighbour's elbow;[1] who
ws who is the lover of whom; who hurries from
party to another; who has at his fingers' ends
long pedigree of Hirpinus."[2] What do you
? Is this thing, Cotilus, this thing a pretty
ow? A very trumpery thing, Cotilus, is your
tty fellow.

[1] For fear it should soil or disarrange his dress: *cf.* II. 10. [2] A racehorse: Juv. viii. 62.

LXIV

Sirenas hilarem navigantium poenam
blandasque mortes gaudiumque crudele,
quas nemo quondam deserebat auditas,
fallax Ulixes dicitur reliquisse.
non miror: illud, Cassiane, mirarer,
si fabulantem Canium reliquisset.

LXV

Quod spirat tenera malum mordente puella,
quod de Corycio quae venit aura croco;
vinea quod primis cum floret cana racemis,
gramina quod redolent, quae modo carpsit ovis;
quod myrtus, quod messor Arabs, quod sucina trita,
pallidus Eoo ture quod ignis olet;
gleba quod aestivo leviter cum spargitur imbre,
quod madidas nardo passa corona comas:
hoc tua, saeve puer Diadumene, basia fragrant.
quid si tota dares illa sine invidia?

LXVI

Par scelus admisit Phariis Antonius armis:
abscidit voltus ensis uterque sacros.
illud, laurigeros ageres cum laeta triumphos,
hoc tibi, Roma, caput, cum loquereris, erat.
Antoni tamen est peior quam causa Pothini:
hic facinus domino praestitit, ille sibi.

---

[1] *cf.* III. XX. 8.

[2] Antony, the Triumvir, was the murderer of Cicer
Pothinus, the eunuch of Ptolemy, king of Egypt, of Pompe

LXIV

HE sirens, who brought on mariners jocund
ishment, and alluring death, and cruel delight,
n whom, when their song was heard, no man
d of old rescue himself, the wily Ulixes is said
ave escaped. I don't wonder; that I should
der at, Cassianus,—if he had escaped from
ius[1] and his anecdotes.

LXV

REATH of a young maid as she bites an apple;
ence that comes from Corycian saffron; perfume
as when the blossoming vine blooms with early
ters; the scent of grass which a sheep has
cropped; the odour of myrtle, of the Arab
e-gatherer, of rubbed amber; of a fire made
d with Eastern frankincense; of the earth when
tly sprinkled with summer rain, of a chaplet
has felt locks dewy with nard; with all these,
dumenus, cruel boy, thy kisses are fragrant.
t if thou wouldst give those kisses in fulness
out grudging?

LXVI

CRIME equal to that of Egypt's armed hand
onius wrought; this steel and that destroyed a
ed life.[2] That head, O Rome, was thine when
didst with joy lead on thy laurelled triumphs;
was thine when thou wert speaking.[3] Yet could
onius plead worse excuse than Pothinus: he by
leed served his master, Antonius himself.

[2] The pun on "head" is not happy. Cicero and Pompey both decapitated.

LXVII

Cessatis, pueri, nihilque nostis,
Vaterno Rasinaque pigriores,
quorum per vada tarda navigantes
lentos tinguitis ad celeuma remos.
iam prono Phaethonte sudat Aethon
exarsitque dies et hora lassos
interiungit equos meridiana.
at vos, tam placidas vagi per undas
tuta luditis otium carina,
non nautas puto vos, sed Argonautas.

LXVIII

Huc est usque tibi scriptus, matrona, libellus.
cui sint scripta rogas interiora? mihi.
gymnasium, thermae, stadium est hac parte: reced
exuimur: nudos parce videre viros.
hinc iam deposito post vina rosasque pudore,
quid dicat nescit saucia Terpsichore:
schemate nec dubio sed aperte nominat illam
quam recipit sexto mense superba Venus,
custodem medio statuit quam vilicus horto,
opposita spectat quam proba virgo manu.
si bene te novi, longum iam lassa libellum
ponebas, totum nunc studiosa legis.

---

[1] One of the horses of the Sun.

[2] *Argonautas*, which may be interpreted "Argonaut
or "lazy sailors" (*ἀργοὺς ναύτας*).

[3] The muse of dancing.

LXVII

Slack are ye, O youths, and no watermen, more sluggish than Vaternus and Rasina, along whose slow shallows ye float, and dip lazy oars in time to the boatswain's call. Already, while Phaethon slopes downwards, Aethon[1] sweats, and the day has burst in flame, and the noontide hour unyokes weary steeds. But you, straying along waves so placid, play in idleness on a safe keel. Not tars do I hold you, but tarriers.[2]

LXVIII

Thus far, O matron, my book has been written for you. Do you ask for whom were writ the later parts? For me. A gymnasium, warm baths, a running ground are in this part of the book; depart, we are stripping; forbear to look on naked men. From this point Terpsichore,[3] overcome with liquor, after the wine and the roses lays aside shame and knows not what she says, and in no ambiguous trope, but in plain speech, mentions that symbol which Venus proudly welcomes in the sixth month,[4] which the bailiff sets up as warder in the midst of the garden, which a modest virgin looks at with hand before her face. If I know you well, you were laying down my long book, already wearied; now you are eagerly reading it all.

[4] An image of Priapus was carried in procession by Roman matrons to the Temple of Venus Erycina, outside the Colline Gate in the N.E. of Rome. This was part of the rites of Isis.

LXIX

Omnia quod scribis castis epigrammata verbis
inque tuis nulla est mentula carminibus,
admiror, laudo; nihil est te sanctius uno:
at mea luxuria pagina nulla vacat.
haec igitur nequam iuvenes facilesque puellae,
haec senior, sed quem torquet amica, legat.
at tua, Cosconi, venerandaque sanctaque verba
a pueris debent virginibusque legi.

LXX

Moechus es Aufidiae, qui vir, Scaevine, fuisti;
rivalis fuerat qui tuus, ille vir est.
cur aliena placet tibi, quae tua non placet, uxor?
numquid securus non potes arrigere?

LXXI

Mentula cum doleat puero, tibi, Naevole, culus,
non sum divinus, sed scio quid facias.

LXXII

Vis futui nec vis mecum, Saufeia, lavari.
nescio quod magnum suspicor esse nefas.
aut tibi pannosae dependent pectore mammae
aut sulcos uteri prodere nuda times

LXIX

Because you write all your epigrams in decent language, and in your poems no obscenity is found, I admire, I applaud; nothing is more chaste than you of all men; but no page of mine is without wantonness. These then let naughty youths and girls of easy virtue read, these any old sire, and he too one whom his mistress tortures. But your language, Cosconius, worthy of respect and chaste as it is, should be read by boys and virgins.[1]

LXX

You are the paramour of Aufidia, and you were, Scaevinus, her husband;[2] he who was your rival is her husband. Why does another man's wife please you when she as your own does not please you? Is it that when secure you lack appetite?

LXXI

Seeing that the boy is sore, and you too, Naevolus, though I am no diviner, I know what you are up to.

LXXII

You wish to have an amour with me, and yet you do not wish, Saufeia, to bathe with me; I suspect that some monstrous blemish is in question. Either your dugs hang in wrinkles from your bosom, or you fear by nakedness to betray the furrows in your

[1] The epigram is ironical. C.'s milk-and-water stuff is fit only for boys and girls. [2] S. had divorced A.

aut infinito lacerum patet inguen hiatu
aut aliquid cunni prominet ore tui.
sed nihil est horum, credo, pulcherrima nuda es.
si verum est, vitium peius habes: fatua es.

LXXIII

Dormis cum pueris mutuniatis,
et non stat tibi, Galle, quod stat illis.
quid vis me, rogo, Phoebe, suspicari?
mollem credere te virum volebam,
sed rumor negat esse te cinaedum.

LXXIV

Psilothro faciem levas et dropace calvam.
numquid tonsorem, Gargiliane, times?
quid facient ungues? nam certe non potes illos
resina Veneto nec resecare luto.
desine, si pudor est, miseram traducere calvam:
hoc fieri cunno, Gargiliane, solet.

LXXV

Stare, Luperce, tibi iam pridem mentula desit,
luctaris demens tu tamen arrigere.
sed nihil erucae faciunt bulbique salaces
inproba nec prosunt iam satureia tibi.
coepisti puras opibus corrumpere buccas:
sic quoque non vivit sollicitata Venus.
mirari satis hoc quisquam vel credere possit,
quod non stat, magno stare, Luperce, tibi?

belly, or your person is lacerated and used up, or you have a protuberance somewhere. But there is nothing such, I am sure; naked you are most beautiful. But if there really is anything, you have a worse defect: you are stupid.

LXXIII

Tu dormi con giovani membruti, e non ti sta, O Gallo, quel che sta a loro. Che vuoi, dimmi, O Febo, ch'io ne sospetti? Volevo crederti un cinedo: ma quel che si dice non è che sti un cinedo.

LXXIV

With salve you smooth your cheeks, and with hair-eradicator your bald pate: surely you are not afraid, Gargilianus, of a barber?[1] How will your nails fare? for those at least you cannot trim with resin or Venetian clay. Give over, if you have any shame, making a sight of your wretched bald pate: this is wont to be done by women elsewhere, Gargilianus.

LXXV

Gia da lungo tempo, O Luperco, il tuo membro cessa stare, tuttavia tu arrabiato ti sforzi arrigere. Ma nulla fanno le rughe, e gli incitevoli bolbi, ne tampoco ti giova la oltre modo lasciva satureia. Tentasti corrompere con ricchezze le innocenti bocche. Venere sollecitata cosi non ha vigore. Nessuno c'è che possa ciò bastantemente ammirare o credere, che ciò che non ti consta, tanto, O Luperco, ti costi.

[1] Like Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, who, fearing assassination, would not allow himself to be shaved, but burned his hair off with lighted charcoal: Cic. *De Off.* II. vii. 25.

LXXVI

Arrigis ad vetulas, fastidis, Basse, puellas,
nec formosa tibi sed moritura placet.
hic, rogo, non furor est, non haec est mentula demens?
cum possis Hecaben, non potes Andromachen!

LXXVII

Nec mullus nec te delectat, Baetice, turdus,
nec lepus est umquam nec tibi gratus aper;
nec te liba iuvant nec sectae quadra placentae,
nec Libye mittit nec tibi Phasis aves:
capparin et putri cepas allece natantis
et pulpam dubio de petasone voras,
teque iuvant gerres et pelle melandrya cana;
resinata bibis vina, Falerna fugis.
nescio quod stomachi vitium secretius esse
suspicor: ut quid enim, Baetice, σαπροφαγεῖς?

LXXVIII

Minxisti currente semel, Pauline, carina.
meiere vis iterum? iam Palinurus eris.

LXXIX

Rem peragit nullam Sertorius, inchoat omnes.
hunc ego, cum futuit, non puto perficere.

---

[1] The inferior parts of tunny salted, and called "heart of oak" from its appearance: Plin. *N.H.* ix. 18.

[2] Caused by lascivious practices: *cf.* III. lxxxi.

LXXVI

You are ardent for old women, you show disgust, Bassus, for girls; it is not the beautiful, but the moribund attracts you. Is not this, I ask, frenzy, is not this amorous madness? Although you can woo Hecuba, Andromache you cannot!

LXXVII

Nor mullet nor fieldfare gratifies you, Baeticus, nor is hare or boar ever palatable to you. Nor do rolls please you, nor a square of scored cake, nor does Libya or Phasis send you her birds. You devour capers, and onions floating in stale fish-pickle, and the lean from a dubious ham; and sprats salted please you, and heart-of-oak tunny[1] with white skin; you drink resined wine, avoid Falernian. Your stomach has some secret failing I suspect;[2] for why, Baeticus, do you feed on carrion?

LXXVIII

You made water on one occasion, Paulinus, while the ship was on her course. Do you wish to exude a second time? At once you will be a Palinurus.[3]

LXXIX

There is no undertaking which Sertorius completes: he begins all. This fellow, I fancy, does not in his amours achieve accomplishment.

[3] Palinurus was the helmsman of Aeneas. The word *παλίνουρος* may also be translated "one who makes water again." For a similar pun on Argonauts, *cf.* III. lxvii.

LXXX

De nullo quereris, nulli maledicis, Apici:
rumor ait linguae te tamen esse malae.

LXXXI

Quid cum femineo tibi, Baetice Galle, barathro?
haec debet medios lambere lingua viros.
abscisa est quare Samia tibi mentula testa,
si tibi tam gratus, Baetice, cunnus erat?
castrandum caput est: nam sis licet inguine Gallus,
sacra tamen Cybeles decipis: ore vir es.

LXXXII

Conviva quisquis Zoili potest esse,
Summoenianas cenet inter uxores
curtaque Ledae sobrius bibat testa:
hoc esse levius puriusque contendo.
iacet occupato galbinatus in lecto
cubitisque trudit hinc et inde convivas
effultus ostro Sericisque pulvillis.
stat exoletus suggeritque ructanti
pinnas rubentes cuspidesque lentisci,
et aestuanti tenue ventilat frigus
supina prasino concubina flabello,
fugatque muscas myrtea puer virga.
percurrit agili corpus arte tractatrix
manumque doctam spargit omnibus membris;
digiti crepantis signa novit eunuchus
et delicatae sciscitator urinae

---

[1] *Sensu obsceno.*
[2] Prostitutes: *cf.* I. xxxiv. 6; XII. xxxii. 22.

LXXX

You complain of no man, no man you slander, Apicius; yet rumour asserts that you are one of evil tongue.[1]

LXXXI

Che affari hai tu, O Betico Gallo, col femineo baratro? Questa tua lingua è fatta per lambire a mezzo gli uomini. A che motivo la mentola fu a te con Samia tegola recisa, se a te, O Betico, si grato era il c—o? Il tuo capo merita esser castrato: imperocche, quantunque sii Gallo nelle pudenda, tuttavia inganni i sacrifici di Cibele: sei uomo nella bocca.

LXXXII

Whoever can endure to be the guest of Zoilus should dine among the wives by the Walls,[2] and drink, though sober, out of Leda's broken jar; this is a lighter and more decent thing, I maintain. Garbed in green[3] he lies on a couch he alone fills, and with his elbows thrusts off his guests on either side, propped up as he is on purple and on silken cushions. There stands a catamite by him and offers his belching throat red feathers, and slips of mastick,[4] and a concubine, lying on her back, with a green fan stirs a gentle breeze to cool his heat, and a boy flaps away the flies with a sprig of myrtle. With her nimble art a shampooer runs over his body, and spreads her skilled hand over all his limbs. A eunuch knows the signal of a snapped finger, and, being the inquisitor of that fastidious water, guides his boozy

[3] A mark of effeminacy: *cf.* I. xcvi. 9.
[4] Toothpicks: *cf.* XIV. xxii.

domini bibentis ebrium regit penem.
at ipse retro flexus ad pedum turbam
inter catellas anserum exta lambentis
partitur apri glandulas palaestritis
et concubino turturum natis donat;
Ligurumque nobis saxa cum ministrentur
vel cocta fumis musta Massilitanis,
Opimianum morionibus nectar
crystallinisque murrinisque propinat.
et Cosmianis ipse fusus ampullis
non erubescit murice aureo nobis
dividere moechae pauperis capillare.
septunce multo deinde perditus stertit:
nos accubamus et silentium rhonchis
praestare iussi nutibus propinamus.
hos Malchionis patimur inprobi fastus,
nec vindicari, Rufe, possumus: fellat.

LXXXIII

Ut faciam breviora mones epigrammata, Corde.
"fac mihi quod Chione": non potui brevius.

LXXXIV

Quid narrat tua moecha? non puellam
dixi, Gongylion. quid ergo? linguam.

LXXXV

Quis tibi persuasit naris abscidere moecho?
non hac peccatum est parte, marite, tibi.

[1] And so bad: *cf.* x. xxxvi. [2] *cf.* iii. lv.

master's drunken person. But he himself, bending back to the crowd at his feet, in the midst of his lapdogs who are gnawing goose's livers portions among his wrestlers the kernel of a boar, and gives his concubine the rumps of turtledoves. And, while to us is supplied wine from Ligurian rocks, or must ripened in Massylian smoke,[1] he pledges his naturals in Opimian nectar from crystal and murrine cups. And, though he himself is drenched with all the scent-bottles of Cosmus,[2] he does not blush to parcel out to us in a gold shell a starving whore's pomatum. Then after many a half-pint he is done up and snores; we lie there, and being ordered to compliment his snorts with silence, drink our pledges by nods. This is the insolence of unconscionable Malchio[3] which we endure, and cannot avenge ourselves, Rufus: he is a ——

LXXXIII

You advise me to make my epigrams shorter, Cordus. "Do me what Chione does":[4] I could not put it shorter.

LXXXIV

What does yon drab say? I did not mean your mistress, Gongylion. What then? Your tongue.

LXXXV

Who induced you to cut off the adulterer's nose? It was not by this part, husband, you were sinned

[3] From *μαλακός* (effeminate).
[4] *cf.* III. lxxxvii. and xcvii.

stulte, quid egisti? nihil hic tibi perdidit uxor,
cum sit salva tui mentula Deiphobi.

LXXXVI

Ne legeres partem lascivi, casta, libelli,
praedixi et monui: tu tamen, ecce, legis.
sed si Panniculum spectas et, casta, Latinum,
(non sunt haec minis inprobiora,) lege.

LXXXVII

Narrat te, Chione, rumor numquam esse fututam
atque nihil cunno purius esse tuo.
tecta tamen non hac, qua debes, parte lavaris:
si pudor est, transfer subligar in faciem.

LXXXVIII

Sunt gemini fratres, diversa sed inguina lingunt.
dicite, dissimiles sunt magis an similes?

LXXXIX

Utere lactucis et mollibus utere malvis:
nam faciem durum, Phoebe, cacantis habes.

[1] Son of Priam, and husband, after Paris, of Helen. Menelaus, her first husband, mutilated him: *cf.* Virg. *Aen.* vi. 494.

against. You fool, what have you done? Your wife has lost nothing in this quarter, seeing the organ of your Deiphobus[1] is safe and sound.

LXXXVI

"Don't read part of my wanton volume, chaste madam," I told you before and warned you:[2] and yet, behold! you read it. However, if you look on Panniculus; and if, chaste madam, you look on Latinus —these writings of mine are not worse than mimes— read on.

LXXXVII

Rumour reports that you, Chione, have never had amours with men, and that nothing is purer than your person. Yet you bathe covered, but not in your appropriate part; if you have any modesty, shift your drawers to your face!

LXXXVIII

Vi sono due fratelli somigliantissimi, ma lambiscono contrarie pudenda. Dite se sieno più dissimili o simili?

LXXXIX

Take lettuces and take aperient mallows, for you have the appearance, Phoebus, of one straining at stool.[3]

[2] In III. lxviii.

[3] The same cast of countenance was ascribed to the Emperor Vespasian: Suet. *Vesp.* xx.

XC

Volt, non volt dare Galla mihi, nec dicere possum,
quod volt et non volt, quid sibi Galla velit.

XCI

Cum peteret patriae missicius arva Ravennae,
semiviro Cybeles cum grege iunxit iter.
huic comes haerebat domini fugitivus Achillas
insignis forma nequitiaque puer.
hoc steriles sensere viri: qua parte cubaret
quaerunt. sed tacitos sensit et ille dolos:
mentitur, credunt. somni post vina petuntur:
continuo ferrum noxia turba rapit
exciduntque senem spondae qui parte iacebat;
namque puer pluteo vindice tutus erat.
suppositam fama est quondam pro virgine cervam:
at nunc pro cervo mentula supposita est.

XCII

Ut patiar moechum rogat uxor, Galle, sed unum.
huic ego non oculos eruo, Galle, duos?

XCIII

Cum tibi trecenti consules, Vetustilla,
et tres capilli quattuorque sint dentes,

[1] Iphigenia's, when the latter was about to be sacrificed by her father, Agamemnon.

XC

Galla is willing and yet unwilling to favour me. And I cannot say, as she is willing and unwilling, what Galla means.

XCI

While a discharged soldier was returning to the fields of his native Ravenna, he joined on the way Cybele's sexless company. Close companion was his master's fugitive slave, Achillas, a boy renowned for beauty and for wanton ways. This those unfruitful men perceived: they ask him in what part of the bed he lay. But that boy, too, perceived the guile; he lied, they believed him. They seek their slumber after their wine; straightway that harmful throng snatch the steel and mutilate the old sire who lay in his part of the bed; for the boy was safe in the ward of the inner side. Fame hath it that of old a hind took a virgin's place;[1] but now part of a man took the place of a stag.[2]

XCII

My wife asks me, Gallus, to put up with a lover of hers, but only one.[3] Am I not then, Gallus, to gouge out this fellow's two "eyes"?[4]

XCIII

As you have seen out three hundred consuls, Vetustilla, and have three hairs and four teeth, the

[2] A runaway slave was called "a stag" because of its speed. [3] *cf.* VI. XC. [4] *i.e. testiculos.*

pectus cicadae, crus colorque formicae;
rugosiorem cum geras stola frontem
et araneorum cassibus pares mammas;
cum conparata rictibus tuis ora
Niliacus habeat corcodilus angusta,
meliusque ranae garriant Ravennates
et Atrianus dulcius culix cantet,
videasque quantum noctuae vident mane,
et illud oleas quod viri capellarum,
et anatis habeas orthopygium macrae,
senemque Cynicum vincat osseus cunnus;
cum te lucerna balneator extincta
admittat inter bustuarias moechas;
cum bruma mensem sit tibi per Augustum
regelare nec te pestilenties possit:
audes ducentas nupturire post mortes
virumque demens cineribus tuis quaeris
prurire. quid sarrire si[1] velit saxum?
quis coniugem te, quis vocabit uxorem,
Philomelus aviam quam vocaverat nuper?
quod si cadaver exiges tuum scalpi,
sternatur Orci[2] de triclinio lectus,
thalassionem qui tuum decet solus,
ustorque taedas praeferat novae nuptae:
intrare in istum sola fax potest cunnum.

XCIV

Esse negas coctum leporem poscisque flagella.
mavis, Rufe, cocum scindere quam leporem.

[1] Or *quid? sarrire quis. si satias* or *satira* codd.
[2] *Orci* Roeper, *Achori* codd.

breast of a grasshopper, the leg and complexion of an ant; as you carry a forehead more wrinkled than a woman's stole, and dugs as limp as spiders' webs; as, compared with those chaps of yours, the crocodile of Nile has narrow jaws, and Ravenna's frogs croak more agreeably, and the Atrian gnat hums more sweetly, and your vision is on a par with an owl's in the morning, and your odour is that of the husbands of she-goats, and you have the latter-end of a skinny duck, and your bony person would be too much for an old Cynic; as the bathman admits you among the tomb-frequenting whores only when he has extinguished his lamp; as winter continues for you all through the month of August, and not even a malarious fever can melt you; you venture, after having buried two hundred husbands, to yearn for marriage, and madly look for a man to itch for your burned out remnants. What, if he should wish to hoe a rock? Who will call you spouse, who wife, whom Philomelus has lately called his grandmother? But if you require your carcase to be clawed, let the marriage-bed from the dining-room of Orcus be laid out—this alone befits your nuptials—and let the corpse-cremator carry before the new bride the torches: only a funeral link can tickle those ancient sides.

XCIV

You say the hare is underdone, and call for a whip. You prefer, Rufus, cutting up your cook rather than your hare.

XCV

Numquam dicis have sed reddis. Naevole, semper,
quod prior et corvus dicere saepe solet.
cur hoc expectes a me, rogo, Naevole, dicas:
nam, puto, nec melior, Naevole, nec prior es.
praemia laudato tribuit mihi Caesar uterque
natorumque dedit iura paterna trium.
ore legor multo notumque per oppida nomen
non expectato dat mihi fama rogo.
est et in hoc aliquid: vidit me Roma tribunum
et sedeo qua te suscitat Oceanus.
quot mihi Caesareo facti sunt munere cives,
nec famulos totidem suspicor esse tibi.
sed pedicaris, sed pulchre, Naevole, ceves.
iam iam tu prior es, Naevole, vincis: have.

XCVI

Lingis, non futuis meam puellam
et garris quasi moechus et ututor.
si te prendero, Gargili, tacebis.

XCVII

Ne legat hunc Chione, mando tibi, Rufe, libellum.
carmine laesa meo est, laedere et illa potest.

---

[1] *cf.* XIV. lxxiv. and Macrob. *Sat.* VII. iv. 29: "occurrit ei (Augusto) inter gratulantes corvum tenens, quem instituerat hoc dicere: Ave Caesar Victor Imperator!" And see Pliny's account (*N.H.* x. 60) of a crow that learned to salute

XCV

You never volunteer, but always return, Naevolus, that "good day" which even a crow[1] is often wont to say the first. Why expect this of me? Tell me, Naevolus: for I fancy you are neither a better man, Naevolus, than I, nor above me. Each Caesar[2] has praised me and bestowed on me rewards, and given me the privileges of a father of three sons.[3] By many a reader am I read, and fame, without waiting for my death, gives me a name celebrated throughout the towns. There is something in this too: Rome has seen in me a tribune, and I sit in seats out of which Oceanus[4] rouses you. As many have been made citizens through me by Caesar's bounty as exceed, I suspect, even your household of slaves. But you submit to foul lust; but you, Naevolus, are a fine practitioner. Now, now I see you are my superior, Naevolus; you beat me: good day!

XCVI

Tu lingi, non immembri la mia ragazza; et ti milanti qual drudo, e qual' immembratore. Se t'acchiappo, O Gargilio, tacerai.

XCVII

Do not let Chione read this book, Rufus, I charge you. She has been hurt by my verse, and she too can hurt.[5]

the three Caesars, and was considered sacred, and honoured with a funeral procession and a pyre on the Appian Way.

[2] Titus and Domitian. [3] *cf.* II. xci. 6.

[4] The attendant of the theatre: *cf.* V. xxiii. 4; VI. ix. 2.

[5] *cf.* III. lxxxiii. and lxxxvii.

XCVIII

Sit culus tibi quam macer, requiris?
pedicare potes, Sabelle, culo.

XCIX

Irasci nostro non debes, cerdo, libello.
ars tua non vita est carmine laesa meo.
non nocuos permitte sales. cur ludere nobis
non liceat, licuit si iugulare tibi?

C

Cursorem sexta tibi, Rufe, remisimus hora,
carmina quem madidum nostra tulisse reor:
imbribus inmodicis caelum nam forte ruebat.
non aliter mitti debuit ille liber.

XCVIII

Vuoi tu sapere quanto 'l tuo orripigio sia magro?
Tu puoi, O Sabello, sodomizar con quello.

XCIX

You should not be angry, cobbler, at my book. It was your trade, not your character, that was wounded by my verse.[1] Allow harmless witticisms. Why may not I be permitted to jest, if you have been permitted to cut throats?

C

I SENT you my messenger, Rufus, at the sixth hour, and I think that he was drenched when he delivered my poems; for it chanced the sky descended with a downpour of rain. In no other way should that book of mine have been sent.[2]

[1] In III. xvi.
[2] The poems were fit only to be rubbed out.

BOOK IV

LIBER QUARTUS

I

Caesaris alma dies et luce sacratior illa
conscia Dictaeum qua tulit Ida Iovem,
longa, precor, Pylioque veni numerosior aevo,
semper et hoc voltu vel meliore nite.
hic colat Albano Tritonida multus in auro
perque manus tantas plurima quercus eat;
hic colat ingenti redeuntia saecula lustro
et quae Romuleus sacra Tarentos habet.
magna quidem, superi, petimus sed debita terris:
pro tanto quae sunt inproba vota deo?

II

Spectabat modo solus inter omnes
nigris munus Horatius lacernis,
cum plebs et minor ordo maximusque
sancto cum duce candidus sederet.
toto nix cecidit repente caelo:
albis spectat Horatius lacernis.

---

[1] Domitian's birthday, October 24, 88 A.D., when he was 37.
[2] Nestor's.
[3] Some explain of D.'s golden palace, some of the golden olive-wreath, the poet's prize at the annual contest in honour of Minerva at D.'s Alban villa. M. is deliberately vague.

BOOK IV

I

Propitious day[1] of Caesar, and more hallowed than that morn whereon consenting Ida gave birth to Jove in Dicte's cave, come thou oft, I pray, and in fuller number than the Pylian's[2] years, and ever shine with countenance such as now, or with one fairer still! May he full oft honour the Tritonian maid amid Alba's gold,[3] and through those mighty hands may many an oak-wreath pass![4] May he honour the ages as they come round in their mighty lustre,[5] and the holy festival that Romulean Tarentos keeps.[6] Great things, ye Lords of Heaven, we ask for, howbeit due to earth: for so great a god what vows are too profuse?

II

Alone among all the rest the other day, Horatius viewed the show in a black cloak, although the common people and the lower and the highest orders, together with our hallowed Chief, sat in white. From every door of heaven snow suddenly fell: it is in a white cloak now that Horatius looks on.

[4] D. founded a quinquennial contest, in honour of Jupiter Capitolinus, in music, gymnastics, etc. The prize was a gold oak-leaf crown.

[5] Every hundred and ten years nominally, when the Secular Games were held: Hor. *Carm. Saec.* 21.

[6] Sacrifices to Pluto at a spot in the Campus Martius.

III

Aspice quam densum tacitarum vellus aquarum
defluat in voltus Caesaris inque sinus.
indulget tamen ille Iovi, nec vertice moto
concretas pigro frigore ridet aquas,
sidus Hyperborei solitus lassare Bootae
et madidis Helicen dissimulare comis.
quis siccis lascivit aquis et ab aethere ludit?
suspicor has pueri Caesaris esse nives.

IV

Quod siccae redolet palus lacunae,
crudarum nebulae quod Albularum,
piscinae vetus aura quod marinae,
quod pressa piger hircus in capella,
lassi vardaicus quod evocati,
quod bis murice vellus inquinatum,
quod ieiunia sabbatariarum,
maestorum quod anhelitus reorum,
quod spurcae moriens lucerna Ledae,
quod ceromata faece de Sabina,
quod volpis fuga, viperae cubile,
mallem quam quod oles olere, Bassa.

V

Vir bonus et pauper linguaque et pectore verus,
quid tibi vis urbem qui, Fabiane, petis?
qui nec leno potes nec comissator haberi
nec pavidos tristi voce citare reos

[1] An allusion to Domitian's campaigns against the Chatti and against the Dacians.

III

Mark how thickly the still fleecy shower flows down on Caesar's face and on his bosom! Yet he humours Jove, and with head unmoved smiles at the waters congealed by numbing frost, wont as he has been[1] to tire Bootes' Northern Star, and, with drenched locks, to disregard the Greater Bear. Who wantons with this dry shower and frolics from heaven? I deem these were snows sent by Caesar's child.[2]

IV

The stench of the bed of a drained marsh; of the raw vapours of sulphur springs; the putrid reek of a sea-water fishpond; of a stale he-goat in the midst of his amours; of the military boot of a fagged-out veteran; of a fleece twice dyed with purple;[3] of the breath of fasting Sabbatarian Jews; of the sighs of depressed defendants; of filthy Leda's lamp as it expires; of ointment made of dregs of Sabine oil; of a wolf in flight; of a viper's lair—all these stenches would I prefer to your stench, Bassa!

V

A good man and poor, true in tongue and heart, what is your aim, Fabianus, you who come to Rome? You who cannot endure to be counted a pandar, or boon-companion, or with ominous tone to cite

[2] Who died in infancy, and is assumed to have been deified.
[3] The purple dye gave garments an unpleasant smell: *cf.* I. xlix. 32; IX. lxiii.

nec potes uxorem cari corrumpere amici
  nec potes algentes arrigere ad vetulas,
vendere nec vanos circum Palatia fumos,
  plaudere nec Cano plaudere nec Glaphyro:
unde miser vives? "Homo certus, fidus amicus—"
  hoc nihil est: numquam sic Philomelus eris.

VI

Credi virgine castior pudica
et frontis tenerae cupis videri,
cum sis inprobior, Malisiane,
quam qui compositos metro Tibulli
in Stellae recitat domo libellos.

VII

Cur, here quod dederas, hodie, puer Hylle, negasti,
  durus tam subito qui modo mitis eras?
sed iam causaris barbamque annosque pilosque.
  o nox quam longa es quae facis una senem!
quid nos derides? here qui puer, Hylle, fuisti,
  die nobis, hodie qua ratione vir es?

VIII

Prima salutantes atque altera conterit[1] hora;
  exercet raucos tertia causidicos;
in quintam varios extendit Roma labores;
  sexta quies lassis; septima finis erit;

[1] continet B.

[1] To make baseless promises of favour by the Emperor. Proverbial. *cf.* Erasm. *Adag. s.v.*

trembling defendants, nor endure to seduce the wife of a dear friend, or to lecher after bloodless old women, or to sell about the palace empty smoke,[1] or to applaud Canus, or applaud Glaphyrus,[2] whence, wretched man, will you get your living? "A man trustworthy, a loyal friend—" That is nothing: never in this way will you be a Philomelus.[3]

VI

You desire to be thought chaster than a pure virgin, and to win the semblance of bashful mien. Yet you are more dissolute, Malisianus, than the man who recites in Stella's house poems composed in the metre of Tibullus.

VII

Why, Hyllus boy, have you denied to-day what yesterday you gave, hard so suddenly who erewhile were gentle? But now you plead your beard, and your years, and hair: O night, how long thou art, one night that makest an old man! Why do you laugh at me? Hyllus, who yesterday were boy, tell me how you are man to-day?

VIII

The first and the second hour wearies clients at the levee, the third hour sets hoarse advocates to work; till the end of the fifth Rome extends her various tastes; the sixth gives rest to the tired;[4]

[2] A flute-player and a musician respectively.
[3] A rich freedman of evil repute: *cf.* III. xxxi.
[4] The siesta.

sufficit in nonam nitidis octava palaestris;
  imperat extructos frangere nona toros;
hora libellorum decuma est, Eupheme, meorum,
  temperat ambrosias cum tua cura dapes
et bonus aetherio laxatur nectare Caesar
  ingentique tenet pocula parca manu.
tunc admitte iocos: gressu timet ire licenti
  ad matutinum nostra Thalia Iovem.

IX

Sotae filia clinici, Labulla,
deserto sequeris Clytum marito
et donas et amas: ἔχεις ἀσώτως.

X

Dum novus est nec adhuc rasa mihi fronte libellus,
  pagina dum tangi non bene sicca timet,
i puer et caro perfer leve munus amico
  qui meruit nugas primus habere meas.
curre, sed instructus: comitetur Punica librum
  spongea: muneribus convenit illa meis.
non possunt nostros multae, Faustine, liturae
  emendare iocos: una litura potest.

XI

Dum nimium vano tumefactus nomine gaudes
  et Saturninum te pudet esse, miser,

[1] This and the following epithets are meant to suggest Domitian's divinity.

[2] According to Suetonius (*Dom.* xx.) Domitian was temperate in his drinking.

the seventh will be the end. The eighth to the ninth suffices for the oiled wrestlers; the ninth bids us crush the piled couches. The tenth hour is the hour for my poems, Euphemus, when your care sets out the ambrosial[1] feast, and kindly Caesar soothes his heart with heavenly nectar, and holds in mighty hand his frugal[2] cup. Then admit my jests: my Thalia fears with unlicensed step to approach a morning Jove.

IX

Daughter of Doctor Sotas, Labulla, you leave your spouse and depart with Clitus; you give him gifts and your love. You don't act like Sotas' daughter.[3]

X

While my book is new and with its edges not yet smoothed, while the page, not well dry, fears the touch, go, boy, and bear a trifling present to a dear friend who has deserved first to possess my trifles. Run, but equipped: let a Punic sponge attend the book; that sorts with the gifts I give. Many corrections, Faustinus, cannot emend my jokes: one wiping-out can![4]

XI

While, swollen with pride, you rejoiced o'ermuch in an empty name,[5] and were ashamed, wretched man, to be Saturninus, you awoke such impious

[3] The pun is untranslatable. The Greek may mean as in the text, or "you act profligately."

[4] III. c.

[5] Antonius, the same as the Triumvir's. His other name was Saturninus.

impia Parrhasia movisti bella sub ursa,
qualia qui Phariae coniugis arma tulit.
excideratne adeo fatum tibi nominis huius,
obruit Actiaci quod gravis ira freti?
an tibi promisit Rhenus quod non dedit illi
Nilus, et Arctois plus licuisset aquis?
ille etiam nostris Antonius occidit armis,
qui tibi conlatus, perfide, Caesar erat.

XII

Nulli, Thai, negas; sed si te non pudet istud,
hoc saltem pudeat, Thai, negare nihil.

XIII

Claudia, Rufe, meo nubit Peregrina Pudenti:
macte esto taedis, O Hymenaee, tuis.
tam bene rara suo miscentur cinnama nardo,
Massica Theseis tam bene vina favis:
nec melius teneris iunguntur vitibus ulmi,
nec plus lotos aquas, litora myrtus amat.
candida perpetuo reside, Concordia, lecto,
tamque pari semper sit Venus aequa iugo:
diligat illa senem quondam, sed et ipsa marito
tum quoque, cum fuerit, non videatur anus.

XIV

Sili, Castalidum decus sororum,
qui periuria barbari furoris

---

[1] He revolted in upper Germany at the end of A.D. 88.

war under the Northern Bear[1] as he awoke who wore his Pharian consort's arms.[2] Had you so forgotten the doom of this name, which the heavy wrath of Actium's strait o'erwhelmed? Or did Rhine promise you what Nile gave not to him, and should larger rights have been given to Polar seas? Even that famous Antony fell beneath our arms, and he, traitor, compared with you, was a Caesar.

XII

No lover, Thais, you deny. But if you are not ashamed of that, at least be ashamed of this, Thais—of denying nothing.

XIII

Claudia Peregrina weds, Rufus, with my own Pudens; a blessing, O Hymenaeus, be upon thy torches! So well does rare cinnamon blend with its own nard; so well Massic wine with Attic combs. Not closer are elms linked to tender vines, nor greater love hath the lotos for the waters, the myrtle for the shore. Fair Concord, rest thou unbroken on that bed, and may Venus be ever kindly to a bond so equal knit! May the wife love her husband when anon he is grey, and she herself, even when she is old, seem not so to her spouse!

XIV

Silius,[3] the pride of the Castalian Sisters, who with your mighty tones crush the perjuries of bar-

[2] Cleopatra. Antony and Cleopatra were defeated by Octavian (Augustus) at the battle of Actium, B.C. 31.

[3] The poet of the Punic Wars.

ingenti premis ore perfidosque
astus Hannibalis levisque Poenos
magnis cedere cogis Africanis,
paulum seposita severitate,
dum blanda vagus alea December
incertis sonat hinc et hinc fritillis
et ludit tropa[1] nequiore talo,
nostris otia commoda Camenis,
nec torva lege fronte sed remissa
lascivis madidos iocis libellos.
sic forsan tener ausus est Catullus
magno mittere Passerem Maroni.

XV

Mille tibi nummos hesterna luce roganti
in sex aut septem, Caeciliane, dies
"Non habeo" dixi: sed tu, causatus amici
adventum, lancem paucaque vasa rogas.
stultus es? an stultum me credis, amice? negavi
mille tibi nummos, milia quinque dabo?

XVI

Privignum non esse tuae te, Galle, novercae
rumor erat, coniunx dum fuit illa patris.
non tamen hoc poterat vivo genitore probari.
iam nusquam pater est, Galle, noverca domi est.
magnus ab infernis revocetur Tullius umbris
et te defendat Regulus ipse licet,

[1] *tropa* Buddaeus, *popa* β, *rota* γ.

[1] *Tropa* was the game of pitching knuckle-bones into a

baric frenzy, and compel Hannibal's false wiles and the faithless Carthaginians to yield to the great Africani, awhile lay aside your mien austere, what time December, idling amid alluring hazard, rings on this side and on that with risky dice-box, and tropa[1] sports with the licentious knuckle-bone. Lend thy leisure to my Muse, and read with a smooth, not frowning brow, poems steeped in wanton quips. So belike tender Catullus ventured to send his Sparrow[2] to great Maro.

XV

When you asked me yesterday to lend you a thousand sesterces on six or seven days' credit, Caecilianus, "I haven't got them," I said; yet you, on the pretext of a friend's arrival, ask me for a dish and a few vases.[3] Are you a fool, or do you think me a fool, my friend? I refused you a thousand sesterces; shall I give five thousand?

XVI

Stepson to your stepmother, Gallus, rumour had it you never were while she was your father's wife. But this could not be proved while your progenitor lived. Now your father lives nowhere, Gallus, your stepmother lives with you. Though great Tully were recalled from the nether shades, and Regulus himself

[1] hole, or the mouth of a jar (Pers. iii. 50), probably played with a good deal of disorder and cheating.
[2] Cat. ii. and iii. [3] Evidently of silver.

non potes absolvi : nam quae non desinit esse
post patrem, numquam, Galle, noverca fuit.

XVII

Facere in Lyciscam, Paule, me iubes versus,
quibus illa lectis rubeat et sit irata.
o Paule, malus es : irrumare vis solus.

XVIII

Qua vicina pluit Vipsanis porta columnis
et madet adsiduo lubricus imbre lapis,
in iugulum pueri, qui roscida tecta subibat,
decidit hiberno praegravis unda gelu ;
cumque peregisset miseri crudelia fata,
tabuit in calido volnere mucro tener.
quid non saeva sibi voluit Fortuna licere ?
aut ubi non mors est, si iugulatis, aquae ?

XIX

Hanc tibi Sequanicae pinguem textricis alumnam,
quae Lacedaemonium barbara nomen habet,
sordida sed gelido non aspernanda Decembri
dona, peregrinam mittimus endromida,
seu lentum ceroma teris tepidumve trigona
sive harpasta manu pulverulenta rapis,

[1] Some archway in the region of the *Campus Agrippae*, over which passed an aqueduct, perhaps the *Aqua Virgo* : *cf.* III. xlvii.

were to defend you, you cannot be acquitted; for she who has not ceased to be such after your father's death, never, Gallus, was a stepmother.

XVII

You bid me, Paulus, write against Lycisca verses at which she would blush and be enraged. O Paulus, you are a rogue! You want to keep her to yourself!

XVIII

Where the gate[1] drips near the Vipsanian Columns, and the slippery stone is wet with the constant shower, on a boy's throat, as he passed under that dewy roof, fell water weighted with winter frost; and when it had wrought the unhappy victim's cruel death, the frail dagger melted on the warm gash. What stretch of power has not ruthless Fortune willed for herself? Or where is not death, if ye, O Waters, are cut-throats?[2]

XIX

This shaggy nursling of a weaver on the Seine, a barbarian garb that has a Spartan name, a thing uncouth, but not to be despised in cold December—we send you as a gift, a foreign endromis, whether you rub the sticky ointment,[3] or catch oft the warming hand-ball, or snatch the scrimmage-ball amid the dust, or bandy to and fro the feather weight of the

[2] *cf.* a Greek epigram on a similar subject: *Anth. Pal.* ix. 56.

[3] Or, perhaps, "whether you tread the lists of the oiled wrestler": *cf.* VII. xxxii. 9.

plumea seu laxi partiris pondera follis
sive levem cursu vincere quaeris Athan:
ne madidos intret penetrabile frigus in artus
neve gravis subita te premat Iris aqua.
ridebis ventos hoc munere tectus et imbris
nec sic in Tyria sindone tutus[1] eris.

XX

Dicit se vetulam, cum sit Caerellia pupa:
pupam se dicit Gellia, cum sit anus.
ferre nec hanc possis, possis, Colline, nec illam:
altera ridicula est, altera putidula.

XXI

Nullos esse deos, inane caelum
adfirmat Segius: probatque, quod se
factum, dum negat haec, videt beatum.

XXII

Primos passa toros et adhuc placanda marito
merserat in nitidos se Cleopatra lacus,
dum fugit amplexus. sed prodidit unda latentem;
lucebat, totis cum tegeretur aquis.
condita sic puro numerantur lilia vitro,
sic prohibet tenues gemma latere rosas.
insilui mersusque vadis luctantia carpsi
basia: perspicuae plus vetuistis aquae.

[1] *cultus* γ.

[1] Whether you wrestle or play at ball. Three balls are mentioned. The *trigon* was a small hand-ball bandied by players standing in a triangle; the *harpastum* a similar ball

flaccid bladder-ball,[1] or strive to outrun in the race the light-footed Athas; that searching cold may not pass into your moist limbs, or Iris[2] overwhelm you with a sudden shower. You will laugh at winds and rains, clad in this gift. In Tyrian muslin you will not be so secure.

XX

CAERELLIA calls herself an old woman, although she is a girl; Gellia calls herself a girl, although she is a crone. One cannot put up with either this woman, Collinus, or that: one is ridiculous, the other disgusting.

XXI

"THERE are no gods: heaven is empty," Segius asserts; and he proves it, for in the midst of these denials he sees himself made rich!

XXII

NEW to the marriage-bed, and yet unreconciled to her husband, Cleopatra had plunged into the gleaming pool, seeking to escape embrace. But the wave betrayed the lurking dame; brightly she showed, though covered by the o'erlapping water. So, shut in pellucid glass, lilies may be counted, so crystal forbids tender roses to lurk hidden.[3] I leapt in, and, plunged in the waters, plucked reluctant kisses: ye, O transparent waters, forbad aught beyond!

scrambled for by two sets of players: it was a dusty game. The *follis* was a large ball filled with air and struck with the hand. See generally XIV. XLV. to XLVIII.

[2] The goddess of the rainbow. [3] *cf.* VIII. XIV. 3.

XXIII

Dum tu lenta nimis diuque quaeris
quis primus tibi quisve sit secundus,
Graium quos[1] epigramma conparavit,
palmam Callimachus, Thalia, de se
facundo dedit ipse Brutiano.
qui si Cecropio satur lepore
Romanae sale luserit Minervae,
illi me facias, precor, secundum.

XXIV

Omnes quas habuit, Fabiane, Lycoris amicas
extulit. uxori fiat amica meae.

XXV

Aemula Baianis Altini litora villis
et Phaethontei conscia silva rogi,
quaeque Antenoreo Dryadum pulcherrima Fauno
nupsit ad Euganeos Sola puella lacus,
et tu Ledaeo felix Aquileia Timavo,
hic ubi septenas Cyllarus hausit aquas:
vos eritis nostrae requies portusque senectae,
si iuris fuerint otia nostra sui.

XXVI

Quod te mane domi toto non vidimus anno,
vis dicam quantum, Postume, perdiderim?

[1] *Graium quos* Koestlin, *gratumque* codd.

---

[1] *i.e.* Callimachus and Brutianus.
[2] A Greek poet of Alexandria of the third century B.C.
[3] The scene is laid in Venetia. Sola is the nymph (here

XXIII

While you were considering, Thalia, very carefully and long, which in your judgment was first, and which second, of the pair whom Greek epigram has matched in rivalry,[1] Callimachus[2] of his own accord resigned the palm to eloquent Brutianus. Should he, cloyed with Attic wit, trifle with the Roman epigram, make me, I pray, second to him.

XXIV

All the friends she had, Fabianus, Lycoris has buried. May she become a friend to my wife!

XXV

Altinum's shores[3] that vie with Baiae's villas, and the wood that saw the pyre of Phaethon, and the maid Sola, fairest of Dryads, who wed with Paduan Faunus by the Euganean meres, and thou, Aquileia, blest with Timavus[4] honoured by Leda's sons, where Cyllarus quaffed its sevenfold waters—ye shall be the refuge and harbour of my old age, if I be free to choose the place of my repose.

XXVI

Because I have not seen you at home in the morning for a whole year, would you have me tell

put for the lake) of a lake in the Euganean hills (La Solana).

[4] A river with seven, or, according to Virgil (*Aen.* i. 245), nine mouths, probably the river down which (*cf.* Plin. *N.H.* iii. 22) the Argo floated to the Adriatic. Cyllarus was the horse of Castor, one of the Argonauts : *cf.* VIII. xxi. 5.

tricenos, puto, bis, vicenos ter, puto, nummos.
ignosces: togulam, Postume, pluris emo.

XXVII

Saepe meos laudare soles, Auguste, libellos.
invidus ecce negat: num minus ergo soles?
quid quod honorato non sola voce dedisti,
non alius poterat quae dare dona mihi?
ecce iterum nigros conrodit lividus ungues.
da, Caesar, tanto tu magis, ut doleat.

XXVIII

Donasti tenero, Chloe, Luperco
Hispanas Tyriasque coccinasque
et lotam tepido togam Galaeso,
Indos sardonychas, Scythas zmaragdos,
et centum dominos novae monetae,
et quidquid petit usque et usque donas.
vae glabraria, vae tibi misella:
nudam te statuet tuus Lupercus.

XXIX

Obstat, care Pudens, nostris sua turba libellis
lectoremque frequens lassat et implet opus.
rara iuvant: primis sic maior gratia pomis,
hibernae pretium sic meruere rosae;

you, Postumus, how much I have lost? Twice thirty sesterces, perhaps, perhaps thrice twenty. Your pardon! On a poor toga, Postumus, I spend more!

XXVII

Oft are you wont to praise my poems, Augustus. See, a jealous fellow denies it; are you wont to praise them the less for that? Have you not besides given me, honoured not in words alone, gifts that none other could give? See, the jealous fellow again gnaws his filthy nails! Give me, Caesar, all the more, that he may writhe!

XXVIII

You have given, Chloe, to young Lupercus cloaks of Spanish wool dyed with Tyrian purple and with scarlet, and a toga dipt in the mild Galesus, Indian sardonyxes, Scythian emeralds, and a hundred sovereigns of new-minted money, and whatever he asks you give over and over again. Woe to you, enamoured of smooth-skinned boys, woe to you, wretched woman! Your Lupercus[1] will leave you naked.

XXIX

Dear Pudens, their very number hampers my poems, and volume after volume wearies and sates the reader. Rare things please one; so greater charm belongs to early apples, so winter roses win value;

[1] Perhaps with a reference to the Luperci, priests of Pan, who ran naked through Rome on the festival of the Lupercalia. "You will be bare as Lupercus."

sic spoliatricem commendat fastus amicam,
  ianua nec iuvenem semper aperta tenet.
saepius in libro numeratur Persius uno
  quam levis in tota Marsus Amazonide.[1]
tu quoque, de nostris releges quemcumque libellis,
  esse puta solum: sic tibi pluris erit.

XXX

Baiano procul a lacu, monemus,
piscator, fuge, ne nocens recedas.
sacris piscibus hae natantur undae,
qui norunt dominum manumque lambunt
illam, qua nihil est in orbe maius.
quid quod nomen habent et ad magistri
vocem quisque sui venit citatus?
hoc quondam Libys impius profundo,
dum praedam calamo tremente ducit,
raptis luminibus repente caecus
captum non potuit videre piscem,
et nunc sacrilegos perosus hamos
Baianos sedet ad lacus rogator.
at tu, dum potes, innocens recede
iactis simplicibus cibis in undas,
et pisces venerare delicatos.

XXXI

Quod cupis in nostris dicique legique libellis
  et nonnullus honos creditur iste tibi,
ne valeam si non res est gratissima nobis
  et volo te chartis inseruisse meis.

[1] An epigrammatic poet: *cf.* VII. xcix. 7; VIII. lv. 24. He seems to have also written an epic on the Amazons.

so her pride commends a mistress who pillages you, and a door always open holds fast no lover. Oftener Persius wins credit in a single book than trivial Marsus[1] in his whole Amazonid. Do you, too, whatever of my books you read again, think that it is the only one: so 'twill be to you of fuller worth.

XXX

From Baiae's lake, fisherman, I warn thee, fly afar, lest with guilt thou depart! These waters swim with hallowed fish, that know their lord,[2] and fondle that hand greater than anything on earth. Aye, do they not bear his name, and at its master's voice does not each when summoned come? While aforetime an impious Libyan was drawing up out of this deep his prey with tremulous line, his eyes were snatched from him, and in sudden blindness he could not see the taken fish, and now, loathing his sacrilegious hooks, he sits by Baiae's lake a beggar, But do thou, while thou canst, depart yet innocent when thou hast cast into the water guileless bait, and revere these dainty fish.

XXXI

Seeing that you wish to be mentioned and read of in my poems, and that honour you deem to be something, may I perish, but the idea is one most pleasant to me; and I wish to include you in my writings.

[2] The Emperor.

sed tu nomen habes averso fonte sororum
inpositum, mater quod tibi dura dedit;
quod nec Melpomene, quod nec Polyhymnia possit
nec pia cum Phoebo dicere Calliope.
ergo aliquod gratum Musis tibi nomen adopta:
non semper belle dicitur "Hippodame."

XXXII

Et latet et lucet Phaethontide condita gutta,
ut videatur apis nectare clusa suo.
dignum tantorum pretium tulit illa laborum:
credibile est ipsam sic voluisse mori.

XXXIII

Plena laboratis habeas cum scrinia libris,
emittis quare, Sosibiane, nihil?
"Edent heredes" inquis "mea carmina." quando?
tempus erat iam te, Sosibiane, legi.

XXXIV

Sordida cum tibi sit, verum tamen, Attale, dicit,
quisquis te niveam dicit habere togam.

[1] A fanciful reproduction of some Latin name incapable of being brought into M.'s metre, whether elegiac, lyric, or heroic.

[2] Similar epigrams are IV. lix. and VI. xv. See on the subject generally, Tac. *Germ.* xlv. and Plin. *N. H.* xxxvii. 31.

But you have a name, given you by your hard-hearted mother, which was laid upon you when the sister Muses' fountain was unkind, and which neither Melpomene nor Polyhymnia could utter, nor kindly Calliope, with Phoebus' aid. So assume for yourself some name the Muses like: it is not pretty to be always saying "Hippodame." [1]

XXXII

In an amber-drop the bee lies hid and lightens, so that it seems to be shut in its native sweets. Worthy reward for all its toils it has won; methinks itself would have wished so to die.[2]

XXXIII

Although you possess bookcases crammed with books, arduously compiled, why, Sosibianus, do you send forth nothing? "My heirs," you say, "will publish my lays." When, oh, when? 'Tis already high time, Sosibianus, you should be read.[3]

XXXIV

Although your toga is dirty, Attalus, yet he says truly who says that you have a snowy [4] toga.

[3] There is an intentional ambiguity here. "You should have by now given us a chance of reading you," or "By now you should have been dead."

[4] A threadbare toga seems to have been called *nivea*, as giving no warmth: *cf.* IX. xlix. 8.

XXXV

Frontibus adversis molles concurrere dammas
vidimus et fati sorte iacere pari.
spectavere canes praedam, stupuitque superbus
venator cultro nil superesse suo.
unde leves animi tanto caluere furore?
sic pugnant tauri, sic cecidere viri.

XXXVI

Cana est barba tibi, nigra est coma: tinguere barbam
non potes (haec causa est) et potes, Ole, comam.

XXXVII

"Centum Coranus et ducenta Mancinus,
trecenta debet Titius, hoc bis Albinus,
decies Sabinus alterumque Serranus;
ex insulis fundisque triciens soldum,
ex pecore redeunt ter ducena Parmensi":
totis diebus, Afer, hoc mihi narras
et teneo melius ista quam meum nomen.
numeres oportet aliquid, ut pati possim:
cotidianam refice nauseam nummis:
audire gratis, Afer, ista non possum.

XXXVIII

Galla, nega: satiatur amor nisi gaudia torquent:
sed noli nimium, Galla, negare diu.

---

[1] *cf.* IV. lxxiv.

XXXV

With opposing brows we have seen gentle does meet in fight, and lie stricken by an equal fate of death. Dogs have gazed upon the quarry, and the proud huntsman has stood amazed that no task remained for his knife. Whence have gentle spirits drawn such furious heat? So battle bulls, so have fallen men.[1]

XXXVI

White is your beard, black is your hair; dye your beard you cannot—this is the reason—but you can your hair, Olus.[2]

XXXVII

"A hundred thousand sesterces Coranus owes me, and two hundred Mancinus, three hundred Titius, twice as much Albinus, a million Sabinus, and another million Serranus; from my flats and farms come in a clear three millions, from my flocks at Parma is a return of six hundred thousand." Every and all day, Afer, you prate of this to me, and I remember it all better than my own name. You must count out something to make me endure this; cure by cash my daily nausea; I can't hear that tale, Afer, for nothing.

XXXVIII

Refuse me, Galla; love cloys if its pleasures torture not: but refuse not, Galla, too long.

[2] Perhaps the meaning is O. is suffering from some disease of the chin (*cf.* Plin. *N.H.* xxvi. 2) preventing the use of dye: *cf.* I. lxxvii. 5.

XXXIX

Argenti genus omne conparasti,
et solus veteres Myronos artes,
solus Praxitelus manum Scopaeque,
solus Phidiaci toreuma caeli,
solus Mentoreos habes labores.
nec desunt tibi vera Grattiana
nec quae Callaico linuntur auro
nec mensis anaglypta de paternis.
argentum tamen inter omne miror
quare non habeas, Charine, purum.

XL

Atria Pisonum stabant cum stemmate toto
et docti Senecae ter numeranda domus,
praetulimus tantis solum te, Postume, regnis;
pauper eras et eques sed mihi consul eras.
tecum ter denas numeravi, Postume, brumas:
communis nobis lectus et unus erat.
iam donare potes, iam perdere, plenus honorum,
largus opum: expecto, Postume, quid facias.
nil facis et serum est alium mihi quaerere regem.
hoc, Fortuna, placet? "Postumus inposuit."

XLI

Quid recitaturus circumdas vellera collo?
conveniunt nostris auribus ista magis.

[1] *i.e.* Spanish. The Gallaeci or Callaici inhabited the modern Galicia where gold was found: *cf.* x. xvi. 3; xiv. xcv. 1.

[2] A play on the double meaning of "unadorned" and "undefiled by your lips": *cf.* i. lxxvii. 6.

XXXIX

You have collected every kind of silver plate, and you alone possess Myron's antique works of art, you alone the handiwork of Praxiteles and of Scopas, you alone the chased product of Phidias' graving chisel, you alone the results of Mentor's toil. Nor do you lack genuine works of Grattius, or dishes overlaid with Gallician[1] gold, or pieces in relief from ancestral tables. Nevertheless I wonder why, amid all your silver plate, you, Charinus, have nothing chaste.[2]

XL

When the Pisos' hall stood with all its ancestry,[3] and learned Seneca's house illustrious for its triple names,[4] you alone, Postumus, I chose before patronage so great; poor were you, and a knight, but to me you were a consul. With you I summed, Postumus, twice ten winters; common to us both was one couch. Now you can make gifts, now squander, full as you are of honours, copious in wealth; I await, Postumus, to see what you will do. You do nothing, and 'tis too late for me to seek another patron. Does this, Fortune, please you? "Postumus is a fraud."[5]

XLI

Why, when about to recite, do you put a muffler round your neck? That is more suitable to our ears!

[3] The house had declined since C. Calpurnius Piso's conspiracy against Nero, A.D. 65.

[4] Probably M. means Seneca, the philosopher and tutor of Nero, his brother Gallio, and Annaeus Pomponius Mela, the writer on geography.

[5] This is Fortune's reply. P. has deceived her.

XLII

Si quis forte mihi possit praestare roganti,
audi, quem puerum, Flacce, rogare velim.
Niliacis primum puer hic nascatur in oris :
nequitias tellus scit dare nulla magis.
sit nive candidior : namque in Mareotide fusca
pulchrior est quanto rarior iste color.
lumina sideribus certent mollesque flagellent
colla comae : tortas non amo, Flacce, comas.
frons brevis atque modus leviter sit naribus uncis,
Paestanis rubeant aemula labra rosis.
saepe et nolentem cogat nolitque volentem,
liberior domino saepe sit ille suo ;
et timeat pueros, excludat saepe puellas ;
vir reliquis, uni sit puer ille mihi.
" Iam scio, nec fallis : nam me quoque iudice verum est.
talis erat " dices " noster Amazonicus."

XLIII

Non dixi, Coracine, te cinaedum :
non sum tam temerarius nec audax
nec mendacia qui loquar libenter.
si dixi, Coracine, te cinaedum,
iratam mihi Pontiae lagonam,
iratum calicem mihi Metili :
iuro per Syrios tibi tumores,
iuro per Berecyntios furores.
quid dixi tamen ? hoc leve et pusillum,
quod notum est, quod et ipse non negabis :
dixi te, Coracine, cunnilingum.

[1] Pontia (*cf.* II. xxxiv.) and Metilius were poisoners.

XLII

If any could by chance guarantee me the boon at my asking, hear, Flaccus, what kind of boy I would wish to ask for. First of all, let this boy be born on the shores of the Nile; no country knows better how to beget roguish ways. Let him be fairer than snow; for in swarthy Mareotis that hue is more beautiful by its rarity. Let his eyes vie with stars, and his soft locks tumble over his neck; I like not, Flaccus, braided locks. Let his brow be low and his nose slightly aquiline, let his lips rival the red of Paestan roses. And let him oft compel endearments when I am loth, and refuse them when I am fain; may he oft be more free than his lord! And let him shrink from boys, oft exclude girls; man to all else, to me alone let him be a boy. "Now I know him; you do not deceive me; 'tis in my judgment true. Such was," you will say, "my Amazonicus."

XLIII

I did not call you, Coracinus, an unnatural lecher; I am not so rash or daring, nor one willingly to tell lies. If I called you, Coracinus, an unnatural lecher, may I feel the wrath of Pontia's flagon, the wrath of Metilius' cup![1] I swear to you by the swellings of Syrian votaries,[2] I swear by Berecynthian frenzies. Yet what did I say? This light and insignificant thing—a known fact which you yourself, too, will not deny: I said that you, Coracinus, were, as regards women, "evil-tongued."

[2] Perhaps a reference to the swellings with which Isis punished misdeeds: *cf. Deos inflantes corpora,* Pers. v. 187.

XLIV

Hic est pampineis viridis modo Vesbius umbris;
presserat hic madidos nobilis uva lacus;
haec iuga, quam Nysae colles plus Bacchus amavit;
hoc nuper Satyri monte dedere choros;
haec Veneris sedes, Lacedaemone gratior illi;
hic locus Herculeo numine clarus erat.
cuncta iacent flammis et tristi mersa favilla:
nec superi vellent hoc licuisse sibi.

XLV

Haec tibi pro nato plena dat laetus acerra,
Phoebe, Palatinus munera Parthenius,
ut qui prima novo signat quinquennia lustro,
impleat innumeras Burrus Olympiadas.
fac rata vota patris: sic te tua diligat arbor,
gaudeat et certa virginitate soror,
perpetuo sic flore mices, sic denique non sint
tam longae Bromio quam tibi, Phoebe, comae.

XLVI

Saturnalia divitem Sabellum
fecerunt: merito tumet Sabellus,
nec quemquam putat esse praedicatque
inter causidicos beatiorem.
hos fastus animosque dat Sabello
farris semodius fabaeque fresae,

[1] Mount Vesuvius, which erupted A.D. 79, and destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum.
[2] Herculaneum. [3] Domitian's secretary: *cf.* XI. i.

XLIV

This is Vesbius,[1] green yesterday with viny shades; here had the noble grape loaded the dripping vats; these ridges Bacchus loved more than the hills of Nysa; on this mount of late the Satyrs set afoot their dances; this was the haunt of Venus, more pleasant to her than Lacedaemon; this spot was made glorious by the name of Hercules.[2] All lies drowned in fire and melancholy ash; even the High Gods could have wished this had not been permitted them.

XLV

These offerings to thee for his son from flowing censer, O Phoebus, Palatine Parthenius[3] gives with joy, that Burrus, who crowns his first five years with a new lustrum, may complete countless Olympiads.[4] Make good a father's vows! So may thy laurel love thee, and thy sister[5] rejoice in her assured virginity, so mayst thou shine in endless youth, so too may the locks of Bromius[6] be not longer, Phoebus, than are thine!

XLVI

The Saturnalia have made Sabellus rich: with reason Sabellus is puffed up; and there is no man, he thinks and declares, among the lawyers[7] more fortunate. This pride and conceit is inspired in Sabellus by half a peck of spelt and crushed beans,

[4] The *lustrum* was five years, the Olympiad four. M. treats them as the same. [5] Diana. [6] Bacchus.

[7] Who received presents from their clients at the Saturnalia: *cf.* XII. lxxii.

et turis piperisque tres selibrae,
et Lucanica ventre cum Falisco,
et nigri Syra defruti lagona,
et ficus Libyca gelata testa
cum bulbis cocleisque caseoque.
Piceno quoque venit a cliente
parcae cistula non capax olivae,
et crasso figuli polita caelo
septenaria synthesis Sagunti,
Hispanae luteum rotae toreuma,
et lato variata mappa clavo.
Saturnalia fructuosiora
annis non habuit decem Sabellus.

XLVII

Encaustus Phaethon tabula tibi pictus in hac est.
quid tibi vis, dipyrum qui Phaethonta facis?

XLVIII

Percidi gaudes, percisus, Papyle, ploras.
cur, quae vis fieri, Papyle, facta doles?
paenitet obscenae pruriginis? an magis illud
fles, quod percidi, Papyle, desieris?

XLIX

Nescit, crede mihi, quid sint epigrammata, Flacce,
qui tantum lusus ista iocosque vocat.
ille magis ludit qui scribit prandia saevi
Tereos aut cenam, crude Thyesta, tuam,

[1] Sarcastic, relief work being appropriate to gold or silver, not to clay: *cf.* VIII. vi. and XIV. cviii. Saguntine cups were of clay: *cf.* XIV. cviii.

and three half-pounds of frankincense and pepper, and Lucanian sausages together with a Faliscan paunch, and a Syrian flagon of black boiled must, and fig-jelly in a Libyan jar, together with bulbs, snails, and cheese. There arrived also from a Picenian client a small box scarcely large enough for a few olives, and a set of seven cups smoothed at Saguntum by the potter's clumsy chisel (the embossed[1] work in clay of the Spanish wheel), and a napkin diversified with a broad[2] stripe. Saturnalia more fruitful these ten years Sabellus has not enjoyed.[3]

XLVII

On this tablet you have an encaustic painting of Phaethon. What is your object in getting Phaethon[4] burnt twice?

XLVIII

Tu godi d'essere immembrato; e dopo d'esserlo stato, tu, O Papilo, piangi. Perchè, O Papilo, ti lagni tu di ciò che vuoi che ti si faccia? Ti penti tu dell'osceno prurito, ovvero piangi tu, Papilo, per desiderarlo maggiormente?

XLIX

He does not know, believe me, what epigrams are, Flaccus, who styles them only frivolities and quips. He is more frivolous who writes of the meal of savage Tereus, or of thy banquet, dyspeptic Thyestes,

[2] Which was the distinction only of a senator, which S. was not.

[3] Ironical, the gifts being poor ones. [4] *cf.* IV. XXV.

aut puero liquidas aptantem Daedalon alas,
pascentem Siculas aut Polyphemon ovis.
a nostris procul est omnis vesica libellis,
Musa nec insano syrmate nostra tumet.
"Illa tamen laudant omnes, mirantur, adorant."
confiteor : laudant illa sed ista legunt.

L

Quid me, Thai, senem subinde dicis?
nemo est, Thai, senex ad irrumandum.

LI

Cum tibi non essent sex milia, Caeciliane,
ingenti late vectus es hexaphoro :
postquam bis decies tribuit dea caeca sinumque
ruperunt nummi, factus es, ecce, pedes.
quid tibi pro meritis et tantis laudibus optem?
di reddant sellam, Caeciliane, tibi.

LII

Gestari iunctis nisi desinis, Hedyle, capris,
qui modo ficus eras, iam caprificus eris.

LIII

Hunc, quem saepe vides intra penetralia nostrae
Pallados et templi limina, Cosme, novi

---

[1] The epigram is possibly an attack on the poet Statius, whom M. never mentions. [2] *cf.* I. xcix.

[3] Haemorrhoids : *cf.* I. lxv. ; VII. lxxi. The *caprificus* was a wild fig. M.'s pun is a cumbrous one.

or of Daedalus fitting to his son melting wings, or of Polyphemus pasturing Sicilian sheep. Far from poems of mine is all turgescence, nor does my Muse swell with frenzied tragic train. "Yet all men praise those tragedies, admire, worship them." I grant it: those they praise, but they read the others.[1]

L

WHY, Thais, do you constantly call me old? No one, Thais, is too old for some things.

LI

WHEN you did not possess six thousand, Caecilianus, you were carried all over the town in a huge litter and six; now the blind goddess has bestowed on you two millions, and your moneys have burst through your purse, see, you go on foot! What should I wish you for merits and excellencies so great? May the gods restore you your litter, Caecilianus![2]

LII

UNLESS you leave off, Hedylus, being drawn by a yoke of goats, you, who just now were adorned with figs,[3] will soon be a goat-fig.

LIII

THIS fellow, whom you often see in the inner precincts of our patron Pallas[4] and on the threshold, Cosmus, of the New Temple,[5] a dotard with staff

[4] The Temple of Minerva, lately founded by Domitian in honour of the Flavian family: *cf.* IX. i. 8.

[5] The *Templum divi Augusti* on the Palatine facing the Capitol, or the Temple of Minerva already mentioned.

cum baculo peraque senem, cui cana putrisque
stat coma et in pectus sordida barba cadit,
cerea quem nudi tegit uxor abolla grabati,
cui dat latratos obvia turba cibos,
esse putas Cynicum deceptus imagine ficta.
non est hic Cynicus, Cosme: quid ergo? canis.

LIV

O cui Tarpeias licuit contingere quercus
et meritas prima cingere fronde comas,
si sapis, utaris totis, Colline, diebus
extremumque tibi semper adesse putes.
lanificas nulli tres exorare puellas
contigit: observant quem statuere diem.
divitior Crispo, Thrasea constantior ipso,
lautior et nitido sis Meliore licet,
nil adicit penso Lachesis fusosque sororum
explicat et semper de tribus una secat.

LV

Luci, gloria temporum tuorum,
qui Caium veterem Tagumque nostrum
Arpis cedere non sinis disertis,
Argivas generatus inter urbes
Thebas carmine cantet aut Mycenas,
aut claram Rhodon aut libidinosae
Ledaeas Lacedaemonos palaestras.

---

[1] "Cynic" was derived from κύων (dog).
[2] See IV. i. 6. [3] The Fates.
[4] Either Passienus Crispus, consul A.D. 42, Nero's step-father, or Vibius Crispus, the *delator*: Tac. *Hist.* ii. 10: Juv. iv. 85.

and wallet, whose hair stands up white and shaggy, and whose filthy beard falls over his breast, whom a threadbare cloak, the partner of his bare truckle-bed, covers, to whom the crowd, as it meets him, gives the scraps he barks for—you, deceived by his get-up, imagine to be a Cynic. This fellow is no Cynic, Cosmus. What is he, then? A dog.[1]

LIV

O THOU, to whom it has been given to reach the Tarpeian crown of oak,[2] and to wreathe worthy locks with peerless leafage, if thou art wise use to the full, Collinus, all thy days, and ever deem that each is thy last. The three wool-spinning sisters[3] it has been no man's lot to move by prayer; they keep their appointed day. Though thou wert richer than Crispus,[4] more firm of soul than Thrasea's self,[5] more refined even than sleek Melior, yet Lachesis addeth nought to her tale of wool, and the sisters' spindles she unwinds, and ever one of the three cuts the thread.

LV

LUCIUS, the glory of your time, who let not hoary Gaius[6] and our native Tagus yield to eloquent Arpi,[7] let him who was born amid Argive cities chant in his song Thebes, or Mycenae, or illustrious Rhodes, or of the wanton wrestling-grounds of Ledaean Lace-

[5] Thrasea Paetus, a Stoic philosopher, put to death by Nero. Called by Tacitus (*Ann.* xvi. 21) *virtus ipsa* (virtue itself).

[6] *cf.* I. xlix. 5. Probably Lucius is the Licinianus of that epigram.

[7] *i.e.* to the birthplace of Cicero.

nos Celtis genitos et ex Hiberis
nostrae nomina duriora terrae
grato non pudeat referre versu :
saevo Bilbilin optimam metallo,
quae vincit Chalybasque Noricosque,
et ferro Plateam suo sonantem,
quam fluctu tenui set inquieto
armorum Salo temperator ambit,
tutelamque chorosque Rixamarum,
et convivia festa Carduarum,
et textis Peterin rosis rubentem,
atque antiqua patrum theatra Rigas,
et certos iaculo levi Silaos,
Turgontique lacus Perusiaeque,
et parvae vada pura Tuetonissae,
et sanctum Buradonis ilicetum,
per quod vel piger ambulat viator,
et quae fortibus excolit iuvencis
curvae Manlius arva Vativescae.
haec tam rustica, delicate lector,
rides nomina ? rideas licebit :
haec tam rustica malo, quam Butuntos.

LVI

Munera quod senibus viduisque ingentia mittis,
vis te munificum, Gargiliane, vocem ?
sordidius nihil est, nihil est te spurcius uno,
qui potes insidias dona vocare tuas.
sic avidis fallax indulget piscibus hamus,
callida sic stultas decipit esca feras.
quid sit largiri, quid sit donare docebo,
si nescis : dona, Gargiliane, mihi.

[1] *cf.* I. xlix. 52.

daemon. Let not us, sprung from Celts and from Iberians, be ashamed to recall in grateful verse the harsher names of our native land, Bilbilis, excellent in steel for war, that surpasses the Chalybes and the Noricans, and Platea ringing with her native iron, which with its small but troublous stream, Salo, armour's temperer,[1] encircles; and the guardian god and choruses of Rixamae, and the festive feasts of Carduae, and Peteris blushing with twined roses, and Rigae, our fathers' ancient theatre, and the Silai unerring with the light javelin, and the lakes of Turgontum and Perusia, and the clear shallows of small Tuetonissa, and Buradon's hallowed oak-wood, wherethrough even a lazy wayfarer is fain to walk, and the fields of Vativesca on the slope which Manlius tills with sturdy steers. Do you laugh, nice reader, at these names as so rustic? You may laugh: these names, so rustic, I prefer to Butunti.[2]

LVI

Because you send huge presents to old men and to widows, do you want me, Gargilianus, to call you munificent? There is nothing more sordid, nothing more filthy than your unrivalled self who venture to call your enticements gifts. So the perfidious hook flatters greedy fish, so the crafty bait deceives foolish wild beasts. What is generosity, what is giving, I will teach you if you don't know; give, Gargilianus, to me.

[1] A small town in Apulia, which M. elsewhere laughs at: *cf.* II. xlviii.

LVII

Dum nos blanda tenent lascivi stagna Lucrini
et quae pumiceis fontibus antra calent,
tu colis Argei regnum, Faustine, coloni,
quo te bis decimus ducit ab urbe lapis.
horrida sed fervent Nemeaei pectora monstri,
nec satis est Baias igne calere suo.
ergo sacri fontes et litora grata valete,
Nympharum pariter Nereidumque domus.
Herculeos colles gelida vos vincite bruma,
nunc Tiburtinis cedite frigoribus.

LVIII

In tenebris luges amissum, Galla, maritum.
nam plorare pudet te, puto, Galla, virum

LIX

Flentibus Heliadum ramis dum vipera repit,
fluxit in obstantem sucina gutta feram;
quae dum miratur pingui se rore teneri,
concreto riguit vincta repente gelu.
ne tibi regali placeas, Cleopatra, sepulchro,
vipera si tumulo nobiliore iacet.

LX

Ardea solstitio Castranaque rura petantur
quique Cleonaeo sidere fervet ager,

[1] Tibur, founded by Catillus the Argive.
[2] The Constellation Leo. The "heart" is a star in the Constellation particularly bright.
[3] Because she had been unfaithful to him while alive.

LVII

While the seductive waters of the wanton Lucrine lake keep me here, and the grots warm with their volcanic springs, you, Faustinus, sojourn in the realm[1] of the Argive colonist, whither the twice-tenth milestone draws you from the city. But terribly glows the heart of Nemea's monstrous lion,[2] and Baiae is not content with her own fire. So, ye sacred founts and pleasant shores, farewell, the abode alike of Nymphs and of Nereids! Surpass ye the hills of Hercules in cold winter; now yield ye to Tibur's cool!

LVIII

In darkness you lament, Galla, your husband lost. For, I think, you are ashamed, Galla, to deplore your spouse openly.[3]

LIX

While a viper crept along the weeping poplar-boughs there flowed a gummy drop o'er the beast that met its path, and while she marvelled to be stayed by that clinging dew, suddenly she grew stiff, enfettered by the congealing mass. Pride not thyself, Cleopatra, on thy royal sepulchre if a viper lies in a nobler tomb![4]

LX

Seek ye Ardea in summer's heat, and the fields of Castrum, and meads scorched by Cleonae's

[4] *cf.* IV. xxxii.; VI. xv. Notwithstanding his comparison of Cleopatra's asp, M. by "viper" must mean some small creeping thing. Pliny (*N.H.* xxxvii. 11) speaks of ants, gnats, and lizards.

cum Tiburtinas damnet Curiatius auras
inter laudatas ad Styga missus aquas.
nullo fata loco possis excludere; cum mors
venerit, in medio Tibure Sardinia est.

LXI

Donasse amicum tibi ducenta, Mancine,
nuper superbo laetus ore iactasti.
quartus dies est, in schola poetarum
dum fabulamur, milibus decem dixti
emptas lacernas munus esse Pompullae;
sardonycha verum lineisque ter cinctum
duasque similes fluctibus maris gemmas
dedisse Bassam Caeliamque iurasti.
here de theatro, Pollione cantante,
cum subito abires, dum fugis, loquebaris,
hereditatis tibi trecenta venisse,
et mane centum, et post meridiem centum.
quid tibi sodales fecimus mali tantum?
miserere iam crudelis et sile tandem.
aut, si tacere lingua non potest ista,
aliquando narra quod velimus audire.

LXII

Tibur in Herculeum migravit nigra Lycoris,
omnia dum fieri candida credit ibi.

---

[1] Ardea and Castrum Inui in Latium were hot places, as was also Baiae (*ager*) in summer: *cf.* IV. lvii. 6. "Cleonae's star" is the Constellation of Leo.

[2] Proverbially unhealthy.

[3] Sardonyx is the Sardian onyx (so called from Sardis, the capital of Lydia: Skeat's *Etym. Dict.* 535), *i.e.* agate of a deep red colour, which, when cut transversely, has the

star,[1] seeing that Curiatius condemns Tibur's air; from amid waters so belauded was he sent to Styx. In no spot canst thou shut out fate; when death comes even in Tibur's midst is a Sardinia.[2]

LXI

Proudly and joyfully the other day you boasted, Mancinus, that a friend had bestowed on you two hundred thousand sesterces. Three days ago, while we were chatting in the Poets' Club, you told me that a cloak, Pompulla's present, cost ten thousand; you swore that Bassa and Caelia had given you a genuine sardonyx, one girt with triple lines,[3] and two gems like the sea-waves.[4] Yesterday, though your exit from the theatre, while Pollio[5] was singing, was sudden, in your very flight you said that three hundred thousand sesterces had come to you by will, and this morning you added a hundred, and afterwards at noon another hundred. What great injury have we, your friends, done you? Cruel fellow, at length pity us, and at length hold your peace. Or, if that tongue of yours can't be still, prate sometimes of what we want to hear.

LXII

Dark Lycoris shifted her quarters to Herculean Tibur, fancying that everything became white there.[6]

main body of the stone surrounded by concentric rings of a different colour. Such stones were much valued for signet-rings: see King, *Ant. Gems*, i. 224; Skeat, *supra*.

[4] Aquamarines.

[5] A celebrated player on the *cithara*.

[6] *cf.* VII. xiii.

LXIII

Dum petit a Baulis mater Caerellia Baias,
occidit insani crimine mersa freti.
gloria quanta perit vobis! haec monstra Neroni
nec iussae quondam praestiteratis, aquae.

LXIV

Iuli iugera pauca Martialis
hortis Hesperidum beatiora
longo Ianiculi iugo recumbunt:
lati collibus imminent[1] recessus
et planus modico tumore vertex
caelo perfruitur sereniore
et curvas nebula tegente valles
solus luce nitet peculiari:
puris leniter admoventur astris
celsae culmina delicata villae.
hinc septem dominos videre montis
et totam licet aestimare Romam,
Albanos quoque Tusculosque colles,
et quodcumque iacet sub urbe frigus,
Fidenas veteres brevesque Rubras,
et quod virgineo cruore gaudet
Annae pomiferum nemus Perennae.
illinc Flaminiae Salariaeque
gestator patet essedo tacente,
ne blando rota sit molesta somno,
quem nec rumpere nauticum celeuma

[1] *eminent β.*

[1] Who had attempted to drown his mother Agrippina in a boat with a collapsible bottom.

LXIII

While Caerellia, a mother, was sailing from Bauli to Baiae, she perished o'erwhelmed by the guilt of a maddened sea. What glory ye lost, ye waters! Such monstrous service, even at his bidding, ye once refused to Nero.[1]

LXIV

The few fields of Julius Martialis, more favoured than the gardens of the Hesperides, rest on the long ridge of Janiculum: wide sheltered reaches look down[2] on the hills, and the flat summit, gently swelling, enjoys to the full a clearer sky, and, when mist shrouds the winding vales, alone shines with its own brightness; the dainty roof of the tall villa gently rises up to the unclouded stars. On this side may you see the seven sovereign hills and take the measure of all Rome, the Alban hills and Tusculan too, and every cool retreat nestling near the city, old Fidenae and tiny Rubrae, and Anna Perenna's fruitful grove that joys in maiden blood.[3] On that side the traveller shows on the Flaminian or Salarian way, though his carriage makes no sound, that wheels should not disturb the soothing sleep which neither

[2] Munro explains: deep clefts with their heights tower over the fields.

[3] A difficult passage. Anna Perenna was a native Latin deity, at whose festival on the Ides of March women sang lascivious songs. Munro accordingly suggests *virgine nequiore gaudet*. Nothing is known of *virgineus cruor*.

nec clamor valet helciariorum,
cum sit tam prope Mulvius sacrumque
lapsae per Tiberim volent carinae.
hoc rus, seu potius domus vocanda est,
commendat dominus : tuam putabis,
tam non invida tamque liberalis,
tam comi patet hospitalitate :
credas Alcinoi pios Penates
aut, facti modo divitis, Molorchi.
vos nunc omnia parva qui putatis,
centeno gelidum ligone Tibur
vel Praeneste domate pendulamque
uni dedite Setiam colono,
dum me iudice praeferantur istis
Iuli iugera pauca Martialis.

LXV

Oculo Philaenis semper altero plorat.
quo fiat istud quaeritis modo? lusca est.

LXVI

Egisti vitam semper, Line, municipalem,
qua nihil omnino vilius esse potest.
Idibus et raris togula est excussa Kalendis,
duxit et aestates synthesis una decem.
saltus aprum, campus leporem tibi misit inemptum,
silva gravis turdos exagitata dedit.
captus flumineo venit de gurgite piscis,
vina ruber fudit non peregrina cadus.

---

[1] King of Phaeacia, who entertained Ulysses on his journey to Ithaca homeward : Hom. *Od.* vii. *seqq.*

boatswain's call nor bargemen's shout is loud enough to break, though the Mulvian Bridge is so near, and the keels that swiftly glide along the sacred Tiber. This country seat—if it should not be called a town mansion—its owner commends to you: you will fancy it is yours, so ungrudgingly, so freely, and with such genial hospitality it lies open to you; you will believe it to be the kindly dwelling of Alcinous,[1] or of Molorchus[2] just become rich. You who to-day deem all this but small, subdue ye cool Tibur's soil, or Praeneste, with an hundred hoes, and assign to one tenant Setia on the hill, so that ye let me as judge prefer to that the few fields of Julius Martialis.

LXV

Philaenis always weeps with one eye. Do you ask how that happens? She is one-eyed.

LXVI

You have lived a provincial life always, Linus, and nothing in the world can be more inexpensive than that. On the Ides, and now and again on the Kalends, your poor toga has been shaken out, and a single dinner-suit has gone through ten summers. The glade has sent you boar, the field the unbought hare; the wood, when beaten, has given plump field-fares. The captured fish has come from the river's eddies, a red jar has poured out no foreign wine.

[2] A shepherd who unknowingly entertained Hercules.

nec tener Argolica missus de gente minister
sed stetit inculti rustica turba foci.
vilica vel duri conpressa est nupta coloni,
incaluit quotiens saucia vena mero.
nec nocuit tectis ignis nec Sirius agris,
nec mersa est pelago nec fluit ulla ratis.
subposita est blando numquam tibi tessera talo,
alea sed parcae sola fuere nuces.
dic ubi sit decies, mater quod avara reliquit.
nusquam est: fecisti rem, Line, difficilem.

LXVII

Praetorem pauper centum sestertia Gaurus
orabat cana notus amicitia,
dicebatque suis haec tantum desse trecentis,
ut posset domino plaudere iustus eques.
praetor ait "Scis me Scorpo Thalloque daturum,
atque utinam centum milia sola darem."
a pudet ingratae, pudet a male divitis arcae:
quod non vis equiti, vis dare, praetor, equo?

LXVIII

Invitas centum quadrantibus et bene cenas.
ut cenem invitor, Sexte, an ut invideam?

---

[1] Greek, and so costly.
[2] *i.e.* adopted the more expensive methods of gaming.
[3] To make up a knight's qualification: *cf.* v. xxxviii.

No boy-slave has been sent from an Argolic tribe,[1] but a country troop has stood by a homely hearth. You have intrigued with your housekeeper, or with a rough tenant-farmer's wife oft as your passions pricked have warmed with wine. Fire has not harmed your house nor the Dog-star your fields, nor has your ship—there swims no ship of yours—sunk in the sea. You have never substituted the die for the alluring knuckle-bone,[2] but your sole stake has been a few nuts. Tell me, where is the million your grasping mother left you? 'Tis nowhere; you have achieved, Linus, a difficult feat!

LXVII

The poor Gaurus—known to him by a friendship of many years—besought the Praetor for a hundred thousand sesterces, and said his own three hundred thousand were short[3] only by this sum, to enable him, as a qualified knight, to applaud our Master. The Praetor said: "You know I am about to make a gift to Scorpus and Thallus,[4] and would that I were giving only a hundred thousand!" Ah, shame on your ungrateful money-chest, shame on its ignoble riches! That which you will not give to the knight will you give, Praetor, to the horse?

LXVIII

You invite me for a hundred farthings to dine with you, and you dine well. Am I invited to dine, Sextus, or to envy?[5]

[4] Famous charioteers: *cf.* (for Scorpus) v. xxv.; x. l., liii., and lxxiv.

[5] Being entertained with fare inferior to your own: *cf.* vi. xi.

LXIX

Tu Setina quidem semper vel Massica ponis,
Papyle, sed rumor tam bona vina negat:
diceris hac factus caelebs quater esse lagona.
nec puto nec credo, Papyle, nec sitio.

LXX

Nihil Ammiano praeter aridam restem
moriens reliquit ultimis pater ceris.
fieri putaret posse quis, Marulline,
ut Ammianus mortuum patrem nollet?

LXXI

Quaero diu totam, Safroni Rufe, per urbem,
si qua puella neget: nulla puella negat.
tamquam fas non sit, tamquam sit turpe negare,
tamquam non liceat, nulla puella negat.
casta igitur nulla est? sunt castae mille. quid ergo
casta facit? non dat, non tamen illa negat.

LXXII

Exigis ut donem nostros tibi, Quinte, libellos.
non habeo, sed habet bybliopola Tryphon.
"Aes dabo pro nugis et emam tua carmina sanus?
non" inquis "faciam tam fatue." nec ego.

LXIX

You indeed put on your table always Setine or Massic, Papilus, but rumour says your wines are not so very good: you are said by means of this brand to have been made a widower four times. I don't think so, or believe it, Papilus, but—I am not thirsty.

LXX

His father, when he was dying, left by his last will nothing to Ammianus but a shrivelled rope. Who would have thought, Marullinus, it was possible Ammianus should regret his father's death?

LXXI

I have long been looking all through the city, Safronius Rufus, for a girl who says "No": no girl says "No." As if it were not right, as if it were disgraceful to say "No," as if it were not allowable, no girl says "No." Is none therefore chaste? A thousand are chaste. What, then, does a chaste girl do? She does not offer, yet she does not say "No."[1]

LXXII

You press me to give you my books, Quintus. I haven't any, but bookseller Tryphon has. "Shall I pay money for trifles," you say, "and buy your poems in my sober mind? I won't act so foolishly." Nor will I.

[1] The subject is continued in IV. lxxxi.

LXXIII

Cum gravis extremas Vestinus duceret horas,
et iam per Stygias esset iturus aquas,
ultima volventis oravit pensa sorores,
ut traherent parva stamina pulla mora.
iam sibi defunctus caris dum vivit amicis,
moverunt tetricas tam pia vota deas.
tunc largas partitus opes a luce recessit
seque mori post hoc credidit ille senem.

LXXIV

Aspicis inbelles temptent quam fortia dammae
proelia? tam timidis quanta sit ira feris?
in mortem parvis concurrere frontibus ardent.
vis, Caesar, dammis parcere? mitte canes.

LXXV

O felix animo, felix, Nigrina, marito
atque inter Latias gloria prima nurus;
te patrios miscere iuvat cum coniuge census,
gaudentem socio participique viro.
arserit Euhadne flammis iniecta mariti,
nec minor Alcestin fama sub astra ferat.
tu melius: certo meruisti pignore vitae
ut tibi non esset morte probandus amor.

[1] The Fates. [2] Hounds would be less savage.

LXXIII

When Vestinus in illness was drawing out his latest hours, and now was bound beyond the Stygian waters, he prayed the Sisters[1] as they unwound the last strands to stay awhile the drawing of those black threads. While, dead now to himself, he lived for his dear friends, a prayer so kindly moved the stern goddesses. Then, parcelling his ample wealth, he parted from the sun, and death thereafter he deemed a death in age.

LXXIV

See you what strong battle unwarlike does essay? how great the rage in beasts so timid? Hot are they to clash with puny brows, and die. Wouldst thou, Caesar, spare the does? Set on thy hounds.[2]

LXXV

O blest in soul, Nigrina, in husband blest! and among Latin wives the chiefest glory! blithe art thou to share with thy spouse thy father's wealth, glad that thy husband should be partner and sharer with thee. Let Evadne burn, cast on her husband's pyre; nor any lesser fame lift Alcestis to the stars.[3] Thou doest better: this hast thou earned by a sure pledge given in life—that death was not needed to prove thy love!

[3] Both sacrificed themselves for their husbands.

LXXVI

Milia misisti mihi sex bis sena petenti.
ut bis sena feram, bis duodena petam.

LXXVII

Numquam divitias deos rogavi
contentus modicis meoque laetus:
paupertas, veniam dabis, recede.
causast quae subiti novique voti?
pendentem volo Zoilum videre.

LXXVIII

Condita cum tibi sit iam sexagesima messis
et facies multo splendeat alba pilo,
discurris tota vagus urbe, nec ulla cathedra est
cui non mane feras inrequietus "Have";
et sine te nulli fas est prodire tribuno,
nec caret officio consul uterque tuo;
et sacro decies repetis Palatia clivo
Sigerosque meros Partheniosque sonas.
haec faciant sane iuvenes: deformius, Afer,
omnino nihil est ardalione sene.

LXXIX

Hospes eras nostri semper, Matho, Tiburtini.
hoc emis. inposui: rus tibi vendo tuum.

---

[1] With envy of my wealth. As to Z. *cf.* II. xvi. and xix.
[2] Gentlemen-in-waiting to the Emperor.

LXXVI

You sent me six thousand when I asked for twice six. To get twice six I will ask for twice twelve.

LXXVII

I HAVE never asked the gods for riches, content as I am with moderate means, and pleased with what is mine. Poverty—I ask your pardon!—depart. What is the reason of this sudden and strange prayer? I wish to see Zoilus hanging by the neck.[1]

LXXVIII

ALTHOUGH your sixtieth summer is already buried, and your face shines white with many a hair, you gad with roaming feet all over the city, and there is no woman's chair but in your fussiness you bring it in the morning your "How d'ye do?"; and without you no praetor may go abroad, and neither consul misses your attendance; and ten times you make for the palace by the Sacred steep, and pompously talk only of Sigeruses and Partheniuses.[2] Young men may no doubt do this: nothing in the world, Afer, is more ugly than an old busybody.[3]

LXXIX

You were my constant guest, Matho, at my villa at Tibur. This you buy. I have cheated you; I am selling you your own country place.[4]

[3] An *ardelio* was a fussy, pretentious person: *cf.* II. vii. 8; Phaedr. ii. 7; and Sen. *de Tranq. An.* xii.

[4] *i.e.* you were so often there, it was practically yours.

LXXX

Declamas in febre, Maron: hanc esse phrenesin
si nescis, non es sanus, amice Maron.
declamas aeger, declamas hemitritaeos:
si sudare aliter non potes, est ratio.
"Magna tamen res est." erras; cum viscera febris
exurit, res est magna tacere, Maron.

LXXXI

Epigramma nostrum cum Fabulla legisset
negare nullam quo queror puellarum,
semel rogata bisque terque neglexit
preces amantis. iam, Fabulla, promitte:
negare iussi, pernegare non iussi.

LXXXII

Hos quoque commenda Venuleio, Rufe, libellos,
inputet et nobis otia parva roga,
immemor et paulum curarum operumque suorum
non tetrica nugas exigat aure meas.
sed nec post primum legat haec summumve trientem,
sed sua cum medius proelia Bacchus amat.
si nimis est legisse duos, tibi charta plicetur
altera: divisum sic breve fiet opus.

LXXXIII

Securo nihil est te, Naevole, peius; eodem
sollicito nihil est, Naevole, te melius.

LXXX

You declaim in a fever, Maron; if you don't know that this is frenzy, you are not sane, friend Maron. You declaim when you are ill, you declaim in a semitertian: if otherwise you can't perspire, there is some reason in it. "Yet it is a great thing." You are wrong; when fever burns up your vitals 'tis a great thing to hold your tongue, Maron.

LXXXI

When Fabulla had read my epigram[1] in which I complain that no girl says "No," she, though solicited once, twice, and three times, disregarded her lover's prayers. Now promise, Fabulla: I bade you refuse, I did not bid you to refuse for ever.

LXXXII

These little books[2] too commend, Rufus, to Venuleius, and ask him to put to my account a few idle hours, and, forgetting awhile his cares and tasks, to criticise my trifles with no ungracious ear. But let him not read these poems either after his first or his last cup, but when Bacchus in mid-revel loves his bouts of wine. If it is too much to read two, let one book be rolled up: divided the work will thus become brief.

LXXXIII

When you are easy in mind, Naevolus, nothing is more odious than you; again, when you are worried,

[1] IV. lxxi. [2] The third and fourth books.

securus nullum resalutas, despicis omnes,
nec quisquam liber nec tibi natus homo est:
sollicitus donas, dominum regemque salutas,
invitas. esto, Naevole, sollicitus.

LXXXIV

Non est in populo nec urbe tota
a se Thaida qui probet fututam,
cum multi cupiant rogentque multi.
tam casta est, rogo, Thais? immo fellat.

LXXXV

Nos bibimus vitro, tu murra, Pontice. quare?
prodat perspicuus ne duo vina calix.

LXXXVI

Si vis auribus Atticis probari,
exhortor moneoque te, libelle,
ut docto placeas Apollinari.
nil exactius eruditiusque est,
sed nec candidius benigniusque.
si te pectore, si tenebit ore,
nec rhonchos metues maligniorum,
nec scombris tunicas dabis molestas.
si damnaverit, ad salariorum
curras scrinia protinus licebit,
inversa pueris arande charta.

[1] *Sensu obsceno.*

[2] Good for yourself, inferior for your guests: *cf.* IV. lxviii.; X. xlix. The excellence of a murrine cup was its opacity: *cf.* X. lxxx. 1; and Plin. *N.H.* xxxvii. 8.

nothing is more pleasant. Easy in mind, you return no man's greeting, you look down on all men; none to you is a free man, or even a created being: worried, you make presents, give the title of "master" and "lord," ask one to dinner. Naevolus, be worried.

LXXXIV

There is no one of the people, or in the whole city, who can show that he has been favoured by Thais, although many desire her favours, and many ask for them. Is Thais so chaste then? I ask. Quite the contrary: she is evil-tongued.[1]

LXXXV

We drink from glass, you from murrine, Ponticus. Why? That a transparent cup may not betray your two wines.[2]

LXXXVI

If you would be approved by Attic ears, I exhort and warn you, little book, to please the cultured Apollinaris.[3] No man is more precise and scholarly than he, at the same time no man more fair and kindly. If he shall hold you in his heart, if on his lips, you will neither fear the loud sneers of envy nor supply dolorous wrappers[4] for mackerel.[5] If he shall condemn you, you must fly at once to the drawers of the salt-fish sellers, fit only to have your back ploughed by boys' pens!

[3] A critic much relied upon by M.: *cf.* VII. XXVI. 9.

[4] M. compares the paper of his book to the *tunica molesta*, smeared with pitch, in which criminals were sometimes burned, as in the case of Nero's treatment of the Christians: *cf.* X. XXV. 5; and Juv. I. 155.

[5] *cf.* III. I. 9.

LXXXVII

Infantem secum semper tua Bassa, Fabulle,
conlocat et lusus deliciasque vocat,
et, quo mireris magis, infantaria non est.
ergo quid in causa est? pedere Bassa solet.

LXXXVIII

Nulla remisisti parvo pro munere dona,
et iam Saturni quinque fuere dies.
ergo nec argenti sex scripula Septiciani
missa nec a querulo mappa cliente fuit,
Antipolitani nec quae de sanguine thynni
testa rubet, nec quae cottana parva gerit,
nec rugosarum vimen breve Picenarum,
dicere te posses ut meminisse mei?
decipies alios verbis voltuque benigno;
nam mihi iam notus dissimulator eris.

LXXXIX

Ohe, iam satis est, ohe, libelle.
iam pervenimus usque ad umbilicos:
tu procedere adhuc et ire quaeris,
nec summa potes in schida teneri,
sic tamquam tibi res peracta non sit,
quae prima quoque pagina peracta est.
iam lector queriturque deficitque;
iam librarius hoc et ipse dicit
"Ohe, iam satis est, ohe, libelle."

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[1] Considered inferior: *cf.* VIII. lxxi. 6.

LXXXVII

Your Bassa, Fabullus, constantly sets an infant by her side and calls it her plaything and her darling, and yet—that you may wonder the more—she is not partial to infants. So what is the reason? Bassa is apt to break wind.

LXXXVIII

You have sent me no presents in return for my small offering, and already Saturn's five days are over. So not even six scruples of Septician[1] silver plate have been sent me, nor a napkin given you by a peevish client, nor a jar ruddy with the blood of Antipolitan tunny,[2] nor one containing small Syrian figs, nor a stumpy basket of wrinkled Picenian olives, so that you could say that you remembered me? You may deceive others with words and benignant face, for to me in future you will be a detected pretender.

LXXXIX

Ho, there! Ho, there! 'tis now enough, my little book. We have now come to the very end: you still want to go on further and continue, and cannot be held in even in your last strip, just as if your task was not finished—which was finished, too, on the first page! Already my reader is grumbling and giving in; already even my scribe says: "Ho, there! Ho, there! 'tis now enough, little book."

[2] *i.e.* the inferior pickle called *muria*, as compared with the pickle compounded of mackerel: *cf.* XIII. ciii. Antipolis (Antibes) in Gallia Narbonensis was an important seat of the tunny fishery.

BOOK V

LIBER QUINTUS

I

Haec tibi, Palladiae seu collibus uteris Albae,
Caesar, et hinc Triviam prospicis, inde Thetin,
seu tua veridicae discunt responsa sorores,
plana suburbani qua cubat unda freti,
seu placet Aeneae nutrix seu filia Solis
sive salutiferis candidus Anxur aquis,
mittimus, o rerum felix tutela salusque,
sospite quo gratum credimus esse Iovem
tu tantum accipias: ego te legisse putabo
et tumidus Galla credulitate fruar.

II

Matronae puerique virginesque,
vobis pagina nostra dedicatur.
tu, quem nequitiae procaciores
delectant nimium salesque nudi,
lascivos lege quattuor libellos:
quintus cum domino liber iocatur;
quem Germanicus ore non rubenti
coram Cecropia legat puella.

---

[1] The temple of Diana of the Crossways at Aricia.
[2] Two goddesses of fortune worshipped at Antium.

BOOK V

I

This to thee, Caesar, whether thou art enjoying the hills of Alba dear to Pallas, and dost look forth, here on Trivia's fane,[1] there on the waves of Thetis; or whether the truth-speaking Sisters[2] learn the oracles thou dost inspire, where, hard by the town, sleeps the ocean's level wave; whether Aeneas' nurse delights thee, or the daughter of the Sun,[3] or gleaming Anxur with its healthful waters, this book I send, O thou blest guardian and saviour of the state, whose safety assures us that Jove is grateful.[4] Do thou but receive it; I will deem that thou hast read it, and in my pride have the joy of my Gallic trustfulness.[5]

II

Matrons, and boys, and maids, to you my page is dedicated. Do thou, whom bolder wantonness delights o'ermuch, and wit unashamed, read my four wanton little books; the fifth laughs with its Master: this one Germanicus may, with unblushing face, read in the presence of the Attic Maid.[6]

[3] Whether you are at Caieta, called after the nurse of Aeneas, or at Circeii, called after Circe.

[4] For the rebuilding by Domitian of Jupiter's Temple on the Capitoline: *cf.* IX. iii. 7.

[5] For the credulity of the Gauls *cf.* Caes. *B.G.* iv. 5.

[6] Pallas, claimed by Domitian (Germanicus) as his patroness.

III

Accola iam nostrae Degis, Germanice, ripae,
a famulis Histri qui tibi venit aquis,
laetus et attonitus viso modo praeside mundi,
adfatus comites dicitur esse suos:
"Sors mea quam fratris melior, cui tam prope fas est
cernere, tam longe quem colit ille deum."

IV

Fetere multo Myrtale solet vino,
sed fallat ut nos, folia devorat lauri
merumque cauta fronde, non aqua, miscet.
hanc tu rubentem prominentibus venis
quotiens venire, Paule, videris contra,
dicas licebit "Myrtale bibit laurum."

V

Sexte, Palatinae cultor facunde Minervae,
ingenio frueris qui propiore dei
(nam tibi nascentes domini cognoscere curas
et secreta ducis pectora nosse licet),
sit locus et nostris aliqua tibi parte libellis,
qua Pedo, qua Marsus quaque Catullus erit.
ad Capitolini caelestia carmina belli
grande coturnati pone Maronis opus.

---

[1] Brother of Decebalus, king of Dacia, sent to treat for peace.

[2] *i.e.* is inspired. The priestess of Apollo at Delphi chewed laurel-leaves to acquire inspiration.

III

A DWELLER, Germanicus, on the bank that is now our own, Degis,[1] who came to thee from Ister's subject waves, with joy and wonder saw of late the Governor of the world, and addressed—so 'tis said—his company: "Prouder is my lot than my brother's; I may behold so near the god whom he worships from so far."

IV

MYRTALE is wont to reek with much wine, but, to mislead us, she devours laurel leaves and mixes her neat liquor with this artful frond, not with water. As often as you see her, Paulus, flushed and with swollen veins, coming to meet you, you can say: "Myrtale has drunk the laurel."[2]

V

SEXTUS, eloquent votary of Palatine Minerva,[3] you who enjoy more near the genius of the god[4]—for you are permitted to learn our lord's cares as they are born, and to know our chief's secret heart—let there, I pray, be found also for my little books somewhere a niche where Pedo, where Marsus, and where Catullus shall be set. By the song divine of the Capitoline war[5] place the grand work of buskined Maro.[6]

[3] S. was probably curator of the Palatine library.
[4] *cf.* note to v. viii. 1.
[5] The civil disturbances of A.D. 69, in which the Capitoline Temple was burnt. Perhaps Domitian was the author of the poem. [6] The *Aeneid* of Virgil.

VI

Si non est grave nec nimis molestum,
Musae, Parthenium rogate vestrum:
sic te serior et beata quondam
salvo Caesare finiat senectus
et sis invidia favente felix,
sic Burrus cito sentiat parentem:
admittas timidam brevemque chartam
intra limina sanctioris aulae.
nosti tempora tu Iovis sereni,
cum fulget placido suoque vultu,
quo nil supplicibus solet negare.
non est quod metuas preces iniquas:
numquam grandia nec molesta poscit
quae cedro decorata purpuraque
nigris pagina crevit umbilicis.
nec porrexeris ista, sed teneto
sic tamquam nihil offeras agasque.
si novi dominum novem sororum,
ultro purpureum petet libellum.

VII

Qualiter Assyrios renovant incendia nidos,
una decem quotiens saecula vixit avis,
taliter exuta est veterem nova Roma senectam
et sumpsit vultus praesidis ipsa sui.
iam precor oblitus notae, Vulcane, querellae
parce: sumus Martis turba sed et Veneris:
parce, pater: sic Lemniacis lasciva catenis
ignoscat coniunx et patienter amet.

[1] Domitian's secretary, and himself a poet: *cf.* IV. xlv.; XI. i. [2] *cf.* IV. xlv.

VI

If it is not a burden, or unduly irksome, ye Muses, make to your own Parthenius[1] this request: "So full late may happy age one day close your course while Caesar is still safe, and you by Envy's favour be fortunate; so may Burrus[2] soon learn his sire's worth—admit this timid and brief volume within the threshold of the hallowed hall. You know the seasons when Jove's brow is unruffled, when he beams with that calm look, all his own, that is wont to deny suppliants nought. You need not fear extravagant petitions; never does a book which, spruce with cedar oil and purple, has fully grown with its black knobs, make a great or troublesome request.[3] Do not protrude that book, but so hold it, as if you offered and intended nothing." If I know the Master of the Sisters Nine, of his own accord he will ask for the little book in its purple.

VII

As when the fire renews the Assyrian nest, whenever one bird[4] has lived its ten cycles, so has new Rome shed her bygone age and put on herself the visage of her Governor. Now, I pray thee, Vulcan, forget thy well-known plaint against us,[5] and spare; we are the crowd of Mars, but that of Venus withal. Spare us, father; so may thy wanton spouse pardon her Lemnian fetters and love thee with submission.

[3] *i.e.* its very appearance shows it is not a petition.
[4] The phoenix. [5] As descendants from Mars.

VIII

Edictum domini deique nostri,
quo subsellia certiora fiunt
et puros eques ordines recepit,
dum laudat modo Phasis in theatro,
Phasis purpureis ruber lacernis,
et iactat tumido superbus ore:
"Tandem commodius licet sedere,
nunc est reddita dignitas equestris:
turba non premimur, nec inquinamur"
haec et talia dum refert supinus,
illas purpureas et adrogantes
iussit surgere Leitus lacernas.

IX

Languebam: sed tu comitatus protinus ad me
venisti centum, Symmache, discipulis.
centum me tetigere manus Aquilone gelatae:
non habui febrem, Symmache, nunc habeo.

X

"Esse quid hoc dicam vivis quod fama negatur
et sua quod rarus tempora lector amat?"
hi sunt invidiae nimirum, Regule, mores,
praeferat antiquos semper ut illa novis.
sic veterem ingrati Pompei quaerimus umbram,
sic laudant Catuli vilia templa senes.

---

[1] In 89 A.D. Domitian ordered his procurators to speak of him as *Dominus et Deus noster* in official documents: Suet. *Dom.* xiii.

[2] By the Lex Julia of Roscius Otho in B.C. 67, which assigned fourteen rows in the theatre to the knights. This law was revived and strictly enforced by Domitian.

VIII

The edict of our master and god,[1] whereby the seating has been made more definite and knights have got back[2] their ranks uncontaminated, Phasis was lately approving in the theatre, Phasis glowing in a purple mantle; and he was proudly boasting with swelling words: "At length can we sit more conveniently, now the knightly dignity has been restored; we are not elbowed or besmirched by the mob." While, lolling back, he made these and similar remarks, Leitus[3] commanded that purple and arrogant mantle to get up.

IX

I was sickening; but you at once attended me, Symmachus, with a train of a hundred apprentices. A hundred hands frosted by the North wind have pawed me: I had no fever before, Symmachus; now I have.

X

"How shall I explain this—that to living men fame is denied, and that few readers love their own times?"[4] Of a truth, Regulus, this is envy's way: ever to prefer the men of old to those new-born. Thus ungratefully we sigh for Pompey's old shadowy colonnade, so old men extol the poor temple[5] re-

[3] The attendant. Phasis was not a knight, and could not claim a seat. [4] Regulus is supposed to ask the question.

[5] Of Jupiter, on the Capitol, consumed by fire B.C. 84, and restored B.C. 62 by Q. Lutatius Catulus. The Dictator Sulla had undertaken the restoration, but predeceased its completion, "the only boon," says Tacitus (*Hist.* III. lxxii.), "denied to his good fortune."

Ennius est lectus salvo tibi, Roma, Marone,
et sua riserunt saecula Maeoniden;
rara coronato plausere theatra Menandro;
norat Nasonem sola Corinna suum.
vos tamen o nostri ne festinate libelli:
si post fata venit gloria, non propero.

XI

Sardonychas, zmaragdos, adamantas, iaspidas uno
versat in articulo Stella, Severe, meus.
multas in digitis, plures in carmine gemmas
invenies: inde est haec, puto, culta manus.

XII

Quod nutantia fronte perticata
gestat pondera Masclion superbus,
aut grandis Ninus omnibus lacertis
septem quod pueros levat vel octo,
res non difficilis mihi videtur,
uno cum digito vel hoc vel illo
portet Stella meus decem puellas.

XIII

Sum, fateor, semperque fui, Callistrate, pauper
sed non obscurus nec male notus eques,
sed toto legor orbe frequens et dicitur "Hic est,"
quodque cinis paucis hoc mihi vita dedit.

[1] Homer. [2] Ovid.

[3] *i.e.* it is from that the brilliants derive their real brilliancy—a somewhat far-fetched conceit.

[4] Explained (but doubtfully) of a ring with ten stones, to symbolise the nine Muses, together with Minerva, or S.'s mistress Violentilla.

stored by Catulus; you read Ennius. O Rome, though Maro is to your hand, and his own times laughed at Maeonides;[1] seldom did the theatres applaud the crowned Menander; Corinna alone knew her Naso.[2] Yet be not too eager, O ye books of mine! So after death come glory, I hurry not.

XI

Sardonyxes, emeralds, diamonds, jaspers, my Stella, Severus, twists on a single finger. Many gems will you find on his hands, more in his verse; therefrom, methinks, is his hand adorned.[3]

XII

That Masclion on his pole-supporting brow proudly bears a nodding weight, or huge Ninus with all the strength of his arms lifts seven boys or eight, does not seem to me a difficult feat, when on a single finger, this one or that, my Stella carries ten maids.[4]

XIII

I am, I confess, and I have always been poor, Callistratus, yet no obscure or ill-famed knight[5] am I; yet am I read through all the world by many, and they say of me "'Tis he!",[6] and what death has given to few this has life given to me. But your

[5] Titus (confirmed by Domitian) conferred on M. an honorary knighthood and military tribuneship (*tribunatus semestris*: *cf.* Suet. *Claud.* xxv.; Juv. vii. 88). M. alludes to this in III. xcv. 9.

[6] *cf.* "At pulcrum est digito monstrari et dicier Hic est": Pers. i. 28.

at tua centenis incumbunt tecta columnis
et libertinas arca flagellat opes,
magnaque Niliacae servit tibi gleba Syenes
tondet et innumeros Gallica Parma greges.
hoc ego tuque sumus: sed quod sum non potes esse:
tu quod es e populo quilibet esse potest.

XIV

Sedere primo solitus in gradu semper
tunc, cum liceret occupare, Nanneius
bis excitatus terque transtulit castra,
et inter ipsas paene tertius sellas
post Gaiumque Luciumque consedit.
illinc cucullo prospicit caput tectus
oculoque ludos spectat indecens uno.
et hinc miser deiectus in viam transit,
subsellioque semifultus extremo
et male receptus altero genu iactat
equiti sedere Leitoque se stare.

XV

Quintus nostrorum liber est, Auguste, iocorum
et queritur laesus carmine nemo meo,
gaudet honorato sed multus nomine lector,
cui victura meo munere fama datur.
"Quid tamen haec prosunt quamvis venerantia multos?"
non prosint sane, me tamen ista iuvant.

roof rests on a hundred columns, and your money-chest keeps close a freedman's wealth, and the broad tillage of Nile's Syene serves you as lord, and Gallic Parma shears for you unnumbered flocks. Such are we—you and I; but what I am you cannot be: what you are that anyone of the people can be.

XIV

Accustomed always to sit in the front row in days when to seize a place was lawful,[1] Nanneius was twice and thrice roused up and shifted camp, and sat down right between the seats, making almost a third behind Gaius and Lucius. Thence with his head buried in a cowl he peers out, and views the show indecently with one eye. Expelled even from here, the wretched fellow passes into the gangway, and, half propped up at the end of a bench and allowed small room, with one knee pretends to the knight by him that he is sitting, with the other to Leitus[2] that he is standing.

XV

This, Augustus, is my fifth book of jests, and no man complains as being wounded by my verse; nay, many a reader rejoices in an honoured name, to whom, by bounty of mine, is given undying fame. "Yet what profit is there in these poems, however much they pay homage to many?" Let profit, in truth, be none, yet those poems are at least my delight.

[1] *i.e.* when the Lex Julia was not enforced: *cf.* v. viii.
[2] *cf.* v. viii. 12.

XVI

Seria cum possim, quod delectantia malo
scribere, tu causa es, lector amice, mihi,
qui legis et tota cantas mea carmina Roma:
sed nescis quanti stet mihi talis amor.
nam si falciferi defendere templa †Tonantis
sollicitisve velim vendere verba reis,
plurimus Hispanas mittet mihi nauta metretas
et fiet vario sordidus aere sinus.
at nunc conviva est comissatorque libellus
et tantum gratis pagina nostra placet.
sed non et veteres contenti laude fuerunt,
cum minimum vati munus Alexis erat.
"Belle" inquis "dixti: iuvat et laudabimus usque."
dissimulas? facies me, puto, causidicum.

XVII

Dum proavos atavosque refers et nomina magna,
dum tibi noster eques sordida condicio est,
dum te posse negas nisi lato, Gellia, clavo
nubere, nupsisti, Gellia, cistifero.

---

[1] *i.e.* take a brief for the Treasury, which was located in the Temple of Saturn. But Saturn is nowhere else called *Tonans*. Baehrens suggests *togatus*.

[2] Is only read at banquets where guests have not to pay for it.

[3] A slave presented to Virgil by Maecenas: *cf.* VIII. lvi. 12.

XVI

That I, who could write what is serious, prefer to write what is entertaining, you, friendly reader, are the cause, who read and hum my poems all over Rome; but you do not know what such love costs me. For, were I willing to appear for the Temple of the scythe-bearing Thunderer[1] or to sell my speech to anxious men accused, many a sailor will send me firkins of oil from Spain, and my purse become soiled with odd moneys. But, as it is, my book is but a guest and boon-companion,[2] and only when 'tis unpaid for does my page charm. But our ancestors were not as we, content with praise; then an Alexis[3] was the smallest offering to a bard. "You have written nicely," you say; "we enjoy, and will to the end praise you." Do you pretend not to understand? You will make me, I think, a lawyer.[4]

XVII

While you were recalling your great grandfathers, and their grandfathers, and the mighty names of your ancestors; while a knight like me is a poor match for you; while you said, Gellia, that you could not marry except a broad stripe,[5] you married, Gellia, a box-bearer![6]

[4] One of a more lucrative profession.

[5] *i.e.* a senator.

[6] Either a common carrier, or the priest who carried the *sacra arcana* in a religious procession: *cf.* Hor. *Od.* I. xviii. 12. Some take the reference as meant for a Jew; Juv. iii. 14.

XVIII

Quod tibi Decembri mense, quo volant mappae
gracilesque ligulae cereique chartaeque
et acuta senibus testa cum Damascenis,
praeter libellos vernulas nihil misi,
fortasse avarus videar aut inhumanus.
odi dolosas munerum et malas artes:
imitantur hamos dona: namque quis nescit
avidum vorata decipi scarum musca?
quotiens amico diviti nihil donat,
o Quintiane, liberalis est pauper.

XIX

Si qua fides veris, praeferri, maxime Caesar,
temporibus possunt saecula nulla tuis.
quando magis dignos licuit spectare triumphos?
quando Palatini plus meruere dei?
pulchrior et maior quo sub duce Martia Roma?
sub quo libertas principe tanta fuit?
est tamen hoc vitium sed non leve, sit licet unum,
quod colit ingratas pauper amicitias.
quis largitur opes veteri fidoque sodali,
aut quem prosequitur non alienus eques?
Saturnaliciae ligulam misisse selibrae
†flammarisve† togae[1] scripula tota decem
luxuria est, tumidique vocant haec munera reges:
qui crepet aureolos forsitan unus erit.

[1] The text is probably corrupt. *Damnatisve togae* (Housman), *e lamnisve Tagi* (Munro), and *flammantisve auri* (Friedländer) have been suggested.

[1] *cf.* v. lix. 4 for the same idea.

XVIII

Because in December's month, when napkins fly about, and slender spoons, and wax tapers, and paper, and pointed jars of dried damsons, I have sent you nothing but my home-bred little books, perhaps I may seem stingy or impolite. I abhor the crafty and cursed trickery of presents; gifts are like hooks; for who does not know that the greedy sea-bream is deceived by the fly he has gorged? Every time he gives nothing to a rich friend, O Quintianus, a poor man is generous.[1]

XIX

If one may trust truth, no ages, most mighty Caesar, can be set above your times. When could we view more noble triumphs? when have the Palatine gods more deserved our thanks? under what chief was Rome, city of Mars, fairer and greater? under what prince was liberty so great? Yet is there this blot, no small one, though it be but one: that a poor man courts ungrateful friendships. Who lavishes his wealth on an old and loyal comrade, or whom does a knight he himself made escort?[2] To have dispatched at the Saturnalia[3] a table-spoon weighing half a pound, or a flame-hued toga worth ten scruples[4] in all, is to them extravagance, and our puffed-up lords call these bounties, though perhaps just one of them may

[2] To whom he has given the amount of a knightly qualification.

[3] The epithet *Saturnaliciae* may perhaps convey a suggestion that the silver was poor: *cf.* IV. lxxxviii. 3.

[4] The scruple was a gold coin worth twenty sesterces, about three and sixpence.

quatenus hi non sunt, esto tu, Caesar, amicus:
nulla ducis virtus dulcior esse potest.
iam dudum tacito rides, Germanice, naso;
utile quod nobis do tibi consilium.

XX

Si tecum mihi, care Martialis,
securis liceat frui diebus,
si disponere tempus otiosum
et verae pariter vacare vitae,
nec nos atria nec domos potentum
nec litis tetricas forumque triste
nossemus nec imagines superbas;
sed gestatio, fabulae, libelli,
campus, porticus, umbra, Virgo, thermae,
haec essent loca semper, hi labores.
nunc vivit necuter sibi, bonosque
soles effugere atque abire sentit,
qui nobis pereunt et inputantur.
quisquam, vivere cum sciat, moratur?

XXI

Quintum pro Decimo, pro Crasso, Regule, Macrum
ante salutabat rhetor Apollodotus.
nunc utrumque suo resalutat nomine. quantum
cura laborque potest! scripsit et edidicit.

[1] Cold baths from the Aqua Virgo, one of the aqueducts: *cf.* VI. xlii. 18.

make sovereigns chink. So long as these men are no friends, be you, Caesar, our friend; no merit in a chief can be more pleasing. All this while you are smiling, Caesar, with a quiet sneer because I am giving you advice profitable to myself.

XX

If I and you, dear Martial, were permitted to enjoy careless days, if permitted to dispose an idle time, and both alike to have leisure for genuine life, we should not know the halls or mansions of men of power, nor worrying lawsuits and the anxious forum, nor lordly ancestral busts; but the promenade, the lounges, the bookshops, the plain, the colonnade, the garden's shade, the Virgin water,[1] the warm baths—these should be our haunts always, these our tasks. To-day neither lives for himself, and he feels the good days are flitting and passing away, our days that perish and are scored to our account. Does any man, when he knows how to live, delay?

XXI

Apollodotus the rhetorician, Regulus, used to greet Quintus for Decimus, Macer for Crassus; now he returns the greeting of each by his proper name. What power has care and labour! He wrote the names down and learned them by heart![2]

[2] *cf.* v liv.

XXII

Mane domi nisi te volui meruique videre,
sint mihi, Paule, tuae longius Esquiliae.
sed Tiburtinae sum proximus accola pilae,
qua videt anticum rustica Flora Iovem:
alta Suburani vincenda est semita clivi
et numquam sicco sordida saxa gradu,
vixque datur longas mulorum rumpere mandras
quaeque trahi multo marmora fune vides.
illud adhuc gravius quod te post mille labores,
Paule, negat lasso ianitor esse domi.
exitus hic operis vani togulaeque madentis:
vix tanti Paulum mane videre fuit.
semper inhumanos habet officiosus amicos:
rex, nisi dormieris, non potes esse meus.

XXIII

Herbarum fueras indutus, Basse, colores,
iura theatralis dum siluere loci.
quae postquam placidi censoris cura renasci
iussit et Oceanum certior audit eques,
non nisi vel cocco madida vel murice tincta
veste nites et te sic dare verba putas.
quadringentorum nullae sunt, Basse, lacernae
aut meus ante omnis Cordus haberet equum.

---

[1] Otherwise unknown.

[2] The Temple of Flora and the *Capitolium Vetus*, a temple dedicated to Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva; both stood on the Quirinal where M. lived.

[3] *i.e.* so that I can see you. M. also hints that P.'s absence

XXII

If I did not wish, and deserve, to see you "at home" in the morning, Paulus, may your Esquiline house be for me still farther off! But I am next-door neighbour to the Tiburtine column,[1] where rustic Flora looks upon our ancient Jove;[2] I must surmount the track up the hill from the Subura and the dirty pavement with its steps never dry, and I can scarce break through the long droves of mules and the blocks of marble you see hauled by many a cable. And—more annoying still—after a thousand exertions, Paulus, when I am fagged out, your door-keeper says you are "not at home"! Such is the result of misspent toil, and my poor toga drenched! To *see* Paulus in the morning was scarcely worth the cost. A diligent client always has inhuman friends: my patron if you do not stay in bed[3] you cannot be.

XXIII

You were clad, Bassus, in the colour of grass so long as the rules of seating[4] in the theatre were unheard. Now that our serene Censor's care has bid them revive, and knights more genuine obey Oceanus, 'tis never, but in robes steeped in scarlet or dyed with purple, that you are resplendent, and you fancy that thereby *you* cheat him! No mantles, Bassus, are reckoned at four hundred thousand sesterces, or else my Cordus[5] before all men would have his knighthood.

is caused by his dancing attendance on other patrons: *cf.* II. xxxii. 8.

[4] *cf.* viii., xiv., xxv., and xxxviii. of this Book. Oceanus was one of the attendants of the theatre. [5] *cf.* II. lvii.

XXIV

Hermes Martia saeculi voluptas,
Hermes omnibus eruditus armis,
Hermes et gladiator et magister,
Hermes turba sui tremorque ludi,
Hermes, quem timet Helius sed unum,
Hermes, cui cadit Advolans sed uni,
Hermes vincere nec ferire doctus,
Hermes subpositicius sibi ipse,
Hermes divitiae locariorum,
Hermes cura laborque ludiarum,
Hermes belligera superbus hasta,
Hermes aequoreo minax tridente,
Hermes casside languida timendus,
Hermes gloria Martis universi,
Hermes omnia solus et ter unus.

XXV

"Quadringenta tibi non sunt, Chaerestrate: surge,
Leitus ecce venit: sta, fuge, curre, late."
ecquis, io, revocat discedentemque reducit?
ecquis, io, largas pandit amicus opes?
quem chartis famaeque damus populisque loquendum?
quis Stygios non volt totus adire lacus?
hoc, rogo, non melius quam rubro pulpita nimbo
spargere et effuso permaduisse croco?

---

[1] Never vanquished, and so no other gladiator being substituted for him.

[2] Or "the anxiety of gladiators' wives," fearing the death of their husbands at his hands.

XXIV

Hermes, the age's delight to the Sons of Mars; Hermes, schooled in all weapons; Hermes, gladiator and trainer both; Hermes, the confusion and terror of his own school; Hermes, whom, but whom alone, Helius fears; Hermes, whom, but whom alone, Advolans goes down before; Hermes, skilled to vanquish without slaying; Hermes, himself his own substitute;[1] Hermes, fount of wealth to seat-contractors; Hermes, the darling and passion of gladiators' women;[2] Hermes, proud with the warrior's spear; Hermes, threatful with the sea-trident;[3] Hermes, terrible in the drooping casque;[4] Hermes, the pride of Mars in every shape; Hermes is all things in his single self, and trebly one.

XXV

"You don't possess four hundred thousand, Chaerestratus; get up; see, Leitus is coming! Stand up, fly, run, hide!" Ho, there! does anyone call him back, and bring him back as he departs? Ho, there! does any friend unlock his abounding wealth? Whom am I to give to my pages, and to fame and the tongues of nations? Who is loth to pass, all unknown, to the lake of Styx? Is not this, I ask, better than to sprinkle the stage with a ruddy shower, and be drenched with streams of saffron?

[3] As a *retiarius*, or net-caster, who was also armed with a trident.

[4] As an *andabata*, a gladiator who fought on horseback, and more or less blindfolded by his helmet.

quam non sensuro dare quadringenta caballo,
aureus ut Scorpi nasus ubique micet?
o frustra locuples, o dissimulator amici,
haec legis et laudas? quae tibi fama perit!

XXVI

Quod alpha dixi, Corde, paenulatorum
te nuper, aliqua cum iocarer in charta,
si forte bilem movit hic tibi versus,
dicas licebit beta me togatorum.

XXVII

Ingenium studiumque tibi moresque genusque
sunt equitis, fateor: cetera plebis habes.
bis septena tibi non sint subsellia tanti,
ut sedeas viso pallidus Oceano.

XXVIII

Ut bene loquatur sentiatque Mamercus,
efficere nullis, Aule, moribus possis,
pietate fratres Curvios licet vincas,
quiete Nervas, comitate Rusones,
probitate Macros, aequitate Mauricos,
oratione Regulos, iocis Paulos:
robiginosis cuncta dentibus rodit.
hominem malignum forsan esse tu credas:
ego esse miserum credo, cui placet nemo.

---

[1] Than to set up a gilded statue of Scorpus, the jockey: *cf.* x. l. and liii. [2] II. lvii.

Than to give four hundred thousand sesterces to an unconscious horse, that the nose of Scorpus[1] may twinkle everywhere in gold? O man uselessly rich, O disguiser of your friendship! Read you these words, and praise them? What renown you are losing!

XXVI

I CALLED you lately,[2] Cordus, when I was cracking a joke in some page of mine, "A 1 in cloaks." If—as may be—this verse has stirred your bile, you may call me B 2 in togas.

XXVII

THE wit, and the taste, and the manners, and the birth that fit a knight are yours, I grant: the rest is plebeian. A place in the fourteen rows should not seem to you worth having if you have to turn pale in your seat at the sight of Oceanus.[3]

XXVIII

THERE is no virtue, Aulus, by which you could induce Mamercus to speak and think kindly of you. You may in affection surpass the brothers Curvii, in calm the Nervas,[4] in courtesy the Rusos, in goodness the Macri,[5] in justice the Maurici, in oratory the Reguli, in wit the Pauli—he gnaws all with cankered teeth. Malicious *you* perhaps may deem the fellow: I deem him miserable whom no man pleases.

[3] Because you are still "plebeian" as not having the money-qualification of a knight.

[4] *cf.* VIII. LXX.

[5] *cf.* X. XVII. and LXXVII.

XXIX

Si quando leporem mittis mihi, Gellia, dicis:
"Formosus septem, Marce, diebus eris."
si non derides, si verum, lux mea, narras,
edisti numquam, Gellia, tu leporem.

XXX

Varro, Sophocleo non infitiande coturno
nec minus in Calabra suspiciende lyra,
differ opus nec te facundi scaena Catulli
detineat cultis aut elegia comis;
sed lege fumoso non aspernanda Decembri
carmina, mittuntur quae tibi mense suo,
commodius nisi forte tibi potiusque videtur
Saturnalicias perdere, Varro, nuces.

XXXI

Aspice quam placidis insultet turba iuvencis
et sua quam facilis pondera taurus amet.
cornibus hic pendet summis, vagus ille per armos
currit et in toto ventilat arma bove.
at feritas immota riget: non esset harena
tutior et poterant fallere plana magis.
nec trepidant gestus, sed de discrimine palmae
securus puer est sollicitumque pecus.

---

[1] It was a vulgar superstition that eating a hare made the eater beautiful for that time or longer: Plin. *N.H.* xxviii. 19.

XXIX

If at any time you send me a hare, you say, Gellia: "Marcus, you will be comely for seven days." [1] If you are not laughing at me, if you speak truly, my love, you, Gellia, have never eaten a hare.

XXX

Varro, whom the Sophoclean buskin would not disclaim, nor less to be looked up to for your Calabrian lyre,[2] put off your studies and let not the stage of the clever Catullus [3] keep you busy, or Elegy with her trim locks; rather read poems, not to be despised in smoky December, which are sent you in their appropriate month. But perhaps it seems to you, Varro, more suitable and better to lose your Saturnalian nuts.[4]

XXXI

See how the troupe leaps on the placid steers, and how complacently the bull accepts his appointed burden! This boy hangs on the tips of his horns, that one runs here and there along his shoulders and waves his weapons all over the ox. But the fierce beast stands unmoved and stark; the sand would not be safer; rather might the level ground cause a slip. Nor are their movements troubled; but of the award of the prize the boy is sure, the beast solicitous.

[2] For lyrics like Horace's. Varro is unknown.
[3] A writer of mimes or comic plays.
[4] To gamble for nuts at the Saturnalia.

XXXII

QUADRANTEM Crispus tabulis, Faustine, supremis
non dedit uxori. "Cui dedit ergo?" sibi.

XXXIII

CARPERE causidicus fertur mea carmina. qui sit
nescio: si sciero, vae tibi, causidice.

✓

XXXIV

HANC tibi, Fronto pater, genetrix Flaccilla, puellam
oscula commendo deliciasque meas,
parvola ne nigras horrescat Erotion umbras
oraque Tartarei prodigiosa canis.
inpletura fuit sextae modo frigora brumae,
vixisset totidem ni minus illa dies.
inter tam veteres ludat lasciva patronos
et nomen blaeso garriat ore meum.
mollia non rigidus caespes tegat ossa nec illi,
terra, gravis fueris: non fuit illa tibi.

XXXV

DUM sibi redire de Patrensibus fundis
ducena clamat coccinatus Euclides
Corinthioque plura de suburbano
longumque pulchra stemma repetit a Leda
et suscitanti Leito reluctatur,
equiti superbo nobili locupleti
cecidit repente magna de sinu clavis.
numquam, Fabulle, nequior fuit clavis.

---

[1] *i.e.* he dissipated it in his lifetime.
[2] Supposed to be M.'s father and mother.

XXXII

Crispus in his last will, Faustinus, did not give his wife a farthing. "To whom, then, did he give his estate?" To himself.[1]

XXXIII

A lawyer is said to carp at my poems; who he is I don't know: if I do know, woe to you, lawyer!

XXXIV

To thee, father Fronto, to thee, mother Flaccilla,[2] I commend this maid, my sweetheart and my darling, that tiny Erotion may not shudder at the dark shades and the Tartarean hound's stupendous jaws. She would have completed only her sixth cold winter had she not lived as many days too few. Beside protectors so aged let her lightly play, and prattle my name with lisping tongue. And let not hard clods cover her tender bones, nor be thou heavy upon her, O earth: she was not so to thee!

XXXV

While Euclides in scarlet was loudly proclaiming that two hundred thousand sesterces a year were the return of his farms at Patrae, and more that of his property in the suburbs of Corinth, and was tracing a long pedigree from beauteous Leda, and arguing with Leitus who was making him stir—out of the pocket of this proud, high-born, rich knight there suddenly fell a big key. Never, Fabullus, was there a key more wicked![3]

[3] As showing that E. was only a door-keeper, or in some other menial position.

XXXVI

Laudatus nostro quidam, Faustine, libello
dissimulat, quasi nil debeat: inposuit.

XXXVII

Puella senibus dulcior mihi cycnis,
agna Galaesi mollior Phalantini,
concha Lucrini delicatior stagni,
cui nec lapillos praeferas Erythraeos
nec modo politum pecudis Indicae dentem
nivesque primas liliumque non tactum;
quae crine vicit Baetici gregis vellus
Rhenique nodos aureamque nitellam;
fragravit ore quod rosarium Paesti,
quod Atticarum prima mella cerarum,
quod sucinorum rapta de manu gleba;
cui comparatus indecens erat pavo,
inamabilis sciurus et frequens phoenix,
adhuc recenti tepet Erotion busto,
quam pessimorum lex amara fatorum
sexta peregit hieme, nec tamen tota,
nostros amores gaudiumque lususque.
et esse tristem me meus vetat Paetus,
pectusque pulsans pariter et comam vellens:
"Deflere non te vernulae pudet mortem?
ego coniugem" inquit "extuli et tamen vivo,
notam superbam nobilem locupletem."
quid esse nostro fortius potest Paeto?
ducentiens accepit et tamen vivit.

---

[1] The water of the Baetis (Guadalquivir) gave wool a golden hue: *cf.* IX. lxi. 3.

XXXVI

A CERTAIN individual, Faustinus, whom I praised in my book, pretends he owes me nothing. He has cheated me.

XXXVII

A MAID, sweeter-voiced to me than aged swans, more tender than the lamb by Phalanthian Galaesus, more dainty than mother of pearl of Lucrine's mere, before whom thou wouldst not choose Eastern pearls, nor the tusk new polished of India's beast, and snows untrodden, and the unfingered lily; whose locks outshone the Baetic fleece,[1] the knotted hair of Rhine,[2] and the golden dormouse; whose breath was fragrant as Paestan bed of roses, as the new honey of Attic combs, as a lump of amber snatched from the hand;[3] compared with whom the peacock was unsightly, no darling the squirrel, and less rare the phoenix; warm on a pyre yet new Erotion lies, whom the bitter decree of the most evil Fates carried off ere her sixth winter was full, my love, my joy, my playfellow. And my friend Paetus forbids me to be sad, while he beats his breast with both his hands and plucks his hair. "Are you not ashamed to bewail the death of a paltry home-bred slave? I," he says, "have buried my wife, and yet I live, a wife known to all, proud, high-born, wealthy." What can be more steadfast than our Paetus? He has received twenty millions—and goes on living still!

[2] Which was yellow and knotted: *cf. Lib. Spect.* iii. 9; Juv. xiii. 164.

[3] The warmth of the hand brought out the fragrance of amber.

XXXVIII

Calliodorus habet censum (quis nescit?) equestrem,
Sexte, sed et fratrem Calliodorus habet.
"Quadringenta seca" qui dicis, σῦκα μέριζε:
uno credis equo posse sedere duos?
quid cum fratre tibi, quid cum Polluce molesto?
non esset Pollux si tibi, Castor eras.
unus cum sitis, duo, Calliodore, sedebis?
surge: σολοικισμόν, Calliodore, facis.
aut imitare genus Ledae: cum fratre sedere
non potes: alternis, Calliodore, sede.

XXXIX

Supremas tibi triciens in anno
signanti tabulas, Charine, misi
Hyblaeis madidas thymis placentas.
defeci: miserere iam, Charine:
signa rarius, aut semel fac illud,
mentitur tua quod subinde tussis.
excussi loculosque sacculumque:
Croeso divitior licet fuissem,
Iro pauperior forem, Charine,
si conchem totiens meam comesses.

XL

Pinxisti Venerem, colis, Artemidore, Minervam:
et miraris opus displicuisse tuum?

---

[1] The point of the epigram is that the knight's qualification (400,000 sesterces) possessed by C. cannot serve for his brother also.

[2] Who, of the Twins, was the horseman: *cf.* VII. lvii. 2.

[3] Your procedure amounts to saying "two sits," *i.e.* on the knight's horse.

XXXVIII

CALLIODORUS has — who does not know it? — a knight's estate, Sextus, but Calliodorus also has a brother. You, who say "Divide four hundred," go, halve a fig: on one horse do you think that two can sit?[1] What have you to do with your brother, what with troublesome Pollux? If you had had no Pollux, you would have been Castor.[2] Although you two are one, will you, Calliodorus, sit as two? Get up! You are guilty of a solecism, Calliodorus.[3] Or else copy the sons of Leda—you can't sit with your brother—sit alternately,[4] Calliodorus.

XXXIX

WHILE you were thirty times in the year sealing your last will, Charinus, I sent you cakes steeped with Hybla's thyme-fed honey. I am used up: pity me now, Charinus; seal more seldom, or do once for all what your cough constantly suggests falsely. I have shaken out my boxes and my money-bag; had I been richer than Croesus, yet I should now be poorer than Irus,[5] Charinus, had you so often eaten beans of mine.[6]

XL

YOU who have painted Venus, Artemidorus, are a votary of Minerva;[7] do you wonder that your work has not found favour?

[1] Like Castor and Pollux, who lived alternately in Heaven and in the Shades: *cf.* I. xxxvi.

[5] The typical beggar: see Hom. *Od.* xvii.

[6] Though beans are cheap: *cf.* Juv. iii. 293.

[7] The tutelary goddess of art. Venus had defeated Minerva in the contest of beauty decided by Paris.

XLI

Spadone cum sis eviratior fluxo,
et concubino mollior Celaenaeo,
quem sectus ululat matris entheae Gallus,
theatra loqueris et gradus et edicta
trabeasque et Idus fibulasque censusque,
et pumicata pauperes manu monstras.
sedere in equitum liceat an tibi scamnis
videbo, Didyme: non licet maritorum.

XLII

Callidus effracta nummos fur auferet arca,
prosternet patrios impia flamma lares:
debitor usuram pariter sortemque negabit,
non reddet sterilis semina iacta seges:
dispensatorem fallax spoliabit amica,
mercibus extructas obruet unda rates.
extra fortunam est quidquid donatur amicis:
quas dederis solas semper habebis opes.

XLIII

Thais habet nigros, niveos Laecania dentes.
quae ratio est? emptos haec habet, illa suos.

XLIV

Quid factum est, rogo, quid repente factum,
ad cenam mihi, Dento, quod vocanti
(quis credat?) quater ausus es negare?

---

[1] Attis. [2] Cybele.
[3] Of July, when there was a procession of the knights

XLI

ALTHOUGH you are more unmanned than a flaccid eunuch, and more effeminate than the Ganymede of Celaenae [1] whose name the emasculated priest of the soul-maddening Mother [2] howls, you talk of theatres, and rows of seats, and edicts, and gowns of purple stripe, and Ides,[3] and clasps, and estates, and with a pumice-smoothed hand point at poor men. Whether you should sit on the knights' benches I will consider, Didymus: you can't sit on those of husbands.[4]

XLII

A CUNNING thief will break your money-box and carry off your coin, cruel fire will lay low your ancestral home; your debtor will repudiate interest alike and principal, your sterile crop will not return you the seed you have sown; a false mistress will despoil your treasurer, the wave will overwhelm your ships stored with merchandise. Beyond Fortune's power is any gift made to your friends; only wealth bestowed will you possess always.

XLIII

THAIS has black, Laecania snowy teeth. What is the reason? One has those she purchased, the other her own.

XLIV

WHAT has happened, I ask, what has happened suddenly that, when I asked you, Dento, to dinner, four times (who would believe it?) you made bold

(*equitum transvectio*) crowned with olive, and in their state robes (*trabeae*): Dion. Hal. vi. 13; Val. Max. II. ii. 9.

[4] Assigned seats in the theatre by Augustus.

sed nec respicis et fugis sequentem,
quem thermis modo quaerere et theatris
et conclavibus omnibus solebas.
sic est, captus es unctiore mensa
et maior rapuit canem culina.
iam te, sed cito, cognitum et relictum
cum fastidierit popina dives,
antiquae venies ad ossa cenae.

XLV

Dicis formosam, dicis te, Bassa, puellam.
istud quae non est dicere, Bassa, solet.

XLVI

Basia dum nolo nisi quae luctantia carpsi
et placet ira mihi plus tua quam facies,
ut te saepe rogem, caedo, Diadumene, saepe:
consequor hoc, ut me nec timeas nec ames.

XLVII

Numquam se cenasse domi Philo iurat, et hoc est:
non cenat, quotiens nemo vocavit eum.

XLVIII

Quid non cogit amor? secuit nolente capillos
Encolpos domino, non prohibente tamen.

to refuse? Moreover, you don't even look back, but fly, when I follow you, from me whom but lately in warm baths, and in theatres, and in every dining-room you used to look for. So it is: you have been captured by a richer dinner, and a bigger kitchen has carried off the dog! Presently—and that soon—when you are known and discarded, and the wealthy eating-house is sick of you, to the bones of the old dinner you will return.

XLV

You say, Bassa, that you are beautiful; you say that you are a girl. That is what she who is neither is wont to say, Bassa.

XLVI

Kisses I reject save those I have ravished from reluctance, and your anger pleases me more than your face; so I often beat you, Diadumenus, to make myself solicit you often. I achieve this: you neither fear nor love me.

XLVII

Philo swears he has never dined at home, and it is so. He doesn't dine at all whenever no one has invited him.

XLVIII

What does not love compel? Encolpos has shorn his locks against his master's will, yet not forbidden.

permisit flevitque Pudens: sic cessit habenis
audaci questus de Phaethonte pater;
talis raptus Hylas, talis deprensus Achilles
deposuit gaudens, matre dolente, comas.
sed tu ne propera (brevibus ne crede capillis)
tardaque pro tanto munere, barba, veni.

XLIX

Vidissem modo forte cum sedentem
solum te, Labiene, tres putavi.
calvae me numerus tuae fefellit.
sunt illinc tibi, sunt et hinc capilli
quales vel puerum decere possunt:
nudumst in medio caput nec ullus
in longa pilus area notatur.
hic error tibi profuit Decembri,
tum cum prandia misit Imperator:
cum panariolis tribus redisti.
talem Geryonem fuisse credo.
vites censeo porticum Philippi:
si te viderit Hercules, peristi.

L

Ceno domi quotiens, nisi te, Charopine, vocavi,
protinus ingentes sunt inimicitiae,

[1] E. had dedicated his long hair to Phoebus if his master Pudens became first centurion (*primi pili*) (see I. xxxi.), and now proceeds to fulfil the vow.

[2] Helios, the Sun, allowed Phaethon to drive his chariot.

[3] A beautiful youth drawn under the water by the enamoured Nymphs.

Pudens allowed it and wept :[1] in such wise did his sire[2] yield the reins, sighing at Phaethon's boldness; so fair was ravished Hylas,[3] so fair discovered Achilles,[4] when amid his mother's tears with joy he laid aside his locks. Yet haste not thou, O beard—trust not those shortened tresses[5]—and spring slow in return for sacrifice so great!

XLIX

When, as it chanced, I saw you just now in your seat, I fancied your single self, Labienus, was three persons: my calculation of your bald pate came out wrong. You have on that side hairs, you have hairs on this, such as might grace even a boy; and your head in the middle is bare, and no single shoot is noticed in its long expanse. This confusion was profitable to you in December, just when the Emperor sent round lunches; you went home with three baskets of bread. Geryon[6] was like you, I am sure. You should avoid—in my opinion—the Portico of Philippus;[7] if Hercules sees you, you are undone!

L

If, as often as I dine at home, I have not invited you, Charopinus, immediately you become my deadly

[4] Who had been hidden by Thetis in woman's clothes to prevent him going to the Trojan war. An early instance of Pacificism!

[5] Do not imagine him yet a man.

[6] A three-headed herdsman slain by Hercules.

[7] Where there was a Temple of Hercules and the Muses, containing a statue of Hercules.

meque velis stricto medium transfigere ferro,
si nostrum sine te scis caluisse focum.
nec semel ergo mihi furtum fecisse licebit?
inprobius nihil est hac, Charopine, gula.
desine iam nostram, precor, observare culinam,
atque aliquando meus det tibi verba cocus.

LI

Hic, qui libellis praegravem gerit laevam,
notariorum quem premit chorus levis,
qui codicillis hinc et inde prolatis
epistulisque commodat gravem voltum
similis Catoni Tullioque Brutoque,
exprimere, Rufe, fidiculae licet cogant,
have Latinum, χαῖρε non potest Graecum.
si fingere istud me putas, salutemus.

LII

Quae mihi praestiteris memini semperque tenebo.
cur igitur taceo, Postume? tu loqueris.
incipio quotiens alicui tua dona referre,
protinus exclamat "Dixerat ipse mihi."
non belle quaedam faciunt duo: sufficit unus
huic operi: si vis ut loquar, ipse tace.
crede mihi, quamvis ingentia, Postume, dona
auctoris pereunt garrulitate sui.

---

[1] Perhaps containing notes taken in shorthand of forthcoming speeches.

enemy, and you would wish to run me through with a drawn sword if you discover that my kitchen fire has been aglow without you as guest. Cannot I then, not even once in a way, hoodwink you? Nothing is more insatiable, Charopinus, than this gluttony of yours. Cease, I pray, by now to watch my kitchen, and let my cook occasionally cheat you!

LI

That fellow who has his left hand weighted with documents, round whom a smooth-cheeked band of shorthand-writers crowds, who, when note-books[1] and letters are offered to him on this side and on that, lends them a severe countenance, looking like a very Cato, and Tully, and Brutus!—that fellow cannot bring out, even though the fiddle-strings[2] forced him, a "How d'ye do?" in Latin, a χαῖρε in Greek. If you think I am inventing that, let us greet him.[3]

LII

Your bounty to me I remember and shall always keep in mind. Why, then, am I silent about it, Postumus? *You* speak of it. As often as I begin to report to someone your presents, he at once exclaims: "He himself had told me." There are things which two persons do not do nicely: one suffices for this work; if you want me to speak, be you yourself silent. Trust me; gifts, however great, Postumus, lose their value by the chattering of the giver.

[2] A method of torture: Sen. *de Ir.* iii. 3.

[3] An epigram on a pretentious and surly lawyer, possibly the Pontilianus of v. lxvi.

LIII

Colchida quid scribis, quid scribis, amice, Thyesten?
quo tibi vel Nioben, Basse, vel Andromachen?
materia est, mihi crede, tuis aptissima chartis
Deucalion vel, si non placet hic, Phaethon.

LIV

Extemporalis factus est meus rhetor:
Calpurnium non scripsit, et salutavit.

LV

Dic mihi, quem portas, volucrum regina? "Tonantem."
nulla manu quare fulmina gestat? "Amat."
quo calet igne deus? "Pueri." cur mitis aperto
respicis ore Iovem? "De Ganymede loquor."

LVI

Cui tradas, Lupe, filium magistro
quaeris sollicitus diu rogasque.
omnes grammaticosque rhetorasque
devites moneo: nihil sit illi
cum libris Ciceronis aut Maronis.
famae Tutilium suae relinquat;

[1] Medea.
[2] *i.e.* they should be drowned or burned: *cf.* a similar Greek epigram (*Anth. Pal.* xi. ccxiv.) which M. copies.
[3] *cf.* v. xxi.

LIII

Why write of the Colchian dame,[1] why write, my friend, of Thyestes? What does it avail you, Bassus, to write of Niobe or Andromache? The fittest matter, believe me, for those sheets of yours is Deucalion, or—if he doesn't please you—Phaethon.[2]

LIV

My friend the rhetorician has become spontaneous. He did not write down "Calpurnius," and yet greeted him by name.[3]

LV

Tell me, whom bearest thou, queen of birds? "The Thunderer." Why carries he in his hand no thunderbolts? "He loves." With what flame burns the god? "With love for a boy." Why lookest thou mildly back with open mouth towards Jove? "I am speaking of Ganymede."[4]

LVI

To what master should you entrust your son, Lupus? This you have long been anxiously considering and asking me. All teachers of grammar and rhetoric I warn you to avoid; let him have nothing to do with the works of Cicero or Maro; leave Tutilius[5]

[4] A Phrygian youth carried off by the eagle to be Jove's cupbearer: *cf.* I. vi., an epigram referring to the masterpiece of Leochares, a Greek sculptor contemporary with Praxiteles: *cf.* Plin. *N.H.* xxxiv. 19 (17). M. now probably alludes to some similar representation of Jupiter.

[5] An advocate and author of some note in the time of Augustus.

si versus facit, abdices poetam.
artes discere vult pecuniosas?
fac discat citharoedus aut choraules;
si duri puer ingeni videtur,
praeconem facias vel architectum.

LVII

Cum voco te dominum, noli tibi, Cinna, placere:
saepe etiam servum sic resaluto tuum.

LVIII

Cras te victurum, cras dicis, Postume, semper.
dic mihi, cras istud, Postume, quando venit?
quam longe cras istud, ubi est? aut unde petendum?
numquid apud Parthos Armeniosque latet?
iam cras istud habet Priami vel Nestoris annos.
cras istud quanti, dic mihi, possit emi?
cras vives? hodie iam vivere, Postume, serum est:
ille sapit quisquis, Postume, vixit heri.

LIX

Quod non argentum, quod non tibi mittimus aurum,
hoc facimus causa, Stella diserte, tua.
quisquis magna dedit, voluit sibi magna remitti;
fictilibus nostris exoneratus eris.

---

[1] *cf.* III. iv.

to his own fame. If he make verses, disinherit the bard. Does he wish to learn money-making arts? make him learn to be harper or flutist for the chorus;[1] if the boy seem to be of dull intellect, make him an auctioneer or architect.

LVII

When I call you "master"[2] don't pride yourself, Cinna. I often return even your slave's greeting so.

LVIII

"To-morrow you will live, to-morrow," you are always saying, Postumus. Tell me, when does that "morrow" of yours arrive, Postumus? How distant is that morrow? where is it? or in what quarter should we look for it? Surely it does not lie hid among the Parthians and Armenians? Already that morrow is as old as Priam or as Nestor. That morrow —tell me for how much it can be bought? To-morrow will you live? To live to-day, Postumus, is already too late. He is wise, whoever he be, Postumus, who "lived" yesterday.[3]

LIX

In sending you no silver plate, no gold plate, I act in your interest, eloquent Stella. He who has given great presents has desired great presents in return: your burden will be lightened by my earthenware.[4]

[2] Apparently a form of address to a person whose name had been forgotten.

[3] *cf.* I. xv. [4] *cf.* V. xviii. 9.

LX

Adlatres licet usque nos et usque
et gannitibus inprobis lacessas,
certum est hanc tibi pernegare famam,
olim quam petis, in meis libellis
qualiscumque legaris ut per orbem.
nam te cur aliquis sciat fuisse?
ignotus pereas, miser, necesse est.
non derunt tamen hac in urbe forsan
unus vel duo tresve quattuorve,
pellem rodere qui velint caninam:
nos hac a scabie tenemus ungues.

LXI

Crispulus iste quis est, uxori semper adhaeret
qui, Mariane, tuae? crispulus iste quis est?
nescio quid dominae teneram qui garrit in aurem
et sellam cubito dexteriore premit?
per cuius digitos currit levis anulus omnis,
crura gerit nullo qui violata pilo?
nil mihi respondes? "Uxoris res agit" inquis
"iste meae." sane certus et asper homo est,
procuratorem voltu qui praeferat ipso:
acrior hoc Chius non erit Aufidius.
o quam dignus eras alapis, Mariane, Latini:
te successurum credo ego Panniculo.
res uxoris agit? res ullas crispulus iste?
res non uxoris, res agit iste tuas.

---

[1] Alluding to the proverb "dog does not bite dog." M. says "I will not retort." See Erasm. *Adag.* s.v. *Caninam pellem rodere.*

[2] *i.e.* the *aestivum aurum* of Juv. i. 28. Roman fops wore the heavier *hibernum aurum* in winter.

LX

Bark at me as you may for ever and ever, and assail me with your ceaseless snarlings, resolved am I to refuse you the fame you seek so long—to be read of in whatever shape in my works throughout the world. For why should some one or other know you existed? Unknown, you must perish, you miserable fellow. Yet there may be found in this city perhaps one or two, or three or four, who are ready to gnaw a dog's hide.[1] I keep my nails from such an itch.

LXI

Who is that curled spark who is always clinging to your wife's side, Marianus? Who is that curled spark, he who whispers some trifle into the lady's tender ear, and leans on her chair with his right elbow, round each of whose fingers runs a light[2] ring, who carries legs unmarred by any hair? Do you make no reply? "That individual does my wife's jobs," you say. To be sure! he is a trusty and rugged fellow who flaunts factor in his very face: Chian Aufidius[3] will not be sharper than he. Oh, Marianus, how you deserve the buffets of Latinus![4] You will be successor I fancy to Panniculus. He does your wife's jobs, does he? That curled spark do any? That fellow doesn't do your wife's jobs: he does yours.

[3] Aufidius was a notorious libertine: Juv. ix. 25.

[4] Latinus and Panniculus were comic actors in mimes, like clown and pantaloon, the latter being the stupid character, who gets his ears boxed by Latinus: *cf.* II. lxxii. 4. M. means that Marianus is a fool.

LXII

Iure tuo nostris maneas licet, hospes, in hortis,
si potes in nudo ponere membra solo,
aut si portatur tecum tibi magna supellex:
nam mea iam digitum sustulit hospitibus.
nulla tegit fractos nec inanis culcita lectos,
putris et abrupta fascia reste iacet.
sit tamen hospitium nobis commune duobus:
emi hortos; plus est: instrue tu; minus est.

LXIII

"Quid sentis" inquis "de nostris, Marce, libellis?"
sic me sollicitus, Pontice, saepe rogas.
admiror, stupeo: nihil est perfectius illis,
ipse tuo cedet Regulus ingenio.
"Hoc sentis?" inquis "faciat tibi sic bene Caesar,
sic Capitolinus Iuppiter." immo tibi.

LXIV

Sextantes, Calliste, duos infunde Falerni,
tu super aestivas, Alcime, solve nives,
pinguescat nimio madidus mihi crinis amomo
lassenturque rosis tempora sutilibus.
tam vicina iubent nos vivere Mausolea,
cum doceant ipsos posse perire deos.

---

[1] *i.e.* asked for mercy, like a gladiator: *cf. Lib. Spect.* xxix. 5.
[2] Ponticus' blessing being based on the truth of M.'s opinions was an empty one. M. with ironical politeness returns the blessing: *cf.* viii. lxxvi.

LXII

Of your own right you may remain, my guest, in my gardens if you can lay your limbs on the bare ground, or if a pile of furniture is brought with you; for mine has already held up its finger [1] to my guests. No cushion—not even one without stuffing—covers my broken couches, and the rotten girth lies, its band burst, upon the floor. Nevertheless, let hospitality be divided between us two; I bought the gardens: that is the larger share; do you furnish them: that is the smaller.

LXIII

You say "what is your opinion, Marcus, of my little books?" Such is the question, Ponticus, you often ask me anxiously. I admire them; I am overpowered; nothing is more perfect than they are; Regulus himself will give place to you in genius. "Is this your opinion?" you say: "so may Caesar bless you, so may Capitoline Jove." Rather be that blessing yours.[2]

LXIV

Pour in, Callistus, two double-measures [3] of Falernian; do thou, Alcimus, dissolve upon them the summer's snow; let my dripping locks be rich with over-bounteous balm, and my temples droop beneath the knitted roses. Yon tombs,[4] so nigh, bid us enjoy life, forasmuch as they teach us that the very gods can die.

[3] Four *cyathi*, the *sextans* being equal to two *cyathi*.

[4] The Mausoleum of Augustus (described by Strabo, v. iii.), which M. could see from his house on the Quirinal: *cf.* II. lix. M. probably imagines himself drinking in the Mica.

LXV

Astra polumque dedit, quamvis obstante noverca,
Alcidae Nemees terror et Arcas aper
et castigatum Libycae ceroma palaestrae
et gravis in Siculo pulvere fusus Eryx,
silvarumque tremor, tacita qui fraude solebat
ducere non rectas Cacus in antra boves.
ista tuae, Caesar, quota pars spectatur harenae!
dat maiora novus proelia mane dies.
quot graviora cadunt Nemeaeo pondera monstro!
quot tua Maenalios conlocat hasta sues!
reddatur si pugna triplex pastoris Hiberi,
est tibi qui possit vincere Geryonem.
saepe licet Graiae numeretur belua Lernae,
improba Niliacis quid facit Hydra feris?
pro meritis caelum tantis, Auguste, dederunt
Alcidae cito di sed tibi sero dabunt.

LXVI

Saepe salutatus numquam prior ipse salutas.
sic erit; aeternum, Pontiliane, vale.

LXVII

Hibernos peterent solito cum more recessus
Atthides, in nidis una remansit avis.

---

[1] Hercules, son of Jupiter, who, having accomplished his labours, was deified.
[2] The Nemean lion, afterwards the Constellation Leo.
[3] *i.e.* by their tails. [4] *cf.* v. xlix. 11.

LXV

THE starry heaven, albeit his stepmother said nay, was granted to Alcides[1] by his slaughter of Nemea's dread beast,[2] and by Arcadia's boar, and by the chastisement of the oiled wrestler of Libyan lists, and by the laying low of huge Eryx in Sicilian dust, and of Cacus, the terror of the woods, wont with secret guile to drag into his den the back-turned[3] oxen. How small a part are such things of the sights of thy Arena, Caesar! Each new day gives us at morn conflicts more great. How many massive beasts, heavier than Nemea's monster, are laid low! How many Maenalian boars does thy spear expose in death! Were the threefold fight[4] with Iberia's shepherd fought anew, one[5] thou hast that can vanquish Geryon. Though the heads of Grecian Lerna's beast were counted oft,[6] what is the prodigious hydra to the brutes of Nile? Heaven for worth so great, Augustus, the gods quickly granted to Alcides; but to thee they shall grant it late.[7]

LXVI

THOUGH often greeted, you are never the first to greet. So it shall be: Pontilianus, "farewell for ever."[8]

LXVII

WHEN the Attic birds[9] in wonted wise sought their winter retreats, one bird remained within the nest.

[5] Carpophorus, a famous *bestiarius*: *cf. Lib. Spect.* XV., XXIII., and XXVII.

[6] When one of the hydra's heads was cut off by Hercules, two grew in its place.

[7] *i.e.* that you may live long to benefit earth.

[8] The last salutation to the dead [9] Swallows.

deprendere nefas ad tempora verna reversae
et profugam volucres diripuere suae.
sero dedit poenas: discerpi noxia mater
debuerat, sed tunc cum laceravit Ityn.

LXVIII

Arctoa de gente comam tibi, Lesbia, misi,
ut scires quanto sit tua flava magis.

LXIX

Antoni Phario nihil obiecture Pothino
et levius tabula quam Cicerone nocens,
quid gladium demens Romana stringis in ora?
hoc admisisset nec Catilina nefas.
impius infando miles corrumpitur auro,
et tantis opibus vox tacet una tibi.
quid prosunt sacrae pretiosa silentia linguae?
incipient omnes pro Cicerone loqui.

LXX

Infusum sibi nuper a patrono
plenum, Maxime, centiens Syriscus
in sellariolis vagus popinis
circa balnea quattuor peregit.
o quanta est gula, centiens comesse!
quanto maior adhuc, nec accubare!

[1] Progne slew and served up her son Itys to his father Tereus. She was turned into a swallow.
[2] The eunuch of Ptolemy, king of Egypt, who slew Pompey.

This crime they detected when they returned in the spring time, and her own mates tore asunder the deserter. Late was the penalty she paid: the guilty mother had deserved to be rent in twain, but it was when she mangled Itys.[1]

LXVIII

From a Northern race I sent you, Lesbia, a lock of hair, that you might know how much more golden is your own.

LXIX

Antony, who canst ne'er reproach Pharian Pothinus,[2] and less guilty for thy list of doom than for Cicero's death, why, madman, drawest thou the sword against the lips[3] of Rome? A crime like this not even Catiline had wrought. An impious soldier is bribed with gold accursed, and a price so great bought thee the stillness of that one voice! What avails the dear-bought silence of that hallowed tongue? All men shall begin to speak for Cicero.[4]

LXX

The fortune showered upon him lately by his patron — a full ten millions, Maximus — Syriscus, gadding about, got through on tavern stools[5] about the four baths. Oh, what stupendous gluttony, to gorge ten millions! And still more stupendous, not even to recline at table!

[3] The mouthpiece of Roman eloquence.
[4] *cf.* III. lxvi.
[5] Much like our quick-lunch counters.

LXXI

Umida qua gelidas summittit Trebula valles
et viridis Cancri mensibus alget ager,
rura Cleonaeo numquam temerata Leone
et domus Aeolio semper amica Noto
te, Faustine, vocant: longas his exige messes
collibus; hibernum iam tibi Tibur erit.

LXXII

Qui potuit Bacchi matrem dixisse Tonantem,
ille potest Semelen dicere, Rufe, patrem.

LXXIII

Non donem tibi cur meos libellos
oranti totiens et exigenti
miraris, Theodore? magna causa est:
dones tu mihi ne tuos libellos.

LXXIV

Pompeios iuvenes Asia atque Europa, sed ipsum
terra tegit Libyes, si tamen ulla tegit.
quid mirum toto si spargitur orbe? iacere
uno non poterat tanta ruina loco.

LXXV

Quae legis causa nupsit tibi Laelia, Quinte,
uxorem potes hanc dicere legitimam.

---

[1] The Constellation of Leo.

[2] A summer resort. It will seem, in comparison, warm enough to be a winter resort.

[3] Bacchus was called *bimater* because, on the death of his

LXXI

Where moist Trebula stands above the cool vales, and the green field is chill in the months of the Crab, a farm by Cleonae's lion[1] never spoilt, and a house ever welcoming the Aeolian south-west wind, summon you, Faustinus; on these hills spend your long harvest-time: presently Tibur[2] will seem to you a winter place.

LXXII

He who could call the Thunderer the mother of Bacchus,[3] can, Rufus, call Semele his father.

LXXIII

Why don't I give you my works, although so often you beseech me for them, and press me? Do you wonder, Theodorus? There is great reason: that you may not give me your works.

LXXIV

Pompey's sons Asia and Europe entomb, to himself the land of Libya gives—if grave he has—a grave. What wonder if o'er the whole world 'tis scattered? In one spot so vast a ruin could not lie.

LXXV

Laelia, who married you, Quintus, to satisfy the law,[4] you may call your "lawful" spouse.

mother Semele, Jupiter placed him in his thigh till his birth was due: *cf. Lib. Spect.* xii. 7.

[4] The Lex Julia against adultery, revived by Domitian: *cf.* VI. vii.

LXXVI

Profecit poto Mithridates saepe veneno
toxica ne possent saeva nocere sibi.
tu quoque cavisti cenando tam male semper
ne possis umquam, Cinna, perire fame.

LXXVII

Narratur belle quidam dixisse, Marulle,
qui te ferre oleum dixit in auricula.

LXXVIII

Si tristi domicenio laboras,
Torani, potes esurire mecum.
non derunt tibi, si soles προπίνειν,
viles Cappadocae gravesque porri,
divisis cybium latebit ovis.
ponetur digitis tenendus ustis
nigra coliculus virens patella,
algentem modo qui reliquit hortum,
et pultem niveam premens botellus,
et pallens faba cum rubente lardo.
mensae munera si voles secundae,
marcentes tibi porrigentur uvae
et nomen pira quae ferunt Syrorum,
et quas docta Neapolis creavit,
lento castaneae vapore tostae:
vinum tu facies bonum bibendo.
post haec omnia forte si movebit
Bacchus quam solet esuritionem,

[1] You listen to great men with an ear as inclined as if you carried oil in it. Said "of flatterers, who say pleasant rather than salutary things": Erasm. *Adag.* s.v. *Oleum in auricula ferre.*

LXXVI

MITHRIDATES, by often drinking poison, achieved protection against deadly drugs. You too, Cinna, have taken care, by dining so badly always, against ever perishing of hunger.

LXXVII

A CERTAIN person is said to have made this neat remark, Marullus: he remarked that you carried oil in your ear.[1]

LXXVIII

IF you are troubled by the prospect of a cheerless dinner at home, Toranius, you may fare modestly with me. You will not lack, if you are accustomed to an appetizer,[2] cheap Cappadocian lettuces and strong-smelling leeks; a piece of tunny will lie hid in sliced eggs. There will be served—to be handled with scorched fingers—on a black-ware dish light green broccoli, which has just left the cool garden, and a sausage lying on white pease-pudding, and pale beans with ruddy bacon. If you wish for what a dessert can give, grapes past their prime shall be offered you, and pears that bear the name of Syrian, and chestnuts which learned Neapolis has grown, roasted in a slow heat; the wine you will make good by drinking it.[3] After all this spread, if—as may be—Bacchus rouses a usual appetite, choice olives which

[2] Here begins the *promulsis* or *gustus*, consisting of a draught of *mulsum* together with appetizers, such as lettuces, etc.: *cf.* XIII. xiv. The dinner proper begins at l. 6.

[3] This seems to have been a common formula of politeness: Petr. xxxix. and xlviii. "Your drinking will be sufficient to recommend the wine."

succurrent tibi nobiles olivae,
Piceni modo quas tulere rami,
et fervens cicer et tepens lupinus.
parva est cenula (quis potest negare?)
sed finges nihil audiesve fictum
et voltu placidus tuo recumbes:
nec crassum dominus leget volumen,
nec de Gadibus inprobis puellae
vibrabunt sine fine prurientes
lascivos docili tremore lumbos;
sed quod nec grave sit nec infacetum,
parvi tibia Condyli sonabit.
haec est cenula. Claudiam sequeris.
quam nobis cupis esse tu priorem?

LXXIX

Undecies una surrexti, Zoile, cena,
et mutata tibi est synthesis undecies,
sudor inhaereret madida ne veste retentus
et laxam tenuis laederet aura cutem.
quare ego non sudo, qui tecum, Zoile, ceno?
frigus enim magnum synthesis una facit.

LXXX

Non totam mihi, si vacabis, horam
dones et licet inputes, Severe,
dum nostras legis exigisque nugas.
"Durum est perdere ferias": rogamus
iacturam patiaris hanc ferasque.

[1] M. keeps a surprise for the end. But the text, and meaning, is obscure.

Picenian branches have but lately borne will relieve you, and hot chick-peas and warm lupines. My poor dinner is a small one—who can deny it?—but you will say no word insincere nor hear one, and, wearing your natural face, will recline at ease; nor will your host read a bulky volume, nor will girls from wanton Gades with endless prurience swing lascivious loins in practised writhings; but the pipe of little Condylus shall play something not too solemn nor unlively. Such is your little dinner. You will follow Claudia. What girl do you desire to meet before me?[1]

LXXIX

Eleven times during one dinner you got up, Zoilus, and your evening dress was changed eleven times, that sweat, kept in by your moist garb, should not cling to you, and a searching draught affect your opened pores. How is it that I don't sweat, who dine with you, Zoilus? Why, a single evening suit produces great coolness![2]

LXXX

Less than an hour, if you are at leisure, you may give me, and charge to my account, Severus, while you read and criticise my trifles. "'Tis hard to spoil one's holiday." Yet I ask you to endure and put up

[2] Having no change, I cannot pretend perspiration as an excuse for showing off.

quod si legeris ista cum diserto
(sed numquid sumus inprobi?) Secundo,
plus multo tibi debiturus hic est
quam debet domino suo libellus.
nam securus erit, nec inquieta
lassi marmora Sisyphi videbit,
quem censoria cum meo Severo
docti lima momorderit Secundi.

LXXXI

Semper pauper eris, si pauper es, Aemiliane.
dantur opes nullis nunc nisi divitibus.

LXXXII

Quid promittebas mihi milia, Gaure, ducenta,
si dare non poteras milia, Gaure, decem?
an potes et non vis? rogo, non est turpius istud?
i, tibi dispereas, Gaure: pusillus homo es.

LXXXIII

Insequeris, fugio; fugis, insequor; haec mihi mens est:
velle tuum nolo, Dindyme, nolle volo.

LXXXIV

Iam tristis nucibus puer relictis
clamoso revocatur a magistro,
et blando male proditus fritillo,
arcana modo raptus e popina,
aedilem rogat udus aleator.

[1] *i.e.* regard its labour wasted.
[2] *cf.* VIII. xix. [3] Playthings.

with this loss. If you read them—am I too presumptuous?—along with eloquent Secundus, this little book is likely to owe you much more than it owes its author. For it will be free from anxiety, nor will it look upon the restless stone of weary Sisyphus,[1] when the censorial file of the learned Secundus, aided by my Severus, has scored it.

LXXXI

You will always be poor, if you are poor, Aemilianus. Wealth is given to-day to none save the rich.[2]

LXXXII

Why were you promising me, Gaurus, two hundred thousand if you, Gaurus, could not give me ten thousand? Can you and won't you? I ask you—is not that more disgraceful? Go to the devil your own way, Gaurus: you are a paltry fellow.

LXXXIII

You pursue me, I fly; you fly, I follow. Such is my mind; your willingness I reject, Dindymus, your coyness I prize.

LXXXIV

Now the boy, sad to desert his nuts,[3] is recalled to school by his clamorous master; and, ill-betrayed by the sound of his fascinating dice-box, and just dragged out of the secluded cook-shop, the boozy gambler is begging for mercy of the Aedile.[4] The

[4] Who punished gambling except during the Saturnalia: *cf.* IV. xiv. 7–9; XIV. i. 3.

Saturnalia transiere tota,
nec munuscula parva nec minora
misisti mihi, Galla, quam solebas.
sane sic abeat meus December.
scis certe, puto, vestra iam venire
Saturnalia, Martias Kalendas;
tunc reddam tibi, Galla, quod dedisti.

Saturnalia are all over, yet you, Galla, have not sent me any small presents, not even any smaller than usual. By all means let my December so depart; you know at any rate, I fancy, that your Saturnalia are coming presently, the Kalends of March;[1] then I will return you, Galla, what you gave.

[1] Presents were made to women at the Matronalia on March 1.

BOOK VI

LIBER SEXTUS

I

Sextus mittitur hic tibi libellus,
in primis mihi care Martialis:
quem si terseris aure diligenti,
audebit minus anxius tremensque
magnas Caesaris in manus venire.

II

Lusus erat sacrae conubia fallere taedae,
lusus et inmeritos exsecuisse mares.
utraque tu prohibes, Caesar, populisque futuris
succurris, nasci quod sine fraude iubes.
nec spado iam nec moechus erit te praeside quisquam:
at prius (o mores!) et spado moechus erat.

III

Nascere Dardanio promissum nomen Iulo,
vera deum suboles; nascere, magne puer,
cui pater aeternas post saecula tradat habenas,
quique regas orbem cum seniore senex.
ipsa tibi niveo trahet aurea pollice fila
et totam Phrixi Iulia nebit ovem.

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[1] See notes to v. lxxv. and ii. lx.
[2] i.e. to the Romans.
[3] Niece of Domitian, deified after her death. She shall

BOOK VI

I

This, my sixth book, is sent to you, Martial, dear to me above all men. If you, with a critic's careful ear, will emend it, it will venture with less anxiety and fear to pass into Caesar's mighty hands.

II

'Twas pastime once to betray wedlock with its hallowed torch, and pastime to mutilate unoffending males.[1] Both thou forbiddest, Caesar, and thou succourest generations yet to come, in that thou biddest births to be without dishonour. No man shall now be eunuch or adulterer while thou art governor; but aforetime (shame on our morals!) even a eunuch was adulterer.

III

Be born, thou name promised to Dardan Iulus,[2] true scion of the gods; be born, illustrious boy, that thy sire, after long years have passed, may yield to thee everlasting reins of empire, and thou mayst sway the world in old age with one more aged still. Julia[3] with her own snow-white finger shall draw thy golden threads, and spin for them all the fleece of Phryxus' ewe.

watch over the destiny of Domitian's expected child instead of the Fates, and spin his life's threads in gold.

IV

Censor maxime principumque princeps,
cum tot iam tibi debeat triumphos,
tot nascentia templa, tot renata,
tot spectacula, tot deos, tot urbes,
plus debet tibi Roma quod pudica est.

V

Rustica mercatus multis sum praedia nummis:
mutua des centum, Caeciliane, rogo.
nil mihi respondes? tacitum te dicere credo
"Non reddes": ideo, Caeciliane, rogo.

VI

Comoedi tres sunt, sed amat tua Paula, Luperce,
quattuor: et κωφὸν Paula πρόσωπον amat.

VII

Iulia lex populis ex quo, Faustine, renata est
atque intrare domos iussa Pudicitia est,
aut minus aut certe non plus tricesima lux est,
et nubit decimo iam Telesilla viro.
quae nubit totiens, non nubit: adultera lege est.
offendor moecha simpliciore minus.

VIII

Praetores duo, quattuor tribuni,
septem causidici, decem poetae
cuiusdam modo nuptias petebant

IV

Greatest of censors and Prince of Princes, albeit she already owes thee so many triumphs, so many temples rising, so many renewed, so many spectacles, so many gods, so many cities—yet more Rome owes thee, in that she is chaste.

V

I have bought a country property at a tall price; I ask you, Caecilianus, to lend me a hundred thousand sesterces. You make me no answer? I fancy you say to yourself: "You won't repay them." That is why, Caecilianus, I ask.

VI

There are three actors in Comedy, but your Paula, Lupercus, loves four. Paula loves a "walker-on" as well.

VII

Since the Julian law, Faustinus, was re-enacted for the peoples, and Chastity was commanded to enter our homes, 'tis the thirtieth day—perhaps less, at least no more—and Telesilla is now marrying her tenth husband. She who marries so often does not marry; she is adulteress by form of law;[1] by a more straightforward prostitute I am offended less.

VIII

Two praetors, four tribunes, seven lawyers, ten poets, lately sued a certain old man for the hand of

[1] *cf.* v. lxxv.; vi. xxii.

a quodam sene. non moratus ille
praeconi dedit Eulogo puellam.
dic, numquid fatue, Severe, fecit?

IX

In Pompeiano dormis, Laevine, theatro:
et quereris si te suscitat Oceanus?

X

Pauca Iovem nuper cum milia forte rogarem,
"Ille dabit" dixit "qui mihi templa dedit."
templa quidem dedit ille Iovi sed milia nobis
nulla dedit: pudet, a, pauca rogasse Iovem.
at quam non tetricus, quam nulla nubilus ira,
quam placido nostras legerat ore preces!
talis supplicibus tribuit diademata Dacis
et Capitolinas itque reditque vias.
dic precor, o nostri dic conscia virgo Tonantis,
si negat hoc vultu, quo solet ergo dare?
sic ego: sic breviter posita mihi Gorgone Pallas:
"Quae nondum data sunt, stulte, negata putas?"

XI

Quod non sit Pylades hoc tempore, non sit Orestes
miraris? Pylades, Marce, bibebat idem,

---

[1] Auctioneers were wealthy: *cf.* v. lvi. Eulogus ("the man of fair speech") is an invented name.

a certain maid. Without hesitation, he gave the girl to Eulogus the auctioneer.[1] Tell me, you don't think he acted foolishly, Severus?

IX

Do you go to sleep, Laevinus, in Pompey's theatre, and grumble if Oceanus[2] rouse you?

X

When for some poor thousands, as it chanced, I was praying Jupiter, "He will give them," he said, "who gave me temples." Temples, 'tis true, he gave to Jupiter, but to me he gave no thousands; alas! ashamed am I to have asked so few of Jove![3] Yet how little severe was he, how unclouded by anger! With a look how calm had he read my petition! Such his guise when he bestows diadems on suppliant Dacians, and goes and returns along Capitoline ways.[4] Tell me, I pray, tell me, thou Maid, our Thunderer's confidant, if with such a face he denies, with what is he wont to give? Thus I: so briefly Pallas, laying aside her shield, answered me: "That which has not yet been given, thinkest thou, O foolish one, has been refused?"

XI

Do you wonder that to-day there is no Pylades, that there is no Orestes? Pylades, Marcus, drank

[2] See note to v. xxiii. "Rouse" is intentionally ambiguous.

[3] Domitian. M. regrets having asked so little of one so great: *cf.* XI. lxviii.

[4] In triumph.

nec melior panis turdusve dabatur Orestae,
sed par atque eadem cena duobus erat.
tu Lucrina voras, me pascit aquosa peloris:
non minus ingenua est et mihi, Marce, gula.
te Cadmea Tyros, me pinguis Gallia vestit:
vis te purpureum, Marce, sagatus amem?
ut praestem Pyladen, aliquis mihi praestet Oresten.
hoc non fit verbis, Marce: ut ameris, ama.

XII

Iurat capillos esse, quos emit, suos
Fabulla: numquid ergo, Paule, peierat?

XIII

Quis te Phidiaco formatam, Iulia, caelo,
vel quis Palladiae non putet artis opus?
candida non tacita respondet imagine lygdos
et placido fulget vivus in ore decor.[1]
ludit Acidalio, sed non manus aspera, nodo,
quem rapuit collo, parve Cupido, tuo.
ut Martis revocetur amor summique Tonantis,
a te Iuno petat ceston et ipsa Venus.

[1] *liquor* (quick blood) γ.

---

[1] The epigram is on a statue of Julia, the deified niece of Domitian, along with Venus and Cupid: *cf.* VI. iii.

the same wine as Orestes, and no better bread or field-fare was given to Orestes; but equal and the same was the dinner of the two. You gorge Lucrine oysters, watery mussels from Pelorus feed me; yet my palate too, Marcus, is that of a gentleman. Cadmean Tyre clothes you, Gaul with her greasy wool me: would you have me, Marcus, in a coarse wrapper love you in purple? That I may prove myself a Pylades, let someone prove himself to me an Orestes. That does not come about by talk, Marcus: by love win love.

XII

Fabulla swears that the hair she buys is hers. Does she therefore swear falsely, Paulus?

XIII

Who would not think, Julia,[1] that thou wert shaped by the chisel of Phidias? or who that thou wert not the work of Pallas'[2] skill? The white Lygdian[3] marble answers me with its speaking likeness, and a live beauty glows in the placid face. Her hand with no rough touch plays with the Acidalian girdle[4] which it has snatched, small Cupid, from thy neck. To win back the love of Mars and of the imperial Thunderer, from thee let Juno ask for thy cestos, and Venus herself too.

[2] The goddess.
[3] Parian marble from the Cyclades.
[4] The girdle or *cestus* of Venus, which inspired love.

XIV

Versus scribere posse te disertos
adfirmas, Laberi: quid ergo non vis?
versus scribere qui potest disertos,
†non scribat†, Laberi: virum putabo.

XV

Dum Phaethontea formica vagatur in umbra,
implicuit tenuem sucina gutta feram.
sic modo quae fuerat vita contempta manente,
funeribus facta est nunc pretiosa suis.

XVI

Tu qui pene viros terres et falce cinaedos,
iugera sepositi pauca tuere soli.
sic tua non intrent vetuli pomaria fures
sed puer et longis pulchra puella comis.

XVII

Cinnam, Cinname, te iubes vocari.
non est hic, rogo, Cinna, barbarismus?
tu si Furius ante dictus esses,
Fur ista ratione dicereris.

XVIII

Sancta Salonini terris requiescit Hiberis,
qua melior Stygias non videt umbra domos.

---

[1] I render Schneidewin's conjecture *conscribat*, which is accepted by Friedländer.

[2] *cf.* IV. xxxii. and lix.

XIV

You affirm, Laberius, that you can write elegant verses: why, then, are you unwilling? He who can write elegant verses should write them down,[1] Laberius: then I shall think him a hero.

XV

While an ant was roaming in the poplar shade a gummy drop enfolded the tiny insect. Thus, despised but now while life remained, it has become to-day precious by its death.[2]

XVI

Thou[3] who with thy appurtenance scarest men, and, with thy sickle, rascals, guard these few acres of secluded ground. So may no hoary thieves enter thy orchard; only a boy or a fair girl with flowing locks!

XVII

Cinnamus,[4] you bid us address you as Cinna. Is not this, I ask, Cinna, a barbarism? If you had been called Furius before, you would, on that principle, be called Fur.[5]

XVIII

The holy shade of Saloninus sleeps in Iberia's land, than whom no nobler shade views the abodes

[3] An epic to Priapus the god, whose statue stood in gardens: *cf.* VI. xlix.

[4] Probably a freedman who wished to adopt a genuine Roman name: *cf.* VII. lxiv. [5] A thief.

sed lugere nefas : nam qui te, Prisce, reliquit,
vivit qua voluit vivere parte magis.

XIX

Non de vi neque caede nec veneno,
sed lis est mihi de tribus capellis :
vicini queror has abesse furto.
hoc iudex sibi postulat probari :
tu Cannas Mithridaticumque bellum
et periuria Punici furoris
et Sullas Mariosque Muciosque
magna voce sonas manuque tota.
iam dic, Postume, de tribus capellis.

XX

Mutua te centum sestertia, Phoebe, rogavi,
cum mihi dixisses " Exigis ergo nihil ? "
inquiris, dubitas, cunctaris meque diebus
teque decem crucias : iam rogo, Phoebe, nega.

XXI

Perpetuam Stellae dum iungit Ianthida vati
lacta Venus dixit " Plus dare non potui."
haec coram domina ; sed nequius illud in aure :
" Tu ne quid peeces, exitiose, vide.
saepe ego lascivom Martem furibunda cecidi,
legitimos esset cum vagus ante toros.

[1] *cf.* the Pythagorean saying *φίλων σώματα μὲν δύο ψυχὴ δὲ μία.*

of Styx. But grief is guilt; for he who has left thee, Priscus, behind him yet lives in that half wherein he wished to live.[1]

XIX

My action is not one for assault, or wounding, or poisoning: it concerns my three she-goats; I complain that they are lost by my neighbour's theft; this is the fact which the judge prescribes to be proved to him. You, with a mighty voice and every gesture you know, make the court ring with Cannae, and the Mithridatic war, and insensate Punic perjuries, and Sullas, and Mariuses, and Muciuses. Now mention, Postumus, my three she-goats.[2]

XX

I ASKED you, Phoebus, for a hundred thousand sesterces on loan, seeing that you had said to me, "Do you then beg for nothing?" You enquire, hesitate, delay, and for ten days you torture both yourself and me. I now ask you, Phoebus, to say "No."

XXI

WHILE she was uniting Ianthis to Stella the poet in lasting bonds, Venus joyfully said, "More I could not give." This was in the presence of the bride, but her word in his ear was naughtier. "See that you make no slip, you rogue! Oft in my fury have I smitten wanton Mars when—not then my lawful spouse—he strayed from me. But, now he is my

[2] Copied from a Greek epigram of the age of Nero: *Anth. Pal.* XI. cxli.

sed postquam meus est, nulla me paelice laesit:
tam frugi Iuno vellet habere virum."
dixit et arcano percussit pectora loro.
plaga iuvat: sed tu iam, dea, caede duos.

XXII

Quod nubis, Proculina, concubino
et, moechum modo, nunc facis maritum,
ne lex Iulia te notare possit,
non nubis, Proculina, sed fateris.

XXIII

Stare iubes nostrum semper tibi, Lesbia, penem:
crede mihi, non est mentula quod digitus.
tu licet et manibus blandis et vocibus instes,
te contra facies imperiosa tua est.

XXIV

Nil lascivius est Charisiano:
Saturnalibus ambulat togatus.

XXV

Marcelline, boni suboles sincera parentis,
horrida Parrhasio quem tegit Ursa iugo,
ille vetus pro te patriusque quid optet amicus,
accipe et haec memori pectore vota tene,

---

[1] *cf.* I. lxxiv. and VI. vii.
[2] When the wearing of the toga was unusual. Perhaps

own, he has wounded me by no paramour; Juno would wish to possess so virtuous a spouse." She spake, and struck his breast with her mystic lash. The blow aids him; but do thou, goddess, now smite two.

XXII

In that you wed your paramour, Proculina, and make him, but now your leman, your husband, to avoid the brand of the Julian law, you are not wedding, Proculina, but confessing.[1]

XXIII

You bid me, Lesbia, to be always prepared to serve you; believe me, one's faculties are not all equally at hand. You may urge me with toyings and wheedling words, but your face is imperious to defeat you.

XXIV

Charisianus is rakishness itself: he walks about in the Saturnalia[2] in a toga!

XXV

Marcellinus, true offspring of a good father, you whom the numbing Bear covers with her Parrhasian[3] car, hear what an old friend, and your father's, wishes for you, and keep these prayers in a remembering

M. means that C. was too poor to buy the usual dress (*synthesis*).

[3] Helice, of Parrhasia, a district of Arcadia, was changed into the Constellation.

cauta sit ut virtus nec te temerarius ardor
in medios enses saevaque tela ferat.
bella velint Martemque ferum rationis egentes,
tu potes et patris miles et esse ducis.

XXVI

Periclitatur capite Sotades noster.
reum putatis esse Sotaden? non est.
arrigere desit posse Sotades: lingit.

XXVII

Bis vicine Nepos (nam tu quoque proxima Florae
incolis et veteres tu quoque Ficelias)
est tibi, quae patria signatur imagine voltus,
testis maternae nata pudicitiae.
tu tamen annoso nimium ne parce Falerno,
et potius plenos aere relinque cados.
sit pia; sit locuples, sed potet filia mustum:
amphora cum domina nunc nova fiet anus.
Caecuba non solos vindemia nutriat orbos:
possunt et patres vivere, crede mihi.

XXVIII

Libertus Melioris ille notus,
tota qui cecidit dolente Roma,
cari deliciae breves patroni,

[1] "Your father has claims upon you, as well as the Emperor."

[2] "To have the head (civil status) in jeopardy" was said of a man under a charge. There is a play on words here.

heart. See that your valour be wary; let no rash ardour bear you into the midmost fray of swords and savage spears. Let those who lack sense be eager for wars and fierce Mars; you can be your father's soldier and your Captain's[1] too.

XXVI

Our friend Sotades has his head in jeopardy.[2] Do you fancy Sotades an accused man? He is not. Sotades' other powers have become nerveless: he uses his tongue.

XXVII

Nepos, doubly my neighbour - for you too dwell full nigh to Flora,[3] you too in old Ficeliae[4]—a daughter you have, whose face is stamped with the semblance of her sire, a witness to her mother's virtue! Yet spare not overmuch your old Falernian; rather leave your jars filled with coin. Loving let her be, let her be rich, but let your daughter drink new wine: a flagon, new to-day, will grow aged with its mistress. Let not a Caecuban vintage cheer only childless men; fathers, too, can enjoy life: believe my word.

XXVIII

Melior's freedman, known to all men, he who perished while all Rome grieved, his dear patron's

[3] The Temple of Flora, on the Quirinal, not far from the *Capitolium Vetus*: *cf.* v. xxii. 4.

[4] Near M.'s house at Nomentum, or (perhaps) a street or district on the Quirinal: Burn's *Rome and the Campagna*, pp. 251, 393.

hoc sub marmore Glaucias humatus
iuncto Flaminiae iacet sepulchro :
castus moribus, integer pudore,
velox ingenio, decore felix.
bis senis modo messibus peractis
vix unum puer adplicabat annum.
qui fles talia, nil fleas, viator.

XXIX

Non de plebe domus nec avarae verna catastae,
sed domini sancto dignus amore puer,
munera cum posset nondum sentire patroni,
Glaucia libertus iam Melioris erat.
moribus hoc formaeque datum : quis blandior illo ?
aut quis Apollineo pulchrior ore fuit ?
inmodicis brevis est aetas et rara senectus.
quidquid ames, cupias non placuisse nimis.

XXX

Sex sestertia si statim dedisses,
cum dixti mihi "Sume, tolle, dono,"
deberem tibi, Paete, pro ducentis.
at nunc cum dederis diu moratus,
post septem, puto, vel novem Kalendas,
vis dicam tibi veriora veris ?
sex sestertia, Paete, perdidisti.

---

[1] *cf.* x. lxi.

[2] Excessive excellence or good fortune, and the praise of

brief-lived darling, beneath this marble Glaucias lies in a tomb next the Flaminian way. Pure was he in manners, of modesty unstained, nimble of wit, with charm richly blest. To but twice six summers sped the boy was scarcely adding a single year. Traveller, who weepest for such a fate, never mayst thou have cause to weep![1]

XXIX

Home-bred, no slave of the household's crowd nor of the grasping auction mart, but a boy worthy of his master's pure love, Glaucia, albeit not yet could he apprize his patron's gift, was already Melior's freedman. To character and grace was this boon given; who was more witching than he? or who fairer with his Apollo's face? To unwonted worth comes life but short, and rarely old age. Whate'er thou lovest, pray that it may not please thee too much![2]

XXX

Had you given at once six thousand sesterces when you said to me, "Take them, off with them, I give them," I should be your debtor, Paetus, for two hundred thousand. But now you have given them after long delay, after seven, I think, or nine Kalends have gone, would you have me tell you what is truer than truth? You have lost your six thousand, Paetus.

it, was supposed to rouse the jealousy of the gods, and amulets were worn as charms.

XXXI

Uxorem, Charideme, tuam scis ipse sinisque
a medico futui. vis sine febre mori.

XXXII

Cum dubitaret adhuc belli civilis Envo,
forsitan et posset vincere mollis Otho,
damnavit multo staturum sanguine Martem
et fodit certa pectora tota manu.
sit Cato, dum vivit, sane vel Caesare maior:
dum moritur, numquid maior Othone fuit?

XXXIII

Nil miserabilius, Matho, pedicone Sabello
vidisti, quo nil laetius ante fuit.
furta, fugae, mortes servorum, incendia, luctus
adfligunt hominem, iam miser et futuit.

XXXIV

Basia da nobis, Diadumene, pressa. "Quot" inquis?
oceani fluctus me numerare iubes
et maris Aegaei sparsas per litora conchas
et quae Cecropio monte vagantur apes,

---

[1] But by poison.

[2] See his dying speech in Plut. *Otho* xv.; Tac. *Hist.* ii. 47–48. Suet. (*Otho* x.) adds: "*etiam privatum usque adeo detestatum civilia bella.*"

XXXI

You are quite aware, Charidemus, of your wife's misconduct with your doctor, and you wink at it. It is not by fever that you want to die.[1]

XXXII

Albeit the goddess of civil strife wavered yet, and effeminate Otho belike might win, he cursed war that should cost so much blood,[2] and with unflinching hand pierced deep his breast. Certes let Cato in life be greater even than Caesar; was he in death greater than Otho?[3]

XXXIII

You have seen, Matho, nothing more miserable than the unnatural Sabellus, and yet once nothing was more cheerful than he Thefts, flight, deaths of slaves, fires, griefs, afflict the fellow: now the miserable man actually runs after women!

XXXIV

Give me, Diadumenus, kisses closely pressed. "How many?" thou sayest. Thou biddest me sum Ocean's waves, and the shells strewn o'er Aegean shores, and the bees that stray on Cecrops' hill,[4] the

[3] Cato died when his cause was clearly lost; not so Otho, at the time of his defeat by Vitellius at Bedriacum, A.D. 69, the "*ingens annus*" of VII. lxiii. 9.

[4] Hymettus in Attica, noted for fragrant thyme, the food of bees.

quaeque sonant pleno vocesque manusque theatro,
  cum populus subiti Caesaris ora videt.
nolo quot arguto dedit exorata Catullo
  Lesbia: pauca cupit qui numerare potest.

XXXV

Septem clepsydras magna tibi voce petenti
  arbiter invitus, Caeciliane, dedit.
at tu multa diu dicis vitreisque tepentem
  ampullis potas semisupinus aquam.
ut tandem saties vocemque sitimque, rogamus
  iam de clepsydra, Caeciliane, bibas.

XXXVI

Mentula tam magna est, tantus tibi, Papyle, nasus,
  ut possis, quotiens arrigis, olfacere.

XXXVII

Secti podicis usque ad umbilicum
nullas relliquias habet Charinus,
et prurit tamen usque ad umbilicum.
o quanta scabie miser laborat!
culum non habet, est tamen cinaedus.

XXXVIII

Aspicis ut parvus nec adhuc trieteride plena
  Regulus auditum laudet et ipse patrem?
maternosque sinus viso genitore relinquat
  et patrias laudes sentiat esse suas?

---

[1] Cat. v. and vii.
[2] Perhaps M. also means it is unlucky to count: see Cat. vii.

voices and hands that resound in the full theatre when the people see Caesar's unexpected face. Not for me the number that Lesbia, won by prayer, gave to tuneful Catullus.[1] He wishes but few who is able to count.[2]

XXXV

Seven water-clocks' allowance[3] you asked for in loud tones, and the judge, Caecilianus, unwillingly gave them. But you speak much and long, and, with back-tilted head, swill tepid water out of glass flasks. That you may once for all sate your oratory and your thirst, we beg you, Caecilianus, now to drink out of the water-clock.

XXXVI

Tu, O Papilo, hai una mentula si smisurata, ed un sì gran naso, che potesti, ogni volta che arrigi, fiutarla.

XXXVII

Carino ha nessuna reliqui del suo podice raso sino all' umbillico, e tuttavia gli prude sino all' umbillico; oh, da quanta scabie l' infame è travagliato! *culum habet sectum,* e tuttavia è cinedo.

XXXVIII

See you how little Regulus, not yet full three years old, himself too listens, and applauds his father's speech, and, when he sees his sire, leaves his mother's lap and feels his father's glory also his own? Already

[3] The length of speeches was regulated by the dropping of water from *clepsydrae,* shaped like modern hour-glasses.

iam clamor centumque viri densumque corona
volgus et infanti Iulia tecta placent.
acris equi suboles magno sic pulvere gaudet,
sic vitulus molli proelia fronte cupit.
di, servate, precor, matri sua vota patrique,
audiat ut natum Regulus, illa duos.

XXXIX

Pater ex Marulla, Cinna, factus es septem
non liberorum : namque nec tuus quisquam
nec est amici filiusve vicini,
sed in grabatis tegetibusque concepti
materna produnt capitibus suis furta.
hic qui retorto crine Maurus incedit
subolem fatetur esse se coci Santrae.
at ille sima nare, turgidis labris
ipsa est imago Pannychi palaestritae.
pistoris esse tertium quis ignorat,
quicumque lippum novit et videt Damam ?
quartus cinaeda fronte, candido voltu
ex concubino natus est tibi Lygdo :
percide, si vis, filium : nefas non est.
hunc vero acuto capite et auribus longis,
quae sic moventur ut solent asellorum,
quis morionis filium negat Cyrtae ?
duae sorores, illa nigra et haec rufa,
Croti choraulae vilicique sunt Carpi.
iam Niobidarum [1] grex tibi foret plenus
si spado Coresus Dindymusque non esset.

[1] *iamni ubida pruit g.* γ, *iamque hybridarum g.* ς.

the acclaim, and the Hundred Court,[1] and the crowd in a dense ring, and the Julian Basilica, please his infant mind. The offspring of a mettled steed so rejoices in the thick dust of the course, so the steer with unarmed brow longs for battle. Ye gods, fulfil, I pray, for mother and father their prayer, that Regulus may listen to his son, she to both![2]

XXXIX

You have been made, Cinna, by Marulla the father of seven—not children, for there is no son of yours, nor son of a friend or neighbour; but creatures conceived on truckle-beds and mats betray by their features their mother's adulteries. This one who struts with curly hair, a Moor, confesses he is the offspring of Santra the cook; but that other with flat nostrils, blubber lips is the very image of Pannichus the wrestler. Who is not aware, if he has known and seen blear-eyed Dama, that the third is the baker's son? The fourth, with his shameless brow, pallid face, was born to you from your minion Lygdus: use your son as you do him, if you wish; 'tis no crime. But this creature with pointed head, and long ears which move just as donkeys' ears are wont—who could deny he is the son of Cyrta the cretin? Two sisters—one is dark, the other red-haired—are the children of Crotus, fluter to the chorus, and of Carpus the bailiff. By now your troupe of slaves would have been made up of as many sons as Niobe's if Coresus and Dindymus had not been eunuchs.

[1] The Court of the *Centumviri* (strictly 105).

[2] The prayer was not granted; the boy died young: Plin. *Ep.* ii. 4.

XL

Femina praeferri potuit tibi nulla, Lycori:
praeferri Glycerae femina nulla potest.
haec erit hoc quod tu: tu non potes esse quod haec est.
tempora quid faciunt! hanc volo, te volui.

XLI

Qui recitat lana fauces et colla revinctus,
hic se posse loqui, posse tacere negat.

XLII

Etrusci nisi thermulis lavaris,
inlotus morieris, Oppiane.
nullae sic tibi blandientur undae,
non fontes Aponi rudes puellis,
non mollis Sinuessa fervidique
fluctus Passeris aut superbus Anxur,
non Phoebi vada principesque Baiae.
nusquam tam nitidum vacat serenum:
lux ipsa est ibi longior, diesque
nullo tardius a loco recedit.
illic Taygeti virent metalla
et certant vario decore saxa,
quae Phryx et Libys altius cecidit;
siccos pinguis onyx anhelat aestus
et flamma tenui calent ophitae.
ritus si placeant tibi Laconum,

[1] Said to break into flame if a woman bathed after a man. Perhaps the allusion is only to the known chastity of Patavian (Paduan) women: *cf.* XI. xvi. 8, and Plin. *Ep.* i. 14.

XL

No woman could once be preferred to you, Lycoris, no woman can be preferred to Glycera now; she shall be the thing you are; you cannot be what she is. Such is the might of Time! I long for her, for you I longed.

XLI

He who recites with throat and neck wrapped up in wool declares that he can neither speak nor keep silence.

XLII

If you do not bathe in the warm baths of Etruscus, you will die unbathed, Oppianus. No other waters will so allure you, not even the springs of Aponus[1] unknown to women; not mild Sinuessa, and the waves of steaming Passer, or towering Anxur; not the waters of Phoebus,[2] and peerless Baiae. Nowhere is the sunlit sheen so cloudless; the very light is longer there, and from no spot does day withdraw more lingeringly. There the quarries of Taygetus[3] are green, and in varied beauty vie the rocks which the Phrygian and Libyan[4] has more deeply hewn. The rich alabaster pants with dry heat, and snake-stone is warm with a subtle fire. If Lacedaemonian methods[5] please you, you can content yourself with

[2] The *Aquae Passerianae* in Etruria, where were also the *Aquae Apollinares*, now Bagni di Vicarello.

[3] The green Laconian marble: *cf.* IX. LXXV. 9.

[4] Synnadic and Numidian marble, one streaked with purple, the other yellow.

[5] A hot-air bath followed by a cold plunge. There was a special apartment called *Laconicum*.

contentus potes arido vapore
cruda Virgine Marciave mergi:
quae tam candida, tam serena lucet
ut nullas ibi suspiceris undas
et credas vacuam nitere lygdon.
non adtendis et aure me supina
iam dudum quasi neglegenter audis.
inlotus morieris, Oppiane.

XLIII

Dum tibi felices indulgent, Castrice, Baiae
canaque sulpureis unda natatur aquis,
me Nomentani confirmant otia ruris
et casa iugeribus non onerosa suis.
hoc mihi Baiani soles mollisque Lucrinus,
hoc sunt mihi vestrae, Castrice, divitiae.
quondam laudatas quocumque libebat ad undas
currere nec longas pertimuisse vias:
nunc urbis vicina iuvant facilesque recessus,
et satis est, pigro si licet esse mihi.

XLIV

Festive credis te, Calliodore, iocari
et solum multo permaduisse sale.
omnibus adrides, dicteria dicis in omnis;
sic te convivam posse placere putas.
at si ego non belle sed vere dixero quiddam,
nemo propinabit, Calliodore, tibi.

[1] Roman aqueducts.
[2] *cf.* VI. xiii. 3.

dry warmth, and then plunge in the natural stream of the Virgin or of Marcia,[1] which glistens so bright and clear that you would not suspect any water there, but would fancy the Lygdian marble[2] shines empty. You don't attend, but have been listening to me all this time with a casual ear, as if you didn't care. You will die unbathed, Oppianus!

XLIII

While happy Baiae lavishes on you, Castricus, its bounty, and the Nymph's spring, white with sulphurous water, is your swimming-bath, the quiet of my Nomentan farm, and a small house not too large for its fields, recruit me. This to me is Baian sunshine and mild Lucrine lake; this to me is the riches, Castricus, you enjoy. Erewhile I gladly hurried everywhere to famous waters, and did not fear long journeys; now places near the city attract me, and quiet retreats easy to reach, and 'tis enough for me if I am allowed to be lazy.

XLIV

You believe yourself to be a pleasant jester, Calliodorus, and alone overflowing with streams of wit. At all you sneer, you shoot your scoffs against all; so, as a guest, you opine you can please. But if I may make a remark, not smart indeed, but true, no man, Calliodorus, will pass the cup in pledge to you.[3]

[3] Because it would be passed back to him defiled: *cf.* II. xv.; XII. lxxiv. 9.

XLV

Lusistis, satis est: lascivi nubite cunni:
permissa est vobis non nisi casta Venus.
haec est casta Venus? nubit Laetoria Lygdo:
turpior uxor erit quam modo moecha fuit.

XLVI

Vapulat adsidue veneti quadriga flagello
nec currit: magnam rem, Catiane, facis.

XLVII

Nympha, mei Stellae quae fonte domestica puro
laberis et domini gemmea tecta subis,
sive Numae coniunx Triviae te misit ab antris
sive Camenarum de grege nona venis,
exsoluit votis hac se tibi virgine porca
Marcus, furtivam quod bibit aeger aquam.
tu contenta meo iam crimine gaudia fontis
da secura tui: sit mihi sana sitis.

XLVIII

Quod tam grande sophos clamat tibi turba togata,
non tu, Pomponi, cena diserta tua est.

---

[1] *cf.* VI. iv. and vii.

[2] The charioteers of the circus were divided into four factions, red, white, green, and blue, the last being out of favour with Domitian. M. means that the Blue driver pulled his horses, not wishing to win: *cf.* XIV. lv.

[3] The Nymph Egeria.

XLV

You have had your fling: enough! Wed, you wantons; you are allowed only chaste love.[1] Is this chaste love? Laetoria weds Lygdus: she will be viler as wife than she was just now as adulteress.

XLVI

The four-horse car of the Blue charioteer[2] is repeatedly lashed on, and yet goes slow. You are doing a great feat, Catianus.

XLVII

Nymph that, welcomed to my Stella's house, glidest with thy pure spring and enterest beneath its master's jewelled halls, whether Numa's spouse[3] sent thee from Trivia's grots,[4] or thou comest, the ninth of the Camenae,[5] Marcus with this virgin porker acquits him to thee of his vow[6] made because in sickness he quaffed thy stream by stealth. Be thou content to-day with my fault, and grant me without scathe the delights of thy spring: may my thirst be again without harm!

XLVIII

The full-dressed throng shout a loud "Bravo" to applaud you. 'Tis not you, Pomponius: it is your dinner that is eloquent.

[4] From Aricia, where Diana of the Crossways (*Trivia*) was worshipped.

[5] Native Nymphs of Italy, afterwards identified with the Muses, and probably so here.

[6] M., contrary to doctor's orders (see VI. lxxxvi.), had drunk cold water from the spring, and had made a vow to the Nymph if the water did him no harm.

XLIX

Non sum de fragili dolatus ulmo,
nec quae stat rigida supina vena
de ligno mihi quolibet columna est,
sed viva generata de cupressu,
quae nec saecula centiens peracta
nec longae cariem timet senectae.
hanc tu, quisquis es o malus, timeto,
nam si vel minimos manu rapaci
hoc de palmite laeseris racemos,
nascetur, licet hoc velis negare,
inserta tibi ficus a cupressu.

L

Cum coleret puros pauper Telesinus amicos,
errabat gelida sordidus in togula:
obscenos ex quo coepit curare cinaedos,
argentum, mensas, praedia solus emit.
vis fieri dives, Bithynice? conscius esto.
nil tibi vel minimum basia pura dabunt.

LI

Quod convivaris sine me tam saepe, Luperce,
inveni noceam qua ratione tibi.
irascor: licet usque voces mittasque rogesque—
"Quid facies?" inquis. quid faciam? veniam.

---

[1] The epigram is on a statue of Priapus: *cf.* I. xxxv. 15; VI. lxxiii.

XLIX

Not hewn am I of fragile elm, nor is my column, which stands upright with rigid shaft,[1] shaped of common wood; but it was born of the long-lived cypress, that dreads not cycles an hundred times accomplished, nor the decay of prolonged age. This fear thou, whoever thou art, O evil man! For if with robber hand thou shalt wound of yonder vine even its smallest shoots, there shall be born—though thou wouldst deny it—grafted on thee by this cypress-rod, a bunch of figs.[2]

L

When Telesinus—a poor man then—cultivated decent friends, he went about, a shabby figure, in a poor shivering toga; ever since he began to court obscene rakes he buys—rivalled by none—silver-plate, tables, landed properties. Do you wish to become rich, Bithynicus? Be an accomplice; not a stiver will pure kisses give you.

LI

Because you entertain so often without inviting me, Lupercus, I have discovered a way to annoy you. I am angry: though you go on asking me, sending, begging—"What will you do?" you say. What will I do? I'll—come.

[1] A tumour: *cf.* I. lxv.; IV. lii.

LII

Hoc iacet in tumulo raptus puerilibus annis
Pantagathus, domini cura dolorque sui,
vix tangente vagos ferro resecare capillos
doctus et hirsutas excoluisse genas.
sis licet, ut debes, tellus, placata levisque.
artificis levior non potes esse manu.

LIII

Lotus nobiscum est, hilaris cenavit, et idem
inventus mane est mortuus Andragoras.
tam subitae mortis causam, Faustine, requiris?
in somnis medicum viderat Hermocraten.

LIV

Tantos et tantas si dicere Sextilianum,
Aule, vetes, iunget vix tria verba miser.
"Quid sibi vult?" inquis. dicam quid suspicer esse:
tantos et tantas Sextilianus amat.

LV

Quod semper casiaque cinnamoque
et nido niger alitis superbae
fragras plumbea Nicerotiana,
rides nos, Coracine, nil olentis,
malo quam bene olere nil olere.

[1] Copied from a Greek epigram: *Anth. Pal.* xi. cclvii.; *cf.* cxviii., which M. probably had also in his eye.
[2] *i.e.* praegrandes draucos eorumque caudas.

LII

Within this tomb lies Pantagathus, snatched away in boyhood's years, his master's grief and sorrow, skilled to cut with steel that scarcely touched the straggling hairs, and to trim the bearded cheeks. Gentle and light upon him thou mayst be, O earth, as behoves thee; lighter than the artist's hand thou canst not be.

LIII

Andragoras bathed with us, took a cheerful dinner, and nevertheless was found in the morning dead. Do you ask, Faustinus, the cause of a decease so sudden? He had in a dream seen Doctor Hermocrates![1]

LIV

If, Aulus, you forbid Sextilianus to say the words "so tall"—masculine or feminine—he can put scarcely three words together, the wretched fellow. "What is the matter with him?" you say. I'll tell you what I suspect. Sextilianus has "so tall" attractions[2] of both genders!

LV

Because, constantly smeared darkly with cassia and cinnamon and the perfumes from the nest of the lordly bird,[3] you reek of the leaden jars of Niceros,[4] you laugh at us, Coracinus, who smell of nothing. To smelling of scent I prefer smelling of nothing.[5]

[3] Cassia and cinnamon were said to be found in the nest of the phoenix: Plin. *N.H.* xii. 42.

[4] A celebrated perfumer of the day.

[5] *cf.* II. xii.

LVI

Quod tibi crura rigent saetis et pectora villis,
verba putas famae te, Charideme, dare.
extirpa, mihi crede, pilos de corpore toto
teque pilare tuas testificare natis.
"Quae ratio est?" inquis. scis multos dicere multa:
fac pedicari te, Charideme, putent.

LVII

Mentiris fictos unguento, Phoebe, capillos
et tegitur pictis sordida calva comis.
tonsorem capiti non est adhibere necesse:
radere te melius spongea, Phoebe, potest.

LVIII

Cernere Parrhasios dum te iuvat, Aule, triones
comminus et Getici sidera pigra poli,
o quam paene tibi Stygias ego raptus ad undas
Elysiae vidi nubila fusca plagae!
quamvis lassa tuos quaerebant lumina vultus
atque erat in gelido plurimus ore Pudens.
si mihi lanificae ducunt non pulla sorores
stamina nec surdos vox habet ista deos,
sospite me sospes Latias reveheris ad urbes
et referes pili praemia clarus eques.

[1] Aulus Pudens was campaigning against the Dacians.
[2] *i.e.* grant me longer life.

LVI

Perche hai le gambe irsute di setole, ed il petto d'ispidi peli, tu t'imagini, O Caridemo, imporre alla fama. Credimi, strappati i peli da tutto il corpo : e commincia darne prova dalle natiche. "Per qual motivo?" di tu. Tu sai che molti mormorano. Fa, O Caridemo, che piutosto pensino, che tu sei un cinedo.

LVII

You fob us off with fictitious hair by means of ointment, Phoebus, and your dirty bald scalp is covered with locks represented in paint. You need not call in a barber for your head; to give you a better clearance, a sponge, Phoebus, is the thing.

LVIII

While it pleased you, Aulus, to survey anear the Northern Bears and the slow-wheeling stars of Getic heavens,[1] oh, how nearly was I snatched away from you to the waves of Styx, and viewed the gloomy clouds of the Elysian plain! Weary as they were, my eyes searched for your face, and on my chill lips oft was Pudens' name. If the wool-working Sisters draw not my threads of sable hue,[2] and this my prayer find not the gods deaf, I shall be safe, and you shall safe return to Latin cities and bring back a chief centurion's honour,[3] an illustrious knight withal.

[3] *cf.* I. xxxi. 3.

LIX

Et dolet et queritur sibi non contingere frigus
propter sescentas Baccara gausapinas,
optat et obscuras luces ventosque nivesque,
odit et hibernos, si tepuere, dies.
quid fecere mali nostrae tibi, saeve, lacernae
tollere de scapulis quas levis aura potest?
quanto simplicius, quanto est humanius illud,
mense vel Augusto sumere gausapinas!

LX

Laudat, amat, cantat nostros mea Roma libellos,
meque sinus omnes, me manus omnis habet.
ecce rubet quidam, pallet, stupet, oscitat, odit.
hoc volo: nunc nobis carmina nostra placent.

LXI

Rem factam Pompullus habet, Faustine: legetur
et nomen toto sparget in orbe suum.
"Sic leve flavorum valeat genus Usiporum
quisquis et Ausonium non amat imperium."
ingeniosa tamen Pompulli scripta feruntur.
"Sed famae non est hoc, mihi crede, satis:
quam multi tineas pascunt blattasque diserti
et redimunt soli carmina docta coci!
nescio quid plus est, quod donat saecula chartis:
victurus genium debet habere liber."

LIX

Baccara is annoyed and grumbles that he meets with no cold weather: 'tis on account of his innumerable frieze mantles; and he wishes for dark hours, and winds, and snows; and hates winter days if they are mild. What harm, you cruel fellow, has my cloak, which a light breeze can lift from my shoulder-blades, done you? How much more straightforward, how much more kind it would be, even in the month of August, to put on your frieze wrappers![1]

LX

My Rome praises, loves, and hums my verses, and every pocket, every hand holds me. See, yonder fellow turns red, turns pale, is dazed, yawns, curses! That is what I want; now my verses please me!

LXI

Pompullus has his wish achieved, Faustinus; he will be perused and will spread his name through the whole world. "So may the fickle race of the yellow-haired Usipi flourish, and everyone who does not love Ausonia's rule!"[2] Yet the writings of Pompullus are said to be clever. "But this, trust me, is not enough to bring fame; how many fluent writers feed moths and bookworms, and cooks alone buy their learned lays! There is something more that gives immortality to writings; a book, to live, must have a Genius."

[1] *i.e.* if you must show off.

[2] *i.e.* may they perish as P.'s works will.

LXII

Amisit pater unicum Salanus
cessas munera mittere, Oppiane?
heu crudele nefas malaeque Parcae!
cuius vulturis hoc erit cadaver?

LXIII

Scis te captari, scis hunc qui captat, avarum,
et scis qui captat quid, Mariane, velit.
tu tamen hunc tabulis heredem, stulte, supremis
scribis et esse tuo vis, furiose, loco.
"Munera magna tamen misit." sed misit in hamo;
et piscatorem piscis amare potest?
hicine deflebit vero tua fata dolore?
si cupis, ut ploret, des, Mariane, nihil.

LXIV

Cum sis nec rigida Fabiorum gente creatus
nec qualem Curio, dum prandia portat aranti,
hirsuta peperit deprensa sub ilice coniunx,
sed patris ad speculum tonsi matrisque togatae
filius, et possit sponsam te sponsa vocare:
emendare meos, quos novit fama, libellos

[1] In depriving S. of his only protection against fortune-hunters: *cf.* the next epigram.

LXII

Salanus the father has lost his only son; do you hesitate, Oppianus, to send a present? Ah, monstrous cruelty and malignant Fates![1] To what vulture shall this corpse belong?

LXIII

You know you are angled for,[2] you know this fellow who angles is greedy, and you know, Marianus, what your angler wants; yet you write him down your heir, you fool, by your last will, and are willing he should step, you madman! into your shoes. "Yet the presents he sent me were magnificent." But he sent them on a hook; and can a fish love the fisherman? Will this man weep for your death with genuine grief? If you want him to lament, leave him, Marianus, nothing.

LXIV

Although you are not born of the stern Fabian race, nor are such a one as Curius' wife, taken in labour while she was carrying his midday meal to him at the plough, brought forth under a shaggy oak,[3] but the son of a father shorn in front of a mirror and of a harlot mother, and though your own wife might well call you wife, you take upon yourself to amend my poems that Fame knows well, and to carp

[2] *captare* (to hunt) was the regular phrase to express fortune-hunting.

[3] The rude Fabii and Curii might justly sneer at M.'s verses.

et tibi permittis felicis carpere nugas,
has, inquam, nugas, quibus aurem advertere totam
non aspernantur proceres urbisque forique,
quas et perpetui dignantur scrinia Sili
et repetit totiens facundo Regulus ore,
quique videt propius magni certamina Circi
laudat Aventinae vicinus Sura Dianae,
ipse etiam tanto dominus sub pondere rerum
non dedignatur bis terque revolvere Caesar.
sed tibi plus mentis, tibi cor limante Minerva
acrius et tenues finxerunt pectus Athenae.
ne valeam, si non multo sapit altius illud,
quod cum panticibus laxis et cum pede grandi
et rubro pulmone vetus nasisque timendum
omnia crudelis lanius per compita portat.
audes praeterea, quos nullus noverit, in me
scribere versiculos miseras et perdere chartas.
at si quid nostrae tibi bilis inusserit ardor,
vivet et haerebit totaque legetur in urbe,
stigmata nec vafra delebit Cinnamus arte.
sed miserere tui, rabido nec perditus ore
fumantem nasum vivi temptaveris ursi.
sit placidus licet et lambat digitosque manusque,
si dolor et bilis, si iusta coegerit ira,
ursus erit: vacua dentes in pelle fatiges
et tacitam quaeras, quam possis rodere, carnem.

[1] Silius Italicus, the poet of the Punic wars: *cf.* VII. lxiii.
[2] The celebrated advocate.
[3] The Temple of Diana on the Aventine. The Circus was in the hollow between the Aventine and Palatine hills.

at my happy triflings—these triflings, I say, to which the chief men of state and courts of law do not disdain to turn an attentive ear; these which the bookcases of immortal Silius[1] think worthy of them, and Regulus[2] with eloquent tongue repeats so often, and Sura commends, he who views hard by the struggles of the mighty Circus, Sura, the neighbour of Aventine Diana;[3] these which our lord, though he bears so vast a weight of empire, does not disdain twice and thrice to unroll, Caesar himself. But you have more understanding, Minerva sharpened your mind to a keener point, and subtle Athens shaped your intellect! May I hang if there is not fuller flavour in that heart[4] which, together with protruding guts, and huge hoof, and gory lights, decayed and a terror to the nose, the unfeeling butcher carries from street to street. You dare besides to write against me your paltry verses, which no one will know of, and to spoil your wretched paper. But if the heat of my wrath sets a brand upon you, that will remain and cling to you and be read all over the town, and Cinnamus,[5] for all his cunning skill, will not efface the marks. Nay, take pity on yourself, and do not, lost man, tempt with your rabid tooth the foaming snout of a live bear. He may be gentle and lick your fingers and your hands, yet if pain, and wrath, and righteous anger compel him, he will be a bear. Weary out your fangs on an empty hide, and look out for some flesh to gnaw that cannot reply.

[4] A play on two meanings of *sapere*, "to have flavour," or "to have sense." *Cor* also has the two meanings of "heart," in a physical sense, and "intellect."

[5] A barber of the day: *cf.* VI. XVII.; VII. LXIV.

LXV

"Hexametris epigramma facis" scio dicere Tuccam.
Tucca, solet fieri, denique, Tucca, licet.
"Sed tamen hoc longum est." solet hoc quoque, Tucca, licetque:
si breviora probas, disticha sola legas.
conveniat nobis ut fas epigrammata longa
sit transire tibi, scribere, Tucca, mihi.

LXVI

Famae non nimium bonae puellam,
quales in media sedent Subura,
vendebat modo praeco Gellianus.
parvo cum pretio diu liceret,
dum puram cupit adprobare cunctis,
adtraxit prope se manu negantem
et bis terque quaterque basiavit.
quid profecerit osculo requiris?
sescentos modo qui dabat negavit.

LXVII

Cur tantum eunuchos habeat tua Caelia, quaeris,
Pannyche? volt futui Caelia nec parere.

LXVIII

Flete nefas vestrum sed toto flete Lucrino,
Naides, et luctus sentiat ipsa Thetis.
inter Baianas raptus puer occidit undas
Eutychos ille, tuum, Castrice, dulce latus.

LXV

"You make your epigram[1] in hexameters," says Tucca, as I know. Tucca, that is usual, in fact, Tucca, it is allowable. "Yet this one is long." That too is usual, Tucca, and allowable; if you approve of what is shorter, read distichs only. Let us make a compact: you to be permitted to skip long epigrams; I, Tucca, to write them.

LXVI

A GIRL of not too good a reputation, one of such as sit in the middle of the Subura, the auctioneer Gellianus was lately selling. As for some time she was going for small biddings, wishing to prove to all that she was clean, he drew the unwilling girl to him, and twice, thrice, four times kissed her. Do you ask what he achieved by the kiss? A bidder of six hundred sesterces withdrew his bid!

LXVII

Do you ask, Pannychus, why your Caelia consorts with eunuchs only? Caelia looks for the license of marriage, not the results.

LXVIII

WEEP for your crime, aye, weep o'er all the Lucrine lake, ye Naiads, and let even Thetis[2] hear the sound of your lament! For the boy is dead, snatched away amid the waves of Baiae, that Eutychos, thy

[1] *i.e.* the preceding one. [2] The goddess of the sea.

hic tibi curarum socius blandumque levamen,
  hic amor, hic nostri vatis Alexis erat.
numquid te vitreis nudum lasciva sub undis
  vidit et Alcidae nympha remisit Hylan?
an dea femineum iam neglegit Hermaphroditum
  amplexu teneri sollicitata viri?
quidquid id est, subitae quaecumque est causa rapinae,
  sit, precor, et tellus mitis et unda tibi.

LXIX

Non miror quod potat aquam tua Bassa, Catulle:
  miror quod Bassae filia potat aquam.

LXX

Sexagesima, Marciane, messis
acta est et, puto, iam secunda Cottae
nec se taedia lectuli calentis
expertum meminit die vel uno.
ostendit digitum, sed inpudicum,
Alconti Dasioque Symmachoque.
at nostri bene conputentur anni
et quantum tetricae tulere febres
aut languor gravis aut mali dolores
a vita meliore separetur:
infantes sumus et senes videmur.
aetatem Priamique Nestorisque
longam qui putat esse, Marciane,
multum decipiturque falliturque.
non est vivere, sed valere vita est.

[1] A handsome youth celebrated by Virgil in his second Eclogue: *cf.* v. xvi. 12; viii. lvi. 12.

sweet companion, Castricus. He to thee was partner in thy studies, and thy soothing solace, he was the darling, he the Alexis[1] of our bard. Did some wanton nymph see thy nakedness under the glassy waves, and give back Hylas[2] to Alcides? or does the goddess,[3] won by the embrace of a soft spouse, now slight womanly Hermaphroditus? Whate'er it be, whate'er the cause of a rape so sudden, let earth, I pray, and wave, be gentle to thee!

LXIX

I DON'T wonder, Catullus, your Bassa drinks water;[4] I wonder that the daughter of Bassa drinks water.

LXX

A SIXTIETH summer, Marcianus, has gone, and I think already a second one also, over Cotta's head, and yet he cannot recall that even for a single day he has felt the weariness of a fevered bed. He points his finger—and the insulting finger[5]—at Alcon, and Dasius, and Symmachus.[6] As for us, let our years be strictly counted, and so much of them as harsh fevers have carried off, or sore weakness, or racking pains, be parted from happier life: we are children, and seem old men. He who thinks the life of Priam and of Nestor long, Marcianus, is much deceived and mistaken: life is not living, but living in health.

[2] See note to v. xlviii. 5. Alcides = Hercules.

[3] Salmacis, originally the Nymph of a fountain in Caria, but here, and in x. xxx., identified by M. with the Nymph of spring near the Lucrine lake. [4] *cf.* II. l. 2.

[5] The middle finger was called *infamis*, and was used to point in scorn. [6] Doctors.

LXXI

Edere lascivos ad Baetica crusmata gestus
et Gaditanis ludere docta modis,
tendere quae tremulum Pelian Hecubaeque maritum
posset ad Hectoreos sollicitare rogos,
urit et excruciat dominum Telethusa priorem.
vendidit ancillam, nunc redimit dominam.

LXXII

Fur notae nimium rapacitatis
conpilare Cilix volebat hortum,
ingenti sed erat, Fabulle, in horto
praeter marmoreum nihil Priapum.
dum non vult vacua manu redire,
ipsum subripuit Cilix Priapum.

LXXIII

Non rudis indocta fecit me falce colonus:
dispensatoris nobile cernis opus.
nam Caeretani cultor ditissimus agri
hos Hilarus colles et iuga laeta tenet.
aspice quam certo videar non ligneus ore
nec devota focis inguinis arma geram,
sed mihi perpetua numquam moritura cupresso
Phidiaca rigeat mentula digna manu.
vicini, moneo, sanctum celebrate Priapum
et bis septenis parcite iugeribus.

[1] *cf.* v. lxxviii. 26.

[2] The uncle of Jason, and Priam respectively, both typical old men.

LXXI

She who was cunning to show wanton gestures to the sound of Baetic castanets and to frolic to the tunes of Gades,[1] she who could have roused passion in palsied Pelias, and have stirred Hecuba's spouse[2] even by Hector's pyre—Telethusa burns and racks with love her former master. He sold her as his maid, now he buys her back as mistress.

LXXII

A thief of too notorious rapacity, a Cilician, was minded to plunder a garden; but in the immense garden was nothing, Fabullus, but a marble Priapus. Being loth to return with empty hands, the Cilician carried off Priapus[3] himself!

LXXIII

No rude husbandman shaped me with clumsy sickle; you see the steward's noble work; for Hilarus, the most wealthy tiller of Caere's fields, possesses these hills and smiling slopes. Mark with how distinct a likeness, and as though not in wood, I appear, and carry a weapon not doomed to the fire; rather how an appendage, immortal, wrought of imperishable cypress, and worthy of the handiwork of Phidias, stands rigid. Ye neighbours, I charge you, pay honour to holy Priapus and spare these twice seven acres!

[3] The guardian god of the garden could not protect himself!

LXXIV

Medio recumbit imus ille qui lecto,
calvam trifilem semitatus unguento,
foditque tonsis ora laxa lentiscis,
mentitur, Aefulane : non habet dentes.

LXXV

Cum mittis turdumve mihi quadramve placentae,
sive femur leporis sive quid his simile est,
buccellas misisse tuas te, Pontia, dicis.
has ego non mittam, Pontia, sed nec edam.

LXXVI

Ille sacri lateris custos Martisque togati,
credita cui summi castra fuere ducis,
hic situs est Fuscus. licet hoc, Fortuna, fateri :
non timet hostilis iam lapis iste minas ;
grande iugum domita Dacus cervice recepit
et famulum victrix possidet umbra nemus.

LXXVII

Cum sis tam pauper quam nec miserabilis Iros,
tam iuvenis quam nec Parthenopaeus erat,

---

[1] The place of honour at dinner.

[2] The usual toothpick : *cf.* XIV. XXII. There may perhaps be a reference to the name given to those unduly solicitous of their personal appearance, who were called "toothpick-chewers" : *cf.* Erasm. *Adag.* s.v. *lentiscum mandere.*

[3] A notorious poisoner : *cf.* II. XXXIV.

[4] *i.e.* of the Emperor as warrior and statesman.

LXXIV

He who lies the lowest on the middle couch,[1] with his three-haired baldness laid out in paths with ointment, and who probes his loosened jaws with strips of mastich,[2] is a fraud, Aefulanus: he has no teeth.

LXXV

When you send me either a fieldfare, or a section of cake, or a leg of hare, or something similar, you tell me, Pontia,[3] you have sent me your tit-bits. These dainties I won't send elsewhere, Pontia—but neither will I eat them.

LXXVI

That guardian of a sacred life, of Mars in the civil gown,[4] he to whom our great captain's camp was given in trust, here Fuscus lies. This, Fortune, may we confess: that stone fears no longer a foeman's threat. The Dacian has taken on his bowed neck our mighty yoke, and the victor ghost holds in fee the subject grove.[5]

LXXVII

Although you are poorer than even wretched Irus,[6] younger even than Parthenopaeus,[7] stronger than

[5] The epigram is supposed to be an inscription on the tomb, in Dacia, of Cornelius Fuscus, a former captain of the Emperor's Praetorian guard at Rome. He was defeated and slain, A.D. 87, in an expedition against the Dacians, who were subsequently subdued: *cf.* Juv. IV. iii.

[6] The typical beggar: Hom. *Od.* xvii.

[7] A Greek warrior, young and handsome: *cf.* IX. vi. 7.

tam fortis quam nec cum vinceret Artemidorus,
quid te Cappadocum sex onus esse iuvat?
rideris multoque magis traduceris, Afer,
quam nudus medio si spatiere foro.
non aliter monstratur Atlans cum compare ginno
quaeque vehit similem belua nigra Libyn.
invidiosa tibi quam sit lectica requiris?
non debes ferri mortuus hexaphoro.

LXXVIII

Potor nobilis, Aule, lumine uno
luscus Phryx erat alteroque lippus.
huic Heras medicus "Bibas caveto:
vinum si biberis, nihil videbis."
ridens Phryx oculo "Valebis" inquit.
misceri sibi protinus deunces
sed crebros iubet. exitum requiris?
vinum Phryx, oculus bibit venenum.

LXXIX

Tristis es et felix. sciat hoc Fortuna caveto
ingratum dicet te, Lupe, si scierit.

LXXX

Ut nova dona tibi, Caesar, Nilotica tellus
miserat hibernas ambitiosa rosas.
navita derisit Pharios Memphiticus hortos,
urbis ut intravit limina prima tuae:

[1] A Greek athlete who won in the Capitoline contest, A.D. 86; or (perhaps) a pancratiast of Tralles, of the days of Galba and Vitellius. [2] A giant.

even Artemidorus[1] when he won in the contest, why do you like to be the load of six Cappadocians? You are laughed at, and are much more a spectacle, Afer, than if you were to walk naked in the midst of the Forum. Similar would be the sight of an Atlas[2] with a small mule to match him, or a black elephant carrying a Libyan of the same hue. Do you want to know how offensive your litter is? Even when dead you ought not to be carried in a litter and six.[3]

LXXVIII

Phryx, a notorious tippler, was blind, Aulus, of one eye, and blear-eyed in the other. Heras, his doctor, said to him: "Beware of drinking; if you drink wine you will not see at all." Phryx laughed, and said to his eye "Adieu." Immediately he orders eleven measures[4] to be mixed for him, and frequently. Do you ask the result? Phryx drank a vintage, his eye venom.

LXXIX

You are sad, although fortunate. Take care Fortune does not know this; "Ingrate" will be her name for you, Lupus, if she knows.

LXXX

As a novel gift to you, Caesar, the land of Nile had proudly sent winter roses. The sailor from Memphis scoffed at the gardens of Egypt when he first trod on the threshold of your city, so rich was the

[3] But on a pauper's bier, borne by four at most: *cf.* VIII. lxxv. 9.

[4] Nearly three times the usual quantity, eleven *cyathi* instead of four (*triens*, *cf.* VI. lxxxvi. 1; I. cvi. 8).

tantus veris honos et odorae gratia Florae
tantaque Paestani gloria ruris erat;
sic, quacumque vagus gressumque oculosque ferebat,
tonsilibus sertis omne rubebat iter.
at tu Romanae iussus iam cedere brumae
mitte tuas messes, accipe, Nile, rosas.

LXXXI

Iratus tamquam populo, Charideme, lavaris:
inguina sic toto subluis in solio.
nec caput hic vellem sic te, Charideme, lavare.
et caput ecce lavas: inguina malo laves.

LXXXII

Quidam me modo, Rufe, diligenter
inspectum, velut emptor aut lanista,
cum vultu digitoque subnotasset,
"Tune es, tune" ait "ille Martialis,
cuius nequitias iocosque novit
aurem qui modo non habet Batavam?"
subrisi modice, levique nutu
me quem dixerat esse non negavi.
"Cur ergo" inquit "habes malas lacernas?"
respondi: "quia sum malus poeta."
hoc ne saepius accidat poetae,
mittas, Rufe, mihi bonas lacernas.

LXXXIII

Quantum sollicito fortuna parentis Etrusco,
tantum, summe ducum, debet uterque tibi.

[1] *i.e.* thus polluting the water; *cf.* II. xlii. and lxx. For Charidemus, *cf.* VI. lvi.

beauty of spring and the charm of fragrant Flora, so rich the glory of Paestan fields; so ruddy, where'er he turned his wandering footsteps or his eyes, was every path with twining roses. But do thou, bidden now to yield to a Roman winter, send us thy harvests, receive, O Nile, our roses.

LXXXI

You wash, Charidemus, as if you were in a rage with the people; such a cleaning you give your middle all over the bath.[1] Even your head I should not wish you to wash here in such a fashion, Charidemus. Lo! you wash your head too: I prefer your washing your middle.

LXXXII

A certain person, Rufus, lately looked me up and down carefully, just as if he were a purchaser of slaves or a trainer of gladiators, and when he had furtively observed me and pointed me out: "Are you, are you," he said, "that Martial, whose naughty jests everyone knows who at least has not a barbarous ear?" I smiled quietly, and with a slight bow, did not deny I was the person mentioned. "Why, then," said he, "do you wear a bad cloak?" I replied: "Because I am a bad poet." That this may not happen too often to a poet, send me, Rufus, a good cloak.

LXXXIII

As much as his father's fortunes owe to Etruscus' solicitude,[2] so much both father and son, illustrious

[2] He had accompanied his father into exile. As to the father's death, see VII. xl.

nam tu missa tua revocasti fulmina dextra :
hos cuperem mores ignibus esse Iovis ;
si tua sit summo, Caesar, natura Tonanti,
utetur toto fulmine rara manus.
muneris hoc utrumque tui testatur Etruscus,
esse quod et comiti contigit et reduci.

LXXXIV

Octaphoro sanus portatur, Avite, Philippus.
hunc tu si sanum credis, Avite, furis.

LXXXV

Editur en sextus sine te mihi, Rufe Camoni,
nec te lectorem sperat, amice, liber :
impia Cappadocum tellus et numine laevo
visa tibi cineres reddit et ossa patri.
funde tuo lacrimas orbata Bononia Rufo,
et resonet tota planctus in Aemilia.
heu qualis pietas, heu quam brevis occidit aetas!
viderat Alphei praemia quinta modo.
pectore tu memori nostros evolvere lusus,
tu solitus totos, Rufe, tenere iocos,
accipe cum fletu maesti breve carmen amici
atque haec absentis tura fuisse puta.

[1] *cf.* IX. lxxiv. and lxxvi.
[2] The district served by the *Via Aemilia* running from Ariminum to Placentia.

chief, owe to thee. For thou hast recalled the bolts by thy right hand hurled; I could pray that Jove's fire possessed such gentleness! Were thy nature, Caesar, the almighty Thunderer's, rarely shall his hand employ his bolts' full force. To thy bounty, Etruscus ascribes a two-fold boon: partnership in his sire's exile, and his sire's return.

LXXXIV

Philippus, though sound, is carried in a litter and eight, Avitus. If you think this fellow "sound," Avitus, you are crazy yourself.

LXXXV

Lo! my sixth book goes forth without thee, Camonius Rufus,[1] and does not hope, my friend, that thou wilt read it. The Cappadocian land, unholy and with baleful omen visited by thee, gives back to thy sire thy ashes and thy bones. Pour forth thy tears, Bononia, widowed of thy Rufus! and let lamentation be loud o'er all Aemilia![2] Alas, what filial love! alas, what brief a life has perished! it had seen but the fifth prize bestowed by Alpheus.[3] Thou, who with unforgetful heart wert wont to quote my casual lays, thou, Rufus, wont to recall whole epigrams, receive, with his tears, thy sorrowing friend's brief song, and deem these lines incense shed upon thee from afar!

[3] He had lived only five Olympiads, and thus was only twenty: *cf.* IX. LXXVI. 3. Usually in M. an Olympiad = *lustrum* = 5 years.

LXXXVI

Setinum dominaeque nives densique trientes,
quando ego vos medico non prohibente bibam?
stultus et ingratus nec tanto munere dignus
qui mavult heres divitis esse Midae.
possideat Libycas messis Hermumque Tagumque,
et potet caldam, qui mihi livet, aquam.

LXXXVII

Di tibi dent et tu, Caesar, quaecumque mereris:
di mihi dent et tu quae volo, si merui.

LXXXVIII

Mane salutavi vero te nomine casu
nec dixi dominum, Caeciliane, meum.
quanti libertas constet mihi tanta, requiris?
centum quadrantes abstulit illa mihi.

LXXXIX

Cum peteret seram media iam nocte matellam
arguto madidus pollice Panaretus,
Spoletina data est sed quam siccaverat ipse,
nec fuerat soli tota lagona satis.
ille fide summa testae sua vina remensus
reddidit oenophori pondera plena sui.
miraris, quantum biberat, cepisse lagonam?
desine mirari, Rufe: merum biberat.

---

[1] A fine wine: *cf.* IV. lxix.

[2] Or "my lady's snows," *i.e.* Violentilla's. Wine was strained through snow: *cf.* V. lxiv. 2; XIV. ciii.

LXXXVI

Thou Setine,[1] and ye lordly snows,[2] and ye cups filled oft, when shall I drink you, nor my doctor say me nay? Fool and ingrate, and unworthy such a boon is he who would sooner be heir of wealthy Midas! May he possess Libyan harvests, and Hermus, and Tagus, who envies me—and drink warm water![3]

LXXXVII

May the gods and thou, Caesar, grant thee all thy deserts; may the gods and thou grant me my wish if I have deserved it!

LXXXVIII

This morning I addressed you, as it chanced, by your own name, nor did I add "My lord," Caecilianus. Do you ask how much such casual conduct has cost me? It has robbed me of a hundred farthings.[4]

LXXXIX

When Panaretus in his cups was, by snapping his fingers, requiring—it being now midnight—a necessary vase, a Spoletian jar was handed him, one which he had already drained dry by himself, and the whole flagon had not been sufficient for his single self. He, with scrupulous accuracy, remeasured to the jar the wine he had drunk from it, and returned the full burden of his wine-holder. Do you wonder the flagon took all he had drunk? Don't wonder any longer, Rufus: he had drunk his wine neat!

[3] M. was ill: *cf.* VI. xlvii. and lviii.
[4] The client's usual dole: *cf.* III. vii. 1.

XC

Moechum Gellia non habet nisi unum.
turpe est hoc magis : uxor est duorum.

XCI

Sancta ducis summi prohibet censura vetatque
moechari. gaude, Zoile : non futuis.

XCII

Caelatus tibi cum sit, Anniane,
serpens in patera Myronos arte,
Vaticana bibis : bibis venenum.

XCIII

Tam male Thais olet quam non fullonis avari
testa vetus media sed modo fracta via,
non ab amore recens hircus, non ora leonis,
non detracta cani Transtiberina cutis,
pullus abortivo nec cum putrescit in ovo,
amphora corrupto nec vitiata garo.
virus ut hoc alio fallax permutet odore,
deposita quotiens balnea veste petit,
psilothro viret aut acida latet oblita creta
aut tegitur pingui terque quaterque faba.
cum bene se tutam per fraudes mille putavit,
omnia cum fecit, Thaida Thais olet.

---

[1] *cf.* Sen. *De Ben.* xvi. "matrimonium vocari unius adulterium": *cf.* III. xcii. [2] *cf.* V. lxxv.; VI. vii.

[3] Vatican was very inferior wine : *cf.* I. xviii. 2 ; X. xlv. 5. M. assumes that the serpent poisoned the wine. He means that A. drank bad wine in costly cups.

XC

GELLIA has a paramour, but only one. That is all the more disgraceful: she is the wife of two.[1]

XCI

THE sacred censor's edict of our illustrious chief forbids and debars adultery.[2] Congratulate yourself, Zoilus: you are impotent.

XCII

ALTHOUGH, Ammianus, you have on your cup a viper chased by Myron's art, you drink Vatican: you drink venom.[3]

XCIII

THAIS smells worse even than a grasping fuller's long-used crock,[4] and that, too, just smashed in the middle of the street; than a he-goat fresh from his amours; than the breath of a lion; than a hide dragged from a dog beyond Tiber;[5] than a chicken when it rots in an abortive egg; than a two-eared jar poisoned by putrid fish-sauce. In order craftily to substitute for such a reek another odour, whenever she strips and enters the bath she is green with depilatory, or is hidden behind a plaster of chalk and vinegar, or is covered with three or four layers of sticky bean-flour.[6] When she imagines that by a thousand dodges she is quite safe, Thais, do what she will, smells of Thais.

[4] Fullers used urine in their trade, and used to collect it at street-corners in jars.

[5] Where tanners pursued their trade; Juv. xiv. 203.

[6] Ordinarily used to remove wrinkles: *cf.* III. xlii. 1; XIV. lx.

XCIV

Ponuntur semper chrysendeta Calpetiano
sive foris seu cum cenat in urbe domi.
sic etiam in stabulo semper, sic cenat in agro.
non habet ergo aliud ? non habet immo suum.

XCIV

Gold-enamelled plate is always served to Calpetianus, whether he dines away from home or when he is at home in town. In this way, too, he always dines at an inn, in this way in the country. Has he no other plate then? Nay, he possesses none—of his own! [1]

[1] C. is satirised for his ostentatious use of plate which is not his own, but borrowed: cf. II. lviii.

BOOK VII

LIBER SEPTIMUS

I

Accipe belligerae crudum thoraca Minervae,
ipsa Medusaeae quem timet ira comae.
dum vacat, haec, Caesar, poterit lorica vocari:
pectore cum sacro sederit, aegis erit.

II

Invia Sarmaticis domini lorica sagittis
et Martis Getico tergore fida magis,
quam vel ad Aetolae securam cuspidis ictus
texuit innumeri lubricus unguis apri,
felix sorte tua, sacrum cui tangere pectus
fas erit et nostri mente calere dei.
i comes et magnos inlaesa merere triumphos
palmataeque ducem, sed cito, redde togae.

III

Cur non mitto meos tibi, Pontiliane, libellos?
ne mihi tu mittas, Pontiliane, tuos.

[1] These lines allude to a cuirass, made of boars' hoofs, either taken from a temple of Minerva, or made for Domitian in imitation of her aegis with the Gorgon's head upon it, and worn by him in his Sarmatian expedition, A.D. 92. It is again alluded to in XIV. CLXXIX.

BOOK VII

I

Receive the savage breast-plate of warrior Minerva, thou whom even Medusa's wrathful tresses dread.[1] While 'tis unworn, this, Caesar, may be called a cuirass; when it shall repose on a sacred breast, 'twill be an aegis.

II

Impenetrable by Sarmatian arrows, thou cuirass of our Lord, more trusty than the Getic shield of Mars, which, a safeguard even against the stroke of an Aetolian spear,[2] the burnished hooves of unnumbered boars inwove, blest art thou in thy lot! whose right shall be to touch that sacred breast, and to warm with the spirit of our God! Go with him and win, undinted, mighty triumphs, and bring home—and that soon—our chief to the palm-embroidered gown.[3]

III

Why do I not send you my works, Pontilianus? That you, Pontilianus, may not send yours to me.

[2] Meleager's, who slew the Calydonian boar: *cf. Lib. Spect.* xv. 1.

[3] A general in his triumphal procession wore a toga of purple and gold (*toga picta*) over a tunic embroidered with palm-leaves (*tunica palmata*).

IV

Esset, Castrice, cum mali coloris,
versus scribere coepit Oppianus.

Si desiderium, Caesar, populique patrumque
respicis et Latiae gaudia vera togae,
redde deum votis poscentibus. invidet hosti
Roma suo, veniat laurea multa licet:
terrarum dominum propius videt ille tuoque
terretur vultu barbarus et fruitur.

VI

Ecquid Hyperboreis ad nos conversus ab oris
Ausonias Caesar iam parat ire vias?
certus abest auctor sed vox hoc nuntiat omnis:
credo tibi, verum dicere, Fama, soles.
publica victrices testantur gaudia chartae,
Martia laurigera cuspide pila virent.
rursus, io, magnos clamat tibi Roma triumphos,
invictusque tua, Caesar, in urbe sonas.
sed iam laetitiae quo sit fiducia maior,
Sarmaticae laurus nuntius ipse veni.

VII

Hiberna quamvis Arctos et rudis Peuce
et ungularum pulsibus calens Hister

[1] For the "pallor" of poets *cf.* Hor. *Ep.* I. xix. 28.
[2] Domitian in A.D. 92 was campaigning against the Sarmatians. He returned in Jan. 93.

IV

Because, Castricus, he was of a sickly hue,[1] Oppianus begins to write verses.

V

If thou regardest, Caesar, the longing of the people and of the Fathers, and the Latin gown's true joy, bring back our God to our urgent prayers![2] Albeit there comes many a letter laurel-wreathed,[3] Rome envies her own foe; he views more near the Master of the world, and in thy countenance the barbarian finds his terror and his joy.

VI

Turned usward from Hyperborean shores, is Caesar now bent on treading Ausonian ways? Sure witness is there none, yet every voice so tells us; thee, Report, I trust; thou art wont to speak the truth. Despatches of victory attest the public joy; the pikes of war are green with laurel-crowned heads. Again—O joy!—Rome shouts thy mighty triumphs, and in thy city, Caesar, thou art proclaimed Unconquered. But now, that faith in our delight be greater still, come, thyself the herald of thy Sarmatian bay.

VII

Albeit the wintry North, and savage Peuce,[4] and Hister glowing with the beat of hooves, and Rhine,

[3] Despatches announcing victory were laurel-wreathed.

[4] An island at the mouth of the Danube (Hister), so called from its pines: *cf.* VII. lxxxiv. 3.

fractusque cornu iam ter inprobo Rhenus
teneat domantem regna perfidae gentis
te, summe mundi rector et parens orbis,
abesse nostris non tamen potes votis.
illic et oculis et animis sumus, Caesar,
adeoque mentes omnium tenes unus
ut ipsa magni turba nesciat Circi
utrumne currat Passerinus an Tigris.

VIII

Nunc hilares, si quando mihi, nunc ludite, Musae:
victor ab Odrysio redditur orbe deus.
certa facis populi tu primus vota, December:
iam licet ingenti dicere voce "Venit!"
felix sorte tua! poteras non cedere Iano,
gaudia si nobis quae dabit ille dares.
festa coronatus ludet convicia miles,
inter laurigeros cum comes ibit equos.
fas audire iocos levioraque carmina, Caesar,
et tibi, si lusus ipse triumphus amat.

IX

Cum sexaginta numeret Cascellius annos,
ingeniosus homo est: quando disertus erit?

X

Pedicatur Eros, fellat Linus: Ole, quid ad te
de cute quid faciant ille vel ille sua?

[1] River gods were represented with horns. The shattering of the horn meant defeat: *cf.* x. vii. 6.

his presumptuous horn now shattered thrice,[1] detain thee, while thou dost subdue a false nation's realm, thou ruler supreme of the universe and father of the world, yet thou canst not be parted from our prayers. There, where thou art, are we in vision and in soul, Caesar; and so alone dost thou possess the thoughts of all that the very throng of the mighty Circus knows not whether Passarinus runs or Tigris.[2]

VIII

Now joyfully, if ever in page of mine, frolic, ye Muses! in victory is our God being restored to us from the Odrysian world. Thou first, December, makest sure fulfilment of a people's prayers: now may we shout with a mighty voice, "He comes!" Happy in thy lot! Thou mightest not have made way for Janus, wert thou giving us the joys that he shall give! In festive raillery shall the wreathed soldier sport when he shall tread attendant on the laurelled steeds. To hear the jest and lighter song is lawful even for thee, Caesar, if a triumph of itself woos mirthfulness.[3]

IX

Though Cascellius now numbers sixty years, he is only a clever man: when will he be eloquent?

X

Eros has one filthy vice, Linus has another: Olus, what is it to you what one or the other does with

[2] Race-horses.

[3] For the licence allowed to soldiers in a triumphal procession *cf.* I. iv. 3.

centenis futuit Matho milibus: Ole, quid ad te?
non tu propterea sed Matho pauper erit.
in lucem cenat Sertorius: Ole, quid ad te,
cum liceat tota stertere nocte tibi?
septingenta Tito debet Lupus: Ole, quid ad te?
assem ne dederis crediderisve Lupo.
illud dissimulas ad te quod pertinet, Ole,
quodque magis curae convenit esse tuae.
pro togula debes: hoc ad te pertinet, Ole.
quadrantem nemo iam tibi credit: et hoc.
uxor moecha tibi est: hoc ad te pertinet, Ole.
poscit iam dotem filia grandis: et hoc.
dicere quindecies poteram quod pertinet ad te:
sed quid agas ad me pertinet, Ole, nihil.

XI

Cogis me calamo manuque nostra
emendare meos, Pudens, libellos.
o quam me nimium probas amasque
qui vis archetypas habere nugas!

XII

Sic me fronte legat dominus, Faustine, serena
excipiatque meos qua solet aure iocos,
ut mea nec iuste quos odit pagina laesit
et mihi de nullo fama rubore placet.
quid prodest, cupiant cum quidam nostra videri,
si qua Lycambeo sanguine tela madent,
vipereumque vomat nostro sub nomine virus,
qui Phoebi radios ferre diemque negat?

[1] *i.e.* scurrilous. Lycambes was driven to suicide by the

his own hide? Matho pays his whore a hundred thousand: Olus, what is it to you? You will not be poor on that account, but Matho. Sertorius dines till daylight: Olus, what is it to you, seeing you can snore all night? Lupus owes seven hundred thousand sesterces to Titus: Olus, what is it to you? don't give or lend Lupus a stiver. You ignore what is your own affair, Olus, what more concerns your careful thought. You owe for your sorry toga: this is your affair, Olus. Nobody now lends you a penny: this too. Your wife is a wanton; this is your affair, Olus. Your strapping daughter now demands a dowry: this too. Fifteen times over I could mention what is your affair: but your doings, Olus, are no affair of mine.

XI

You compel me to correct my poems with my own hand and pen, Pudens. Oh, how overmuch you approve and love my work who wish to have my trifles in autograph!

XII

May my Master be as certain to read me, Faustinus, with an unruffled brow, and to welcome my jests with his wonted heed, as my page has not wounded even those it justly hates, and fame won from another's blush is not dear to me! What does this avail me when certain folk would pass off as mine darts wet with the blood of Lycambes,[1] and under my name a man vomits his viperous venom who owns he cannot bear the light of day? My jests

[1] lampoons of the poet Archilochus, to whom he had refused his daughter.

ludimus innocui: scis hoc bene: iuro potentis
per genium Famae Castaliumque gregem
perque tuas aures, magni mihi numinis instar,
lector inhumana liber ab invidia.

XIII

Dum Tiburtinis albescere solibus audit
antiqui dentis fusca Lycoris ebur,
venit in Herculeos colles. quid Tiburis alti
aura valet! parvo tempore nigra redit.

XIV

Accidit infandum nostrae scelus, Aule, puellae;
amisit lusus deliciasque suas:
non quales teneri ploravit amica Catulli
Lesbia, nequitiis passeris orba sui,
vel Stellae cantata meo quas flevit Ianthis,
cuius in Elysio nigra columba volat:
lux mea non capitur nugis neque moribus istis
nec dominae pectus talia damna movent:
bis senos[1] puerum numerantem perdidit annos,
mentula cui nondum sesquipedalis erat.

XV

Quis puer hic nitidis absistit Ianthidos undis?
effugit dominam Naida numquid Hylas?
o bene quod silva colitur Tirynthius ista
et quod amatrices tam prope servat aquas!

[1] *senos* Heins., *denos* codd.

[1] *cf.* IV. lxii. The sulphurous exhalations of the springs at Tibur (*cf.* IV. iv. 2) were supposed to have the property of whitening things, especially ivory.

are harmless: you know this well: I swear by the genius of mighty Fame, and the Castalian choir, and by your ears, which are to me as a great deity, O reader, who art free from ungentle envy.

XIII

Hearing that, under Tibur's suns, the ivory of an old tusk grows white, dusky Lycoris came to the hills of Hercules. What power high-set Tibur's air has! In a short time she returned black![1]

XIV

An unspeakable calamity has chanced to a girl of mine, Aulus: she has lost her plaything and her darling, not such a one as Lesbia, the mistress of tender Catullus, deplored when she was forlorn of her sparrow's roguish tricks, nor such as Ianthis, sung of by my Stella,[2] wept for, whose black dove flits in Elysium. My love is not taken by trifles, nor by such passions as that; nor do such losses move my mistress' heart: she has lost a boy just counting twice six years, whose parts were not as yet Gargantuan!

XV

What boy is this who stands apart from Ianthis' sparkling fount? Is it Hylas,[3] who shuns the Naiad, its mistress? Oh, well that he of Tiryns[4] is worshipped in that grove, and that so nigh he watches

[2] L. Arruntius Stella, a poet, and the friend of M.: *cf.* v. xi. 2; i. vii. 4, His wife was Violentilla (Ianthis), whose dove S. sang of: *cf.* i. vii.

[3] The companion of Hercules. He was drawn under the water by an enamoured nymph: *cf.* v. xlviii. 5; ix. lxv. 14.

[4] Hercules.

securus licet hos fontes, Argynne, ministres:
nil facient Nymphae: ne velit ipse cave.

XVI

Aera domi non sunt, superest hoc, Regule, solum
ut tua vendamus munera: numquid emis?

XVII

Ruris bybliotheca delicati,
vicinam videt unde lector urbem,
inter carmina sanctiora si quis
lascivae fuerit locus Thaliae,
hos nido licet inseras vel imo,
septem quos tibi misimus libellos
auctoris calamo sui notatos:
haec illis pretium facit litura.
at tu munere, delicata,[1] parvo
quae cantaberis orbe nota toto,
pignus pectoris hoc mei tuere,
Iuli bybliotheca Martialis.

XVIII

Cum tibi sit facies de qua nec femina possit
dicere, cum corpus nulla litura notet,
cur te tam rarus cupiat repetatque fututor
miraris? vitium est non leve, Galla, tibi.

[1] *delicata* γ; *interpunctionem correxit* Munro; *dedicata* β.

[1] The epigram is on a statue of a boy running (probably one of Stella's slaves), placed beside a fountain, perhaps in Stella's garden (*cf.* VI. xlvii.), and named after Argynnus,

the amorous waters! Secure thou, Argynnus, mayst tend this fount: the nymphs will do thee no harm; but ware the god himself![1]

XVI

I HAVE not a copper at home; this one thing alone remains, Regulus, to sell your presents: are you a buyer?

XVII

O LIBRARY of a dainty country house, from which a reader surveys the City close at hand, if, amid poems more reverend, there shall be a place for wanton Thalia, thou mayst put in a niche, though it be the lowest one, these seven little books which I have sent thee, scored by their author's pen: such correction gives them value! But do thou,[2] dainty one, that, because of my small gift, shall be sung and known throughout the world, protect this pledge of my heart's love, O library of Julius Martialis!

XVIII

ALTHOUGH you have a face which not even a woman could criticise, although no blemish marks your body, do you wonder why it is so rarely a gallant desires you and seeks you a second time? You have a defect, Galla, and no light one. Ogni

the favourite of Agamemnon. M. means that Hercules will protect Argynnus from the nymphs of the fountain, but that he will be in danger of being carried off by Hercules himself.

[2] Or, without Munro's punctuation, "thou, who, because of my gift, shall be sung of as dainty."

accessi quotiens ad opus mixtisque movemur
inguinibus, cunnus non tacet, ipsa taces.
di facerent ut tu loquereris et ille taceret:
offendor cunni garrulitate tui.
pedere te mallem: namque hoc nec inutile dicit
Symmachus et risum res movet ista simul.
quis ridere potest fatui poppysmata cunni?
cum sonat hic, cui non mentula mensque cadit?
dic aliquid saltem clamosoque obstrepe cunno
et, si adeo muta es, disce vel inde loqui.

XIX

Fragmentum quod vile putas et inutile lignum,
haec fuit ignoti prima carina maris.
quam nec Cyaneae quondam potuere ruinae
frangere nec Scythici tristior ira freti,
saecula vicerunt: sed quamvis cesserit annis,
sanctior est salva parva tabella rate.

XX

Nihil est miserius neque gulosius Santra.
rectam vocatus cum cucurrit ad cenam,
quam tot diebus noctibusque captavit,
ter poscit apri glandulas, quater lumbum,
et utramque coxam leporis et duos armos,
nec erubescit peierare de turdo
et ostreorum rapere lividos cirros.
buccis placentae[1] sordidam linit mappam;

[1] *Buccis placentae* Scriver.; *buccis plangentem* β; *dulcis placenta* γ.

volta che venni teco alle prese, e nei mischiati piaceri s'aggitiamo coi lumbi, tu taci, e 'l tuo c—o chiazza. Volessero gli dei che tu parlassi ed esso tacesse: io sono nauseato dalla chiacchiera del tuo c—o. Amerei meglio che tu petassi: imperocchè Simaco dice che ciò è giovevole, e nel tempo stesso muove il riso. Chi può ridere ai poppismi d'un fatuo c—o? quando questo romba, a cui non cade la mentola e la mente? Di almeno qualche cosa, o serra il susurroso tuo c—o: e se non sei affatto mutola, impara indi a parlare.

XIX

The fragment thou regardest as cheap and useless wood, this was the first keel to stem the unknown sea. That which the clash of the Azure rocks[1] could not shatter of old, nor the wrath, more dread, of Scythia's ocean, ages have subdued: yet, however much it has submitted to time, more sacred is this small plank than the vessel unscathed.

XX

No miserliness or gluttony is equal to Santra's. When he has been invited and has hurried off to the grand dinner which he has for so many nights and days fished for, he asks thrice for kernels of boar, four times for the loin, and for each leg of a hare, and both wings; nor does he blush to tell lies about a fieldfare, and to snatch the discoloured beards of oysters. With mouthfuls of cake he stains his soiled

[1] Two rocks at the mouth of the Bosphorus, supposed to float and collide. They were, according to legend, discovered by the Argonauts. Perhaps the legend represents early experiences of icebergs.

illic et uvae conlocantur ollares
et Punicorum pauca grana malorum
et excavatae pellis indecens volvae
et lippa ficus debilisque boletus.
sed mappa cum iam mille rumpitur furtis,
rosos tepenti spondylos sinu condit
et devorato capite turturem truncum.
colligere longa turpe nec putat dextra
analecta quidquid et canes reliquerunt.
nec esculenta sufficit gulae praeda:
mixto lagonam replet ad pedes vino.
haec per ducentas cum domum tulit scalas
seque obserata clusit anxius cella
gulosus ille, postero die—vendit.

XXI

Haec est illa dies, quae magni conscia partus
Lucanum populis et tibi, Polla, dedit.
heu! Nero crudelis nullaque invisior umbra,
debuit hoc saltem non licuisse tibi.

XXII

Vatis Apollinei magno memorabilis ortu
lux redit: Aonidum turba, favete sacris.
haec meruit, cum te terris, Lucane, dedisset,
mixtus Castaliae Baetis ut esset aquae.

---

[1] *i.e.* a sow's matrix, a favourite dish: *cf.* Hor. *Ep.* I. xv. 41. It was stuffed with appetising herbs and condiments: *cf.* Athen. iii. 58, 59; which in this instance had already been eaten. *Excavatae* may be however = *ejectitiae*, a matrix from

napkin; there too are packed preserved grapes, and a few grains of pomegranate, and the unsightly skin of a scooped out haggis,[1] and an oozing fig, and a flabby mushroom. And when his napkin is already bursting under his thousand thefts, he secretes in the reeking folds of his gown gnawed vertebrae, and a turtle-dove shorn of its head already gobbled up. Nor does he think it disgraceful to pick up with a long arm whatever the sweeper and the dogs have left. Nor are eatables sufficient loot for him: he fills behind his back a flagon with the wine and water. When that greedy fellow has carried these things home up two hundred stairs, and anxiously shut himself in his locked garret, the next day—he sells the lot!

XXI

This is that day which, conscious of a great birth, gave Lucan to the nations and, Polla,[2] to thee. Ah, Nero! cruel, and for no death more hateful! this deed at least should not have been permitted thee!

XXII

Made glorious by the mighty birth of Apollo's bard, the day returns: ye Aonian throng,[3] look kindly on these rites! These it earned, when it had given thee, Lucan, to the earth, that Baetis[4] might be mingled with the water of Castalia.

which the fetus has been removed before birth: *cf.* Plin. *N.H.* XI. 84.

[2] Polla Argentaria, the widow of the poet Lucan. She was a patron of M.: *cf.* X. lxiv. 1. [3] The Muses.

[4] Lucan was born at Cordova on the Baetis (Guadalquiver).

XXIII

Phoebe, veni, sed quantus eras cum bella tonanti
ipse dares Latiae plectra secunda lyrae.
quid tanta pro luce precer? tu, Polla, maritum
saepe colas et se sentiat ille coli.

XXIV

Cum Iuvenale meo quae me committere temptas,
quid non audebis, perfida lingua, loqui?
te fingente nefas Pyladen odisset Orestes,
Thesea Pirithoi destituisset amor,
tu Siculos fratres et maius nomen Atridas
et Ledae poteras dissociare genus.
hoc tibi pro meritis et talibus inprecor ausis,
ut facias illud quod, puto, lingua, facis.

XXV

Dulcia cum tantum scribas epigrammata semper
et cerussata candidiora cute,
nullaque mica salis nec amari fellis in illis
gutta sit, o demens, vis tamen illa legi!
nec cibus ipse iuvat morsu fraudatus aceti,
nec grata est facies cui gelasinus abest.
infanti melimela dato fatuasque mariscas:
nam mihi, quae novit pungere, Chia sapit.

[1] "Inspire me now as thou didst inspire Lucan, the second poet after Virgil, when he sang of the civil war between Pompey and Caesar."

XXIII

Phoebus, come thou, but in thy might, as thou wert when to him who thundered of war thou gavest with thy own hand the second quill of the Latin lyre.[1] What should be my prayer for a day so great? Mayst thou, Polla, long revere thy spouse, and may he himself feel that he is revered!

XXIV

Thou that essayest to embroil me with my Juvenal, what wilt not thou, perfidious tongue, dare to say? At thy imagining of wrong Orestes would have hated Pylades, Peirithous' love would have left Theseus lorn: thou couldst have parted the Sicilian brothers,[2] and—a greater name—the sons of Atreus, and Leda's generation.[3] This is my curse on thee for thy deserts and for attempts so shameless: that thou mayst do that which, O tongue, I wot thou doest!

XXV

Although you continually write epigrams that are merely sweet, and more immaculate than a white-enamelled skin, and no grain of salt, nor drop of bitter gall is in them, yet, O madman! you wish them to be read! Not food itself is pleasant robbed of biting vinegar, nor is a face winning when no dimple is there. To an infant give honey-apples and insipid figs: for me the Chian fig with a tang has savour.

[2] Amphinomus and Anapius, models of fraternal love and filial piety, who carried their parents from an eruption of Etna: Strabo, vi. 2. Claudian has a poem (*De Piis Fratribus*) on the subject. [3] Castor and Pollux.

XXVI

Apollinarem conveni meum, scazon,
et si vacabit (ne molestus accedas)
hoc qualecumque, cuius aliqua pars ipse est
dabis: hoc facetae[1] carmen inbuant aures.
si te receptum fronte videris tota,
noto rogabis ut favore sustentet.
quanto mearum, scis, amore nugarum
flagret: nec ipse plus amare te possum.
contra malignos esse si cupis tutus,
Apollinarem conveni meum, scazon.

XXVII

Tuscae glandis aper populator et ilice multa
iam piger, Aetolae fama secunda ferae,
quem meus intravit splendenti cuspide Dexter,
praeda iacet nostris invidiosa focis.
pinguescant madido laeti nidore penates
flagret et exciso festa culina iugo.
sed cocus ingentem piperis consumet acervum,
addet et arcano mixta Falerna garo.
ad dominum redeas, noster te non capit ignis,
conturbator aper: vilius esurio.

XXVIII

Sic Tiburtinae crescat tibi silva Dianae
et properet caesum saepe redire nemus,

[1] *hoc* ς, *haec* codd.; *facetae* Gronov., *facetum* codd.

XXVI

Salute my Apollinaris, halting verse,[1] and if he be at leisure—do not approach him unseasonably—you will give him this, whate'er its worth, in which he too has some part: may cultivated ears be first to hear this verse! If you see yourself welcomed by an unruffled brow, you will ask him to support you with his well-known favour. With what great love for my trifles he burns you know; not even I myself can love you more. If against malice you wish to be safe, salute my Apollinaris, halting verse!

XXVII

The ravager of Tuscan mast, now fat with many an acorn, second in renown to the Aetolian beast,[2] a boar which my Dexter pierced with his gleaming spear, lies here, a booty abhorrent to my hearth. Let my household gods joyously grow fat with the steaming reek, and my festal kitchen blaze with felling of a hill top. But ah! the cook will consume a huge heap of pepper, and add Falernian mixed with his treasured fish-sauce. Go back to your owner; my fire is too small for you, O boar that would bankrupt me! 'tis less ruinous to starve.

XXVIII

So may Diana's wood at Tibur burgeon for you, and the grove, oft lopped, be quick to grow anew;

[1] *cf.* I. xcvi. 1.
[2] The boar slain by Meleager: *cf. Lib. Spect.* xv. 1.

nec Tartesiacis Pallas tua, Fusce, trapetis
cedat et inmodici dent bona musta lacus;
sic fora mirentur, sic te Palatia laudent,
excolat et geminas plurima palma fores:
otia dum medius praestat tibi parva December,
exige, sed certa, quos legis, aure iocos.
"Scire libet verum? res est haec ardua." sed tu
quod tibi vis dici dicere, Fusce, potes.

XXIX

Thestyle, Victoris tormentum dulce Voconi,
quo nemo est toto notior orbe puer,
sic etiam positis formosus amere capillis
et placeat vati nulla puella tuo:
paulisper domini doctos sepone libellos,
carmina Victori dum lego parva tuo.
et Maecenati, Maro cum cantaret Alexin,
nota tamen Marsi fusca Melaenis erat.

XXX

Das Parthis, das Germanis, das, Caelia, Dacis,
nec Cilicum spernis Cappadocumque toros;
et tibi de Pharia Memphiticus urbe fututor
navigat, a rubris et niger Indus aquis;
nec recutitorum fugis inguina Iudaeorum,
nec te Sarmatico transit Alanus equo.
qua ratione facis, cum sis Romana puella,
quod Romana tibi mentula nulla placet?

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[1] Perhaps San Lucar, near Xeres in Spain.

[2] *i.e.* the law courts. They were at this time three, the F. Romanum, F. Caesaris, and F. Augusti.

[3] Palms were affixed to the doors of advocates after success in court: Juv. vii. 117.

[4] *i.e.* the plain truth.

and your olive, Fuscus, yield not to presses of Tartessus,[1] and your overflowing vats give you goodly must; so may the forums[2] admire you, so may the Palace praise you, and many a palm deck your folding doors[3]—while mid December secures you some small leisure, examine, and with unfailing ear, the jests you read. "Do you wish to learn the truth? that is a hard matter." But you can say to me, Fuscus, what[4] you wish said to you.

XXIX

Thestylus, the dear torment of Voconius Victor, O boy better known[5] than any in all the world, so may you, even now with your shorn locks, be beautiful and dear, and no maiden be pleasing to your bard—lay aside awhile your master's learned books while I read some small verses to your Victor. Even to Maecenas, although Maro was singing of Alexis, still was Marsus' dusk Melaenis[6] known.

XXX

You grant your favours to Parthians, you grant them to Germans, you grant them, Caelia, to Dacians, and you do not spurn the couch of Cilicians and Cappadocians; and for you from his Egyptian city comes sailing the gallant of Memphis, and the black Indian from the Red Sea; nor do you shun the lecheries of circumcised Jews, and the Alan on his Sarmatian steed does not pass you by. What is your reason that, although you are a Roman girl, no Roman lewdness has attraction for you?

[5] Because you are sung of in his poems (*docti libelli*); *cf.* *vati* in l. 4.

[6] On whom Marsus had written a poem. He was a younger contemporary of Horace, and wrote elegies, and epigrams, and an epic poem called *Amazonis*: *cf.* I. *Epist.* 12; IV. xxix. 8.

XXXI

Raucae chortis aves et ova matrum
et flavas medio vapore Chias
et fetum querulae rudem capellae
nec iam frigoribus pares olivas
et canum gelidis holus pruinis
de nostro tibi missa rure credis?
o quam, Regule, diligenter erras!
nil nostri, nisi me, ferunt agelli.
quidquid vilicus Umber aut colonus
aut rus marmore tertio notatum
aut Tusci tibi Tusculive mittunt,
id tota mihi nascitur Subura.

XXXII

Attice, facundae renovas qui nomina gentis
nec sinis ingentem conticuisse domum,
te pia Cecropiae comitatur turba Minervae,
te secreta quies, te sophos omnis amat.
at iuvenes alios fracta colit aure magister
et rapit inmeritas sordidus unctor opes.
non pila, non follis, non te paganica thermis
praeparat aut nudi stipitis ictus hebes,
vara nec in lento ceromate bracchia tendis,
non harpasta vagus pulverulenta rapis,

[1] Frost-bitten. M. depreciates what he sends, lest R. should think him a rich man.
[2] *i.e.* M. has to buy in the market; *cf.* x. xciv. 5.

XXXI

Birds of the cackling farmyard, and eggs of mother hens, and Chian figs yellow from insufficient heat, and the young offspring of the bleating she-goat, and olives unable now to stand the cold,[1] and cabbages whitened by chill hoar frosts—do you believe these were sent you from my country-place? Oh, how carefully wrong, Regulus, you are! My small fields bear nothing but me. Whatever your Umbrian bailiff, or tenant sends you, or your country-house marked by the third milestone, or your lands in Etruria or at Tusculum, this for me is produced all over the Subura.[2]

XXXII

Atticus, who make live anew the names of an eloquent race, and suffer not a mighty house to continue mute, on you the pious votaries of Cecropian Minerva attend, you cloistered leisure, you every philosopher holds dear. But other young men the boxing-master with his battered ear courts, and the dirty anointer makes off with wealth undeserved. No hand-ball, no bladder-ball, no feather-stuffed ball[3] makes you ready for the warm bath, nor the blunted stroke upon the unarmed stump;[4] nor do you stretch forth squared arms besmeared with sticky ointment, nor, darting to and fro, snatch the dusty scrimmage-ball,

[3] As to these, *cf.* IV. xix. 5; XIV. xlv.–xlviii.

[4] The post (*palus*) on which sword-strokes with a blunted sword were practised: Juv. vi. 247. This was also done as exercise before the bath.

sed curris niveas tantum prope Virginis undas
aut ubi Sidonio taurus amore calet.
per varias artes, omnis quibus area servit,
ludere, cum liceat currere, pigritia est.

XXXIII

Sordidior caeno cum sit toga, calceus autem
candidior prima sit tibi, Cinna, nive:
deiecto quid, inepte, pedes perfundis amictu?
collige, Cinna, togam; calceus ecce perit.

XXXIV

Quo possit fieri modo, Severe,
ut vir pessimus omnium Charinus
unam rem bene fecerit, requiris?
dicam, sed cito. quid Nerone peius?
quid thermis melius Neronianis?
non dest protinus, ecce, de malignis
qui sic rancidulo loquatur ore:
"Quid tu tot domini deique nostri
praefers muneribus?"[1] Neronianas
thermas praefero balneis cinaedi.

XXXV

Inguina succinctus nigra tibi servos aluta
stat, quotiens calidis tota foveris aquis.
sed meus, ut de me taceam, Laecania, servos
Iudaeum nuda sub cute pondus habet,

[1] *quid tu tot* Housman, *quid te tot* β, *ut quid tu* X V; *interpunxit post muneribus* Housman, who explains that the *malignus* wrests l. 5 into an insult to Domitian. "No," says M., "I only said I prefer N.'s warm baths to those of a *cinaedus*," thus keeping the description of the *vir pessimus* to the last word.

but you run only by the clear Virgin water,[1] or where the Bull warms with passion for his Sidonian love.[2] To trifle in the various sports to which every open space is devoted, when one can run, is sloth.

XXXIII

As your toga is dirtier than mud, whereas your shoe, Cinna, is whiter than untrodden snow, why do you, foolish man, overspread your feet with your draggling garb? Gather up your toga, Cinna; see, your shoe is being spoilt.[3]

XXXIV

How does it possibly come, Severus, that Charinus, the worst rascal in the world, did one thing well? Do you ask? I will tell you, and briefly. What was worse than Nero? What is better than Nero's warm baths? See, at once some one of the malicious crowd is ready to say in sour tones: "What do you set above the many structures erected by our Master and God?" I set Nero's warm baths above the baths of—a pathic.

XXXV

Un servo, cinto le pudende con un nero cuojo, attende a te ogni volta che tutta t'immergi nelle calde acque. Ma il mio servo, senza parlare di me, ha il giudaico peso sott'un nudo cuojo; ma ed i

[1] The *Aqua Virgo*. Here perhaps was a running ground, as there was in the Port. Eur.: cf. II. xiv. 4.

[2] In the *Porticus Europae*: *cf.* II. xiv. 3; III. xx. 12.

[3] M. means that C. prefers white shoes to a white toga, and yet allows the one to soil the other.

sed nudi tecum iuvenesque senesque lavantur.
an sola est servi mentula vera tui?
ecquid femineos sequeris, matrona, recessus,
secretusque tua, cunne, lavaris aqua?

XXXVI

Cum pluvias madidumque Iovem perferre negaret
et rudis hibernis villa nataret aquis,
plurima, quae posset subitos effundere nimbos,
muneribus venit tegula missa tuis.
horridus, ecce, sonat Boreae stridore December:
Stella, tegis villam, non tegis agricolam.

XXXVII

Nosti mortiferum quaestoris, Castrice, signum?
est operae pretium discere theta novum:
exprimeret quotiens rorantem frigore nasum,
letalem iuguli iusserat esse notam.
turpis ab inviso pendebat stiria naso,
cum flaret media fauce December atrox:
collegae tenuere manus: quid plura requiris?
emungi misero, Castrice, non licuit.

XXXVIII

Tantus es et talis nostri, Polypheme, Severi
ut te mirari possit et ipse Cyclops.
sed nec Scylla minor. quod si fera monstra duorum
iunxeris, alterius fiet uterque timor.

giovani, ed i vecchi si lavano nudi teco. La mentola del tuo servo è solamente la vera? O matrona, siegui tu i feminei recessi, e ti lavi tu di nascosto O c—o, nella tua acqua?

XXXVI

When my rough country-house was refusing to endure any longer the rain and drenching sky, and was swimming in a winter deluge, many a tile, to carry off sudden storms, reached me by your bounty. See, rough December roars with the North wind's thunder! Stella, you cover the farm, you don't clothe the farmer!

XXXVII

Do you know, Castricus, the quaestor's signal for death? It is worth while to learn this new kind of death-warrant: he had given orders that, every time he blew his nose dripping with the cold, that should be the fatal sign of execution. An unsightly icicle was hanging from his hateful nose, when wild December was blowing a blast from the depths of its throat: his colleagues held his hands: what more do you ask? The unhappy man, Castricus, was not allowed to blow his nose!

XXXVIII

So huge and so ugly are you, Polyphemus, slave of my Severus, that even the Cyclops himself might wonder at you. And Scylla is no smaller. Now, if you marry the two wild monstrosities, each will become the other's bogey!

XXXIX

Discursus varios vagumque mane
et fastus et have potentiorum
cum perferre patique iam negaret,
coepit fingere Caelius podagram.
quam dum volt nimis adprobare veram
et sanas linit obligatque plantas
inceditque gradu laborioso,
(quantum cura potest et ars doloris!)
desit fingere Caelius podagram.

XL

Hic iacet ille senex Augusta notus in aula,
pectore non humili passus utrumque deum;
natorum pietas sanctis quem coniugis umbris
miscuit: Elysium possidet ambo nemus.
occidit illa prior viridi fraudata iuventa:
hic prope ter senas vixit Olympiadas.
sed festinatis raptum tibi credidit annis,
aspexit lacrimas quisquis, Etrusce, tuas.

XLI

Cosmicos esse tibi, Semproni Tucca, videris.
cosmica, Semproni, tam mala quam bona sunt.

XLII

Muneribus cupiat si quis contendere tecum,
audeat hic etiam, Castrice, carminibus.

---

[1] *i.e.* pleased or angry. As to Claudius Etruscus, see Stat. *Silv.* iii. 3. He had been banished and recalled by Domitian: *cf.* vi. lxxxiii.

[2] Periods of five years, as generally in M.: *cf.* iv. xlv. 4.

XXXIX

When he refused any longer to endure and put up with the various gaddings about, and the devious morning calls, and the pride and salutations of wealthy patrons, Caelius set up the pretence of gout. And while he was anxious to prove it was quite genuine, and plastered and swathed his sound feet, and got along with a labouring gait, Caelius—what potency has the exercise and cultivation of illness!—has ceased to pretend gout!

XL

Here lies that aged sire, famed in the Augustan hall as bearing with no abject soul our God in either mood;[1] his sons' love has joined him to his wife's hallowed shade: Elysium's grove holds them both. She died the first, robbed of her fresh youth; he lived well-nigh thrice six Olympiads.[2] Yet whoever has seen thy tears, Etruscus, accounts him snatched away from thee too swiftly.

XLI

The very quintessence of Cosmus' shop you fancy yourself, Sempronius Tucca. Of Cosmus' essences,[3] Sempronius, as many are bad as good.[4]

XLII

If any one wish to vie with you in gifts, let him venture, Castricus, in poetry too. I am poorly

[3] Another, but less likely, interpretation is to take *cosmicus* as = man of the world, and *cosmica* as = worldly things.

[4] *cf.* III. lv. 1; I. lxxxvii. 2.

nos tenues in utroque sumus vincique parati :
inde sopor nobis et placet alta quies.
tam mala cur igitur dederim tibi carmina, quaeris? 5
Alcinoo nullum poma dedisse putas?

XLIII

Primum est ut praestes, si quid te, Cinna, rogabo ;
illud deinde sequens ut cito, Cinna, neges.
diligo praestantem ; non odi, Cinna, negantem :
sed tu nec praestas nec cito, Cinna, negas.

XLIV

Maximus ille tuus, Ovidi, Caesonius hic est,
cuius adhuc vultum vivida cera tenet.
hunc Nero damnavit ; sed tu damnare Neronem
ausus es et profugi, non tua, fata sequi :
aequora per Scyllae magnus comes exulis isti, 5
qui modo nolueras consulis ire comes.
si victura meis mandantur nomina chartis
et fas est cineri me superesse meo,
audiet hoc praesens venturaque turba fuisse
illi te, Senecae quod fuit ille suo. 10

XLV

Facundi Senecae potens amicus,
caro proximus aut prior Sereno,

---

[1] *i.e.* carried coals to Newcastle. Alcinous, the mythical king of Phaeacia, was celebrated for his orchards : *cf.* x. xciv. 2.

furnished in both, and prepared to be surpassed; hence repose and unbroken quiet are my delight. Why then, you ask, did I send you such bad poems? Think you no man has given apples to Alcinous?[1]

XLIII

The first thing is that you should hand it over if I ask anything of you, Cinna; the next thing after that, Cinna, is that you should refuse quickly. I like a man who hands over; I do not hate, Cinna, a man who refuses; but you neither hand over, nor do you, Cinna, quickly refuse.

XLIV

Here, Ovidius,[2] is your Maximus Caesonius, whose lineaments the living wax still preserves. He it was Nero condemned; but you dared to condemn Nero, and to follow the fortunes of a banished man, not your own: over Scylla's seas you went, that exile's high-souled comrade, you who had lately refused to be comrade of a consul. If those names shall live which are entrusted to my pages, and if it may be that I survive my own ashes, this shall the men of to-day and of to-morrow hear, that you were to him all that he was to his Seneca.[3]

XLV

The powerful friend of the eloquent Seneca, counted next to his dear Serenus, or dearer still,

[2] Quintus Ovidius, M.'s friend and neighbour at Nomentum: *cf.* VII. xciii. 3; X. xliv.

[3] Caesonius had followed Seneca into exile when he had been banished by the Emperor Claudius.

hic est Maximus ille, quem frequenti
felix littera pagina salutat.
hunc tu per Siculas secutus undas,
o nullis Ovidi tacende linguis,
sprevisti domini furentis iras.
miretur Pyladen suum vetustas,
haesit qui comes exuli parentis.
quis discrimina conparet duorum?
haesisti comes exuli Neronis.

XLVI

Commendare tuum dum vis mihi carmine munus
Maeonioque cupis doctius ore loqui,
excrucias multis pariter me teque diebus,
et tua de nostro, Prisce, Thalia tacet.
divitibus poteris musas elegosque sonantes
mittere: pauperibus munera πεζά[1] dato.

XLVII

Doctorum Licini celeberrime Sura virorum,
cuius prisca gravis lingua reduxit avos,
redderis (heu, quanto fatorum munere!) nobis
gustata Lethes paene remissus aqua.
perdiderant iam vota metum securaque flebat
†tristitia[2] et lacrimis† iamque peractus eras:
non tulit invidiam taciti regnator Averni
et raptas Fatis reddidit ipse colus.
scis igitur quantas hominum mors falsa querellas
moverit et frueris posteritate tua.

[1] πεζά Palmer, *pexa* β, *plena* γ.
[2] *flebant. tristitia* Postgate, *tristities* Housman.

[1] The S of *salutem* (greeting). These letters of Seneca are unknown.

that Maximus is here, whom in many a page the happy letter[1] greets. This is he whom you—no tongue, Ovidius, but should speak your name!—followed over Sicilian waters, spurning the wrath of an infuriate despot. Let hoary time admire its Pylades, who as comrade clung to one[2] whom his parent banished. Who could compare the perils of the two? You, as comrade, clung to one banished by Nero!

XLVI

While you are wishing to recommend your present to me by a poem, and are anxious to speak more skilfully than Homeric lips, you rack both me and yourself alike for many days, and your Thalia,[3] Priscus, at my expense—is dumb. You can send to rich men verses and sounding elegies: to poor men send prosaic gifts.

XLVII

Most famed of learned men, Licinius Sura, whose old-world tongue recalled our grave grandsires, thou art restored to us—ah, by how great a boon of Fate!—sent back when thou hadst well-nigh tasted Lethe's wave. Already had our prayers lost their fear; and sadness wept in calm despair, and to our tears thou wert already sped: the reproach the Lord of silent Avernus could not bear, and himself gave back their ravished distaff to the Fates. Wherefore thou knowest what plaints of men thy false death stirred, and dost enjoy

[2] Orestes, banished by Clytemnestra after the murder of Agamemnon: Aesch. *Cho.* 912.

[3] The Muse of epigram: *cf.* IV. viii. 12. P. was apparently a poet.

vive velut rapto fugitivaque gaudia carpe:
perdiderit nullum vita reversa diem.

XLVIII

Cum mensas habeat fere trecentas,
pro mensis habet Annius ministros:
transcurrunt gabatae volantque lances.
has vobis epulas habete, lauti:
nos offendimur ambulante cena.

XLIX

Parva suburbani munuscula mittimus horti:
faucibus ova tuis, poma, Severe, gulae.

L

Fons dominae, regina loci quo gaudet Ianthis,
gloria conspicuae deliciumque domus,
cum tua tot niveis ornetur ripa ministris
et Ganymedeo luceat unda choro,
quid facit Alcides silva sacratus in ista?
tam vicina tibi cur tenet antra deus?
numquid Nympharum notos observat amores,
tam multi pariter ne rapiantur Hylae?

LI

Mercari nostras si te piget, Urbice, nugas
et lasciva tamen carmina nosse libet,

---

[1] *i.e.* thy own after-fame. [2] Ravished from death.
[3] A custom had arisen of handing the dishes round instead of placing them on the table. M. complains that they are handed round so quickly that the guest had no time to eat.

succession to thyself.[1] Live thy life as it were spoil,[2] and pluck the joys that fly: life brought back should lose no day.

XLVIII

Although Annius has almost three hundred tables, he has servants instead of tables: the platters scud across and the dishes flit.[3] Keep such banquets to yourselves, you epicures! We are annoyed by a peripatetic dinner.

XLIX

I send you these small offerings of my suburban garden, eggs for your hunger, Severus, apples for your palate.

L

Fount of thy mistress, in which Ianthis,[4] queen of the spot, delights, glory and delight of a splendid house, when thy marge is decked with so many snow-white slaves and thy lucent wave reflects a band of Ganymedes,[5] what means Alcides consecrate in yonder grove? Why holds the God a grot so near to thee? Keeps he guard over the Nymphs, known wantons, lest so many Hylases be rapt away together?[6]

LI

If you shrink from buying my trifles, Urbicus, and yet would be acquainted with my wanton verses,

[4] The wife of M.'s friend Stella. As to the fountain, *cf.* VI. xlvii.

[5] The fount appears to have been surrounded by marble statues of slaves as cupbearers. [6] *cf.* VII. xv. 6.

Pompeium quaeres, et nosti forsitan, Auctum:
Ultoris prima Martis in aede sedet
iure madens varioque togae limatus in usu.
non lector meus hic, Urbice, sed liber est.
sic tenet absentes nostros cantatque libellos
ut pereat chartis littera nulla meis:
denique, si vellet, poterat scripsisse videri;
sed famae mavult ille favere meae.
hunc licet a decuma (neque enim satis ante vacabit)
sollicites, capiet cenula parva duos,
ille leget, bibe tu; nolis licet, ille sonabit:
et cum "Iam satis est" dixeris, ille leget.

LII

Gratum est quod Celeri nostros legis, Aucte, libellos,
si tamen et Celerem quod legis, Aucte, iuvat.
ille meas gentes et Celtas rexit Hiberos,
nec fuit in nostro certior orbe fides.
maior me tanto reverentia turbat, et aures
non auditoris, iudicis esse puto.

LIII

Omnia misisti mihi Saturnalibus, Umber,
munera, contulerant quae tibi quinque dies:
bis senos triplices et dentiscalpia septem;
his comes accessit spongea mappa calix
semodiusque fabae cum vimine Picenarum
et Laletanae nigra lagona sapae;

you will seek out—and perhaps you know him—Pomponius Auctus: he sits at the entrance of Avenging Mars, steeped in law, and versed in the many-sided practice of the gown. He is not a reader of my books, Urbicus, but himself the book. He so remembers my poems, though they are not before him, and declaims them, that not a letter is lost from my pages; in fine, he might, if he chose, have been counted their author; but he chooses rather to support my fame. After the tenth hour—for he will not be fully at leisure before—you may solicit him: a small dinner will do for two; he will read: do you drink; although you may not wish it, he will mouth my verses; and when you have said "Hold! enough!" he will go on reading.

LII

I AM gratified that you read my poems to Celer, Auctus[1]—if, that is, what you read, Auctus, pleases Celer too. He was Governor over my native tribes and Celtiberians, and in that world of mine was no man of honour more sure. Therefore greater awe confounds me; and I deem his ears not those of a hearer, but of a judge.

LIII

You have sent me at the Saturnalia, Umber, all the presents the five days have contributed for you, twice six three-leaved tablets, and seven toothpicks; these a sponge, a napkin, and a cup accompanied, and a half-peck of beans, together with a wicker crate of Picenian olives, and a black flagon of

[1] The Auctus of the preceding epigram.

parvaque cum canis venerunt cottana prunis
et Libycae fici pondere testa gravis.
vix puto triginta nummorum tota fuisse
munera, quae grandes octo tulere Syri.
quanto commodius nullo mihi ferre labore
argenti potuit pondera quinque puer!

LIV

Semper mane mihi de me mera somnia narras,
quae moveant animum sollicitentque meum.
iam prior ad faecem, sed et haec vindemia, venit,
exorat noctes dum mihi saga tuas;
consumpsi salsasque molas et turis acervos;
decrevere greges, dum cadit agna frequens;
non porcus, non chortis aves, non ova supersunt
aut vigila aut dormi, Nasidiane, tibi.

LV

Nulli munera, Chreste, si remittis,
nec nobis dederis remiserisque:
credam te satis esse liberalem.
sed si reddis Apicio Lupoque
et Gallo Titioque Caesioque,
linges non mihi (nam proba et pusilla est)
sed quae de Solymis venit perustis
damnatam modo mentulam tributis.

---

[1] Really to sponge on M.: *cf.* XI. l. 7.
[2] All these were used in expiations.

Laletanian must; and there came some small Syrian figs, together with dried prunes, and a jar heavy with the weight of Libyan figs. I hardly think these presents in all were worth thirty sesterces, and yet eight hulking Syrians carried them! How much more conveniently, with no labour, might a boy have brought five pounds of silver plate

LIV

Everlastingly on a morning you relate to me dreams—nothing but dreams about myself, to fret and harass my mind.[1] Already last year's vintage, aye, and this one too, has come to the dregs, while the wise woman is exorcising for me your nightly visions; I have used up salt cakes, as well as heaps of frankincense; my flocks have decreased by the frequent slaughter of a lamb; no porker, no poultry-yard fowls, no eggs remain.[2] Either keep awake, Nasidianus, or dream about yourself!

LV

If you give presents in return to no man, Chrestus,[3] give and return none to me either: I will believe you to be generous enough. But if you give them to Apicius, and Lupus, and Gallus and Titius and Caesius, you shall assault, not my person (for that is chaste and petty), but the one that comes from Solyma now consumed by fire,[4] and is lately condemned to tribute.[5]

[3] *cf.* IX. XXVIII.
[4] Jerusalem, captured by Titus, and burned A.D. 70.
[5] The Jews were subject to a tax: Suet. *Dom.* XII.

LVI

Astra polumque pie cepisti mente, Rabiri,
Parrhasiam mira qui struis arte domum.
Phidiaco si digna Iovi dare templa parabit,
has petet a nostro Pisa Tonante manus.

LVII

Castora de Polluce Gabinia fecit Achillan:
πὺξ ἀγαθός fuerat, nunc erit ἱππόδαμος.

LVIII

Iam sex aut septem nupsisti, Galla, cinaedis,
dum coma te nimium pexaque barba iuvat.
deinde, experta latus madidoque simillima loro
inguina nec lassa stare coacta manu,
deseris inbelles thalamos mollemque maritum,
rursus et in similes decidis usque toros.
quaere aliquem Curios semper Fabiosque loquentem,
hirsutum et dura rusticitate trucem:
invenies: sed habet tristis quoque turba cinaedos:
difficile est vero nubere, Galla, viro.

[1] A reference to the domed roof of Domitian's palace, built by R., his architect (*cf.* x. lxxi.), and completed in A.D. 92.

[2] In Elis. "Phidian Jove" is the statue at Olympia of Zeus by Phidias.

[3] *i.e.* she has made a pugilist a knight. The reference is

LVI

HEAVEN with its stars you, Rabirius, have conceived in your pious soul, who by wondrous art build the mansion of the Palatine.[1] If Pisa[2] shall be set to give Phidian Jove a temple worthy of him, she will beg of our Thunderer these hands of yours.

LVII

GABINIA has made Achillas a Castor out of a Pollux.[3] Pyxagathos he has been: now he will be Hippodamus.

LVIII

ALREADY you have married six or seven paederasts, Galla; long hair and a combed-out beard much attract you. Next, when you have tested their capacity, and their flaccid and used-up powers, you desert weaponless encounters, and an effeminate husband, and yet again you continually fall back upon the same amours as before. Look out for some fellow who is always prating of the Curii and Fabii,[4] shaggy, and with a savage look of stubborn rusticity: you will discover him; but even the grim tribe[5] has its paederasts: it is difficult, Galla, to marry a genuine man.[6]

to Hom. *Il.* iii. 237, where Pyxagathos (*πὺξ ἀγαθός*) is the epithet of Pollux, the boxer, and Hippodamus (*ἱππόδαμος*) that of Castor, the horseman. There is probably an obscene jest here: *cf.* Shak., *Henry V.*, III. vii. 47–49.

[4] Types of ancient Roman virtues: *cf.* IX. xxviii. 6.

[5] *i.e.* of so-called philosophers: *cf.* IX. xxvii. and xlvii.

[6] *cf.* I. xxiv.

LIX

Non cenat sine apro noster, Tite, Caecilianus.
bellum convivam Caecilianus habet.

LX

Tarpeiae venerande rector aulae,
quem salvo duce credimus Tonantem,
cum votis sibi quisque te fatiget
et poscat dare quae dei potestis:
nil pro me mihi, Iuppiter, petenti
ne suscensueris velut superbo.
te pro Caesare debeo rogare:
pro me debeo Caesarem rogare.

LXI

Abstulerat totam temerarius institor urbem
inque suo nullum limine limen erat.
iussisti tenuis, Germanice, crescere vicos,
et modo quae fuerat semita, facta via est.
nulla catenatis pila est praecincta lagonis
nec praetor medio cogitur ire luto,
stringitur in densa nec caeca novacula turba,
occupat aut totas nigra popina vias.
tonsor copo cocus lanius sua limina servant.
nunc Roma est, nuper magna taberna fuit.

LXII

Reclusis foribus grandes percidis, Amille,
et te deprendi, cum facis ista, cupis,

[1] On which he dines alone, whereas a boar is meant for a party: *cf.* Juv. i. 140.

LIX

Our friend Caecilianus does not dine, Titus, without boar.[1] A fine guest Caecilianus has!

LX

Ruler revered of the Tarpeian hall,[2] whom, while our Chief is safe, we believe art Thunderer, while each man wearies thee with prayers for himself, and claims gifts ye Gods can give, with me, who ask naught for myself, be not wroth, as if I were proud. Thee on behalf of Caesar ought I to sue: for myself it behoves me to sue Caesar.

LXI

The audacious huckster had robbed us of all the City, and never a threshold kept within its own bounds. You have ordered,[3] Germanicus, our narrow streets to expand, and what was but now a track has become a road. No pillar[4] is girt with chained flagons, nor is the praetor forced to walk in the middle of the mud, nor is any razor rashly drawn in the midst of a dense crowd, nor does the grimy cook-shop monopolise the whole of the way. Barber, taverner, cook, butcher keep to their own thresholds. Now Rome exists: of late it was a huge shop.

LXII

O Amillo, tu precidi colle porte aperte, e brami esser sorpreso quando fai queste cose, per tema

[2] Jupiter of the Capitol, where was the Tarpeian rock.

[3] Domitian (Germanicus) in A.D. 92 by edict forbade stalls protruding into the street. [4] Of a wine-shop.

ne quid liberti narrent servique paterni
et niger obliqua garrulitate cliens.
non pedicari se qui testatur, Amille,
illud saepe facit quod sine teste facit.

LXIII

Perpetui numquam moritura volumina Sili
qui legis et Latia carmina digna toga,
Pierios tantum vati placuisse recessus
credis et Aoniae Bacchica serta comae?
sacra coturnati non attigit ante Maronis
implevit magni quam Ciceronis opus:
hunc miratur adhuc centum gravis hasta virorum,
hunc loquitur grato plurimus ore cliens.
postquam bis senis ingentem fascibus annum
rexerat, adserto qui sacer orbe fuit,
emeritos Musis et Phoebo tradidit annos
proque suo celebrat nunc Helicona foro.

LXIV

Qui tonsor tota fueras notissimus urbe
et post hoc dominae munere factus eques,
Sicanias urbes Aetnaeaque regna petisti,
Cinname, cum fugeres tristia iura fori.
qua nunc arte graves tolerabis inutilis annos?
quid facit infelix et fugitiva quies?

---

[1] *Teste* is ambiguous. It also means ὄρχις.
[2] *cf.* IV. xiv. [3] *i.e.* advocacy.
[4] A spear set in the ground was the sign of the Centumviral Court.

che i liberti ed i servi di casa dicano qualche cosa, ed il cliente, pericoloso per la sua chiacchiera maliziosa. O Amillo, colui che testifica non esser pedicato, fa sovente ciò che fa senza testimonio.[1]

LXIII

You who read the undying works of immortal Silius,[2] poems worthy of the Latin gown, think you the Muses' retreats only have delighted the bard, and Bacchic chaplets on poetic locks? Buskined Maro's sacred art he essayed not ere he had wrought to the full great Cicero's work[3]; the stately spear[4] of the Hundred Court admires him still, of him many a client speaks in grateful tone. When, with the twice six axes, he had ruled the mighty year hallowed by the freedom of the world regained,[5] his veteran years he gave in their turn to the Muses and to Phoebus, and, instead of his own forum, courts Helicon now.

LXIV

You, who had been in all the City the most noted barber, and were afterwards by your lady's bounty[6] made a knight, took refuge in Sicilian cities and Etna's kingdoms, Cinnamus, avoiding the stern laws of the forum.[7] By what art now will you, a useless creature, support the heavy years? What does that unhappy and exiled leisure do? Rhetorician,

[5] He was consul in A.D. 68, the year of Nero's death.
[6] She had given him his qualification of 400,000 sesterces.
[7] Perhaps to avoid an enquiry into his qualification, or into his free birth.

non rhetor, non grammaticus ludive magister,
non Cynicus, non tu Stoicus esse potes,
vendere nec vocem Siculis plausumque theatris.
quod superest, iterum, Cinname, tonsor eris.

LXV

Lis te bis decumae numerantem frigora brumae
conterit una tribus, Gargiliane, foris.
a miser et demens! viginti litigat annis
quisquam cui vinci, Gargiliane, licet?

LXVI

Heredem Fabius Labienum ex asse reliquit:
plus meruisse tamen se Labienus ait.

LXVII

Pedicat pueros tribas Philaenis
et tentigine saevior mariti
undenas dolat in die puellas.
harpasto quoque subligata ludit
et flavescit haphe, gravesque draucis
halteras facili rotat lacerto,
et putri lutulenta de palaestra
uncti verbere vapulat magistri:
nec cenat prius aut recumbit ante
quam septem vomuit meros deunces;
ad quos fas sibi tunc putat redire,
cum colophia sedecim comedit.
post haec omnia cum libidinatur,

grammarian, or schoolmaster you cannot be, nor Cynic, nor yet Stoic, nor can you sell your shouts and applause to Sicilian theatres. What remains is this, Cinnamus, you will be a barber again.

LXV

A LAWSUIT while you are counting its twentieth cold winter, still wears you out, Gargilianus, a single suit in three Courts. Ah, unhappy man, and mad! Does anyone go to law for twenty years, Gargilianus, who can give in?

LXVI

FABIUS left Labienus heir to all his property. Yet Labienus asserts he deserved still more.[1]

LXVII

LA tribade Filene pedica i ragazzi, e più libidinosa nella prurigine che un marito, liscia in un giorno undici ragazze. E sbracciata giuoca anche all' arpasto, ed ingiallisce pel tatto della polvere, e getta con robusto braccio palle di piombo[2] pesanti agli irsuti, e strofinata d'unguento della putre palestra, è sferzata colla verga del maestro che la ugne. Ne prima ella cena, o si mette a tavola, che non abbia vomitato sette sestieri, al qual numero essa pensa poter far ritorno quando ha mangiato sedici colifie. Dopo tutte queste cose, quando è presa dalla libidine, non fella: pensa ciò

[1] Because he had given F. in his lifetime more than the value of the estate.

[2] Dumb-bells: *cf.* XIV. xlix. Juv. copies this passage in vi. 421 *seqq.*

non fellat (putat hoc parum virile),
sed plane medias vorat puellas.
di mentem tibi dent tuam, Philaeni,
cunnum lingere quae putas virile.

LXVIII

Commendare meas, Instanti Rufe, Camenas
parce precor socero; seria forsan amat.
quod si lascivos admittit et ille libellos,
haec ego vel Curio Fabricioque legam.

LXIX

Haec est illa tibi promissa Theophila, Cani,
cuius Cecropia pectora voce madent.
hanc sibi iure petat magni senis Atticus hortus,
nec minus esse suam Stoica turba velit.
vivet opus quodcumque per has emiseris aures;
tam non femineum nec populare sapit.
non tua Pantaenis nimium se praeferat illi,
quamvis Pierio sit bene nota choro.
carmina fingentem Sappho laudabat amatrix:
castior haec et non doctior illa fuit.

LXX

Ipsarum tribadum tribas, Philaeni,
recte, quam futuis, vocas amicam.

---

[1] A friend of M.: *cf.* VIII. l. 21; VIII. lxxiii. 1; perhaps identical with the proconsul of Baetica: *cf.* XII. xcviii. 3.

[2] Typical embodiments of old Roman virtues: *cf.* VI. lxiv. 2; IX. xxviii. 4.

esser poco maschile; ma tutta strugge al mezzo le ragazze. Gli dei, O Filene, ti dieno un' inclinazione a te conveniente, tu che pensi esser maschile lingere un c—o

LXVIII

Spare, I pray, Instantius Rufus,[1] to recommend my Muse to your father-in-law: perhaps he likes serious poems. But if he too condescends to wanton verse, these I would venture to read even to Curius and Fabricius.[2]

LXIX

This is Theophila your affianced bride, Canius, she whose mind is steeped in Attic lore. Rightly might the Athenian garden of the great sage[3] claim her; no less would the Stoic band wish her for its own. That work shall live, whate'er it be you pass through these ears, so little womanlike or common is her judgment. Your Pantaenis[4]—though well known is she to the Pierian choir—would not o'ermuch rank herself before her. Sappho the lover praised a poetess: more pure is Theophila, yet Sappho was not more learned.

LXX

O Filene, tribade delle tribadi stesse, tu chiami con proprietà amica colei che tu immembri.

[3] Epicurus or Plato.

[4] An unknown poetess of the time, whom Canius seems to have admired.

LXXI

Ficosa est uxor, ficosus et ipse maritus,
filia ficosa est et gener atque nepos,
nec dispensator nec vilicus ulcere turpi
nec rigidus fossor sed nec arator eget.
cum sint ficosi pariter iuvenesque senesque,
res mira est, ficos non habet unus ager.

LXXII

Gratus sic tibi, Paule, sit December
nec vani triplices brevesque mappae
nec turis veniant leves selibrae,
sed lances ferat et scyphos avorum
aut grandis reus aut potens amicus:
seu, quod te potius iuvat capitque,
sic vincas Noviumque Publiumque
mandris et vitreo latrone clusos;
sic palmam tibi de trigone nudo
unctae det favor arbiter coronae
nec laudet Polybi magis sinistras;
si quisquam mea dixerit malignus
atro carmina quae madent veneno,
ut vocem mihi commodes patronam
et quantum poteris, sed usque, clames
"Non scripsit meus ista Martialis."

LXXIII

Esquiliis domus est, domus est tibi colle Dianae,
et tua patricius culmina vicus habet;

---

[1] *cf.* I. lxv.

[2] In the game of *latrunculi*, like our draughts or chess. The *latro* (robber) was a superior piece to the *mandra* (pawn): *cf.* XIV. xvii.

LXXI

Tuberous[1] is the wife, tuberous too even the husband, the daughter is tuberous, and the son-in-law, and the grandson; nor is the steward, or the bailiff free from this unsightly wen, nor the sturdy ditcher, and not even the ploughman. Seeing that young and old alike are tuberous, the wonderful thing is—not a single field bears tubers!

LXXII

So may December be pleasant to you, Paulus, and no worthless three-leaved tablets and scanty napkins come to you, nor light half-pounds of frankincense; but may either some hulking defendant or wealthy friend bring you dishes and antique goblets; or—what pleases and attracts you more—so may you beat Novius and Publius hemmed in by your pawns and glass robbers[2]; so may the oiled ring's[3] favourable judgment award you victory over the thin-clad hand-ball players, and not praise more than yours the left-handers[4] of Polybus—if some malignant fellow claim as mine poems that are steeped in black venom, do you lend me a patron's voice, and with all your strength and without stopping shout: "My Martial did not write that."[5]

LXXIII

On the Esquiline you have a house, you have a house on Diana's hill, and the Patrician Street

[3] Of athletes looking on.

[4] A left-hand stroke was considered a mark of skill. As to the game, *cf.* VII. xxxii. 7.

[5] *cf.* I. lii.

hinc viduae Cybeles, illinc sacraria Vestae,
inde novum, veterem prospicis inde Iovem.
dic ubi conveniam, dic qua te parte requiram:
quisquis ubique habitat, Maxime, nusquam habitat.

LXXIV

Cyllenes caelique decus, facunde minister,
aurea cui torto virga dracone viret:
sic tibi lascivi non desit copia furti,
sive cupis Paphien seu Ganymede cales;
maternaeque sacris ornentur frondibus Idus
et senior parca mole prematur avus:
hunc semper Norbana diem cum coniuge Carpo
laeta colat, primis quo coiere toris.
hic pius antistes sophiae sua dona ministrat,
hic te ture vocat fidus et ipse Iovi.

LXXV

Vis futui gratis, cum sis deformis anusque.
res perridicula est: vis dare nec dare vis.

---

[1] A mountain in Arcadia on which Mercury was born.
[2] The *caduceus*, or herald's wand, borne by Mercury as the messenger of the gods.
[3] The Ides of May: *cf.* XII. lxvii. 1. Maia was the mother of Mercury.

holds a roof of yours; from this you survey the shrine of widowed Cybele, from that the shrine of Vesta; from here the new, from there the ancient temple of Jove. Say where I may call upon you, say in what quarter I may look for you: he who lives everywhere, Maximus, lives nowhere.

LXXIV

Pride of Cyllene[1] and of Heaven, eloquent minister, whose golden rod[2] is alive with twining snakes, so mayst thou lack no occasion for wanton intrigue, whether 'tis Paphie thou desirest, or art warm with love for Ganymede; and so may thy mother's Ides[3] be decked with holy boughs, and thy aged grandsire[4] be bowed by little weight—let Norbana with her husband Carpus ever celebrate with joy this day whereon they first joined in wedlock. A duteous high-priest, he devotes his gifts to wisdom, he invokes thee with incense, he too[5] a leal votary of Jove.

LXXV

You wish to receive services without paying for them, although you are ugly and an old woman. It is a thing too ridiculous: you wish to give, and yet not to give.[6]

[4] Atlas, who sustained the weight of the sky.

[5] "He is faithful to our Jupiter, the emperor, as thou art to the celestial Jupiter."

[6] A play on two meanings of *dare*, one *sensu obsceno*, the other in the sense of payment: *cf.* III. XC.

LXXVI

Quod te diripiunt potentiores
per convivia porticus theatra,
et tecum, quotiens ita incidisti,
gestari iuvat et iuvat lavari,
nolito nimium tibi placere.
delectas, Philomuse, non amaris.

LXXVII

Exigis ut nostros donem tibi, Tucca, libellos.
non faciam: nam vis vendere, non legere.

LXXVIII

Cum Saxetani ponatur coda lacerti
et, bene si cenas, conchis inuncta tibi,
sumen aprum leporem boletos ostrea mullos
mittis: habes nec cor, Papyle, nec genium.

LXXIX

Potavi modo consulare vinum.
quaeris quam vetus atque liberale?
prisco [1] consule conditum: sed ipse
qui ponebat erat, Severe, consul.

[1] *prisco* Housman, *ipso* codd.

---

[1] Possibly M. is thinking of himself (Friedländer).

[2] From Sex or Saxetanum in Hispania Baetica, where was a noted salt-fishery. But the *lacerti*, according to Pliny (*N.H.* xxxii. 53), were very small.

LXXVI

Because men of influence vie in hurrying you off to entertainments, colonnades, theatres, and enjoy, whenever you happen to meet them, being carried in litters with you, and enjoy bathing with you, by no means fancy yourself too much. You entertain them, Philomusus,[1] you are not loved.

LXXVII

You demand that I should present you with my works, Tucca. I won't do it; for you want to sell them, not to read.

LXXVIII

Although the tail of a Saxetan[2] lizard-fish is served, and, if you dine lavishly, beans dressed with oil are set before yourself, you send as presents sow's paunch, boar, hare, mushrooms, oysters, mullets: Papylus, you have neither sense nor taste.[3]

LXXIX

I have just drunk a consular wine. You ask how old and generous it was? Laid down in the year of an ancient consul. But my host who served it, Severus, was consul.[4]

[3] P. dines poorly himself, but sends expensive eatables as presents.

[4] A fine vintage was known by the name of the consul of the year, and a "consular wine" was generally "old and generous": *cf.* I. xxvi. 7 of Opimian. Housman's emendation follows a hint in β that there is *jocus de nomine consulis.*

LXXX

QUATENUS Odrysios iam pax Romana triones
temperat et tetricae conticuere tubae,
hunc Marcellino poteris, Faustine, libellum
mittere: iam chartis, iam vacat ille iocis.
sed si parva tui munuscula quaeris amici
commendare, ferat carmina nostra puer;
non qualis Geticae satiatus lacte iuvencae
Sarmatica rigido ludit in amne rota,
sed Mitylenaei roseus mangonis ephebus
vel non caesus adhuc matre iubente Lacon.
at tibi captivo famulus mittetur ab Histro
qui Tiburtinas pascere possit oves.

LXXXI

"TRIGINTA toto mala sunt epigrammata libro."
si totidem bona sunt, Lause, bonus liber est.

LXXXII

MENOPHILI penem tam grandis fibula vestit
ut sit comoedis omnibus una satis.
hunc ego credideram (nam saepe lavamur in unum)
sollicitum voci parcere, Flacce, suae:
dum ludit media populo spectante palaestra,
delapsa est misero fibula: verpus erat.

---

[1] Who had been campaigning in Dacia: *cf.* VI. XXV.
[2] Spartan boys used to be flogged at the altar of Diana to teach them endurance.
[3] The Danube. Marcellinus will give, in return for the

LXXX

SEEING that now the Roman peace restrains the Thracian North, and threatening clarions are unblown, you can send this little book, Faustinus, to Marcellinus;[1] he has leisure now for my writings, now for my jokes. But, if you wish to commend the small offering of your friend, let a boy carry my poems, not such a one as, full-fed on the milk of Getic cows, plays with Sarmatian hoop on the icebound stream, but the rosy stripling of Mitylene's slave-dealer, or a Spartan not yet scourged[2] at his mother's bidding. But to you will be sent a slave from subject Hister,[3] who can feed your sheep at Tibur.

LXXXI

"TAKE all your book, and there are thirty bad epigrams in it." If as many are good, Lausus, the book is a good one.

LXXXII

MENOPHILUS' person a sheath covers so enormous that it alone would be sufficient for the whole tribe of comic actors.[4] This fellow I had imagined—for we often bathe together—was solicitous to spare his voice, Flaccus; but while he was exercising himself in the view of the people in the middle of the exercise ground, the sheath unluckily fell off: lo, he was circumcised![5]

boy, one of his Getic captives. For F.'s farm at Tibur, *cf.* IV. lvii. 3; v. lxxi. 6.

[4] Comic actors and singers wore this, as a preventive of sexual indulgence, to save their voice: *cf.* XI. lxxv. 3; XIV. ccxv.; Juv. vi. 73, 380. [5] *i.e.* a Jew.

LXXXIII

Eutrapelus[1] tonsor dum circuit ora Luperci
expingitque genas, altera barba subit.

LXXXIV

Dum mea Caecilio formatur imago Secundo
spirat et arguta picta tabella manu,
i, liber, ad Geticam Peucen Histrumque iacentem:
haec loca perdomitis gentibus ille tenet.
parva dabis caro sed dulcia dona sodali:
certior in nostro carmine vultus erit;
casibus hic nullis, nullis delebilis annis
vivet, Apelleum cum morietur opus.

LXXXV

Quod non insulse scribis tetrasticha quaedam,
disticha quod belle pauca, Sabelle, facis,
laudo nec admiror. facile est epigrammata belle
scribere, sed librum scribere difficile est.

LXXXVI

Ad natalicias dapes vocabar,
essem cum tibi, Sexte, non amicus.
quid factum est, rogo, quid repente factum est,
post tot pignora nostra, post tot annos
quod sum praeteritus vetus sodalis?
sed causam scio. nulla venit a me

[1] In spite of the barber's name, "nimble" (εὐτράπελος).

LXXXIII

While Eutrapelus the barber goes round Lupercus face, and trims his cheeks, a second beard grows.[1]

LXXXIV

While my likeness is taking form for Caecilius Secundus,[2] and the canvas breathes, painted by a cunning hand, go, book, to Getic Peuce[3] and prostrate Hister—these regions with their conquered peoples he rules. Small, but welcome, shall be the gift you will make to my dear comrade: more truly in my song will my face be seen; this my song, which no chances, no lapse of years, can efface, shall live when the work of Apelles shall perish.

LXXXV

Your writing, not without wit, certain quatrains, your composing nicely a few distichs, Sabellus, I applaud, yet am not surprised. 'Tis easy to write epigrams nicely, but to write a book is hard.

LXXXVI

I used to be invited to your birthday feast, although, Sextus, I was no intimate of yours. What has happened, I ask, what has suddenly happened, that, after so many pledges of friendship between us, after so many years, I, your old comrade, am passed over? But I know the reason. There came

[2] Not Pliny the Younger.
[3] *cf.* VII. vii. 1.

Hispani tibi libra pustulati
nec levis toga nec rudes lacernae.
non est sportula quae negotiatur;
pascis munera, Sexte, non amicos.
iam dices mihi "Vapulet vocator."

LXXXVII

Si meus aurita gaudet lagalopece Flaccus,
si fruitur tristi Canius Aethiope;
Publius exiguae si flagrat amore catellae,
si Cronius similem cercopithecon amat;
delectat Marium si perniciosus ichneumon,
pica salutatrix si tibi, Lause, placet:
si gelidum collo nectit Glaucilla draconem,
luscinio tumulum si Telesilla dedit:
blanda Cupidinei cur non amet ora Labycae
qui videt haec dominis monstra placere suis?

LXXXVIII

Fertur habere meos, si vera est fama, libellos
inter delicias pulchra Vienna suas.
me legit omnis ibi senior iuvenisque puerque
et coram tetrico casta puella viro.
hoc ego maluerim quam si mea carmina cantent
qui Nilum ex ipso protinus ore bibunt;
quam meus Hispano si me Tagus impleat auro,
pascat et Hybla meas, pascat Hymettos apes.
non nihil ergo sumus nec blandae munere linguae
decipimur: credam iam, puto, Lause, tibi.

[1] "Who negligently omitted your name." This is, of course, an excuse.

[2] What animal the *lagalopex* was is unknown.

to you from me no pound of Spanish refined silver, nor smooth-napped toga, nor new mantles. Hospitality is not a matter of bargain; you are feeding favours, Sextus, not friends. You will now reply: "Let my summoner[1] be flogged."

LXXXVII

If my Flaccus delights in a long-eared lynx,[2] if Canius[3] appreciates a grim Ethiopian, if Publius is consumed with love for a tiny lapdog,[4] if Cronius loves a long-tailed monkey as ugly as himself; if a mischievous ichneumon is a joy to Marius, if you, Lausus, a talking magpie attracts; if Glaucilla twines a clammy snake round her neck, if Telesilla has set up a monument over her nightingale; why should he who sees such monsters as these please their masters not love the winning face of Labycas, Cupid's boy?

LXXXVIII

Fair Vienna[5] is said, if report speak true, to hold my little books among her darling possessions. Every old sire and youth and boy reads me there, and the chaste bride in the presence of her strait-laced husband. I prize this more than if those who drink of Nile straight from its fount were to hum my poems, than if my own Tagus were to glut me with Spanish gold, and Hybla fed, and Hymettus fed my bees. Of some account then am I, nor am I deceived by the tribute of a flattering tongue: now, I think, I will believe you, Lausus.[6]

[3] A poet of Gades; *cf.* III. xx.
[4] *cf.* I. cix. [5] Vienne on the Rhone.
[6] Who had condemned M.'s book of epigrams: *cf.* VII. lxxxi.

LXXXIX

I, FELIX rosa, mollibusque sertis
nostri cinge comas Apollinaris.
quas tu nectere candidas, sed olim,
sic te semper amet Venus, memento.

XC

IACTAT inaequalem Matho me fecisse libellum:
si verum est, laudat carmina nostra Matho.
aequales scribit libros Calvinus et Umber:
aequalis liber est, Cretice, qui malus est.

XCI

DE nostro, facunde, tibi, Iuvenalis, agello
Saturnalicias mittimus, ecce, nuces.
cetera lascivis donavit poma puellis
mentula custodis luxuriosa dei.

XCII

"SI quid opus fuerit, scis me non esse rogandum"
uno bis dicis, Baccara, terque die.
appellat rigida tristis me voce Secundus:
audis et nescis, Baccara, quid sit opus.
pensio te coram petitur clareque palamque:
audis et nescis, Baccara, quid sit opus.
esse queror gelidasque mihi tritasque lacernas:
audis et nescis, Baccara, quid sit opus.
hoc opus est, subito fias ut sidere mutus,
dicere ne possis, Baccara "Si quid opus."

[1] *cf.* IV. lxxxvi.; VII. xxvi.

LXXXIX

Go, happy rose, and with thy soft chaplet gird the locks of my Apollinaris.[1] And see that thou wreathe them when—but may it be long hereafter—they are white: so may Venus ever love thee!

XC

Matho puts it abroad that I have composed an unequal book; if that is true, Matho praises my poems. Equal books are what Calvinus and Umber write: the equal book, Creticus, is the bad one.

XCI

From my small ground, eloquent Juvenal, I send you, see, Saturnalian nuts. The rest of the fruit the rakish Guardian God has bestowed on frolicking girls.

XCII

"If there be any need, you know you do not require to ask me": that is what you say, Baccara, twice and thrice in a single day. Truculent Secundus duns me in stringent tones: you hear him, and don't know, Baccara, what my need is. My rent is claimed in your presence loudly and publicly: you hear, and don't know, Baccara, what my need is. I complain that my cloak is thin and threadbare: you hear, and don't know, Baccara, what my need is. This is my need, that you should be struck dumb by a sudden stroke from heaven, that you may be unable to say, Baccara, "If there be any need."

XCIII

Narnia, sulpureo quam gurgite candidus amnis
circuit, ancipiti vix adeunda iugo,
quid tam saepe meum nobis abducere Quintum
te iuvat et lenta detinuisse mora?
quid Nomentani causam mihi perdis agelli,
propter vicinum qui pretiosus erat?
sed iam parce mihi, nec abutere, Narnia, Quinto:
perpetuo liceat sic tibi ponte frui.

XCIV

Unguentum fuerat, quod onyx modo parva gerebat:
olfecit postquam Papylus, ecce, garumst.

XCV

Bruma est et riget horridus December,
audes tu tamen osculo nivali
omnes obvius hinc et hinc tenere
et totam, Line, basiare Romam.
quid posses graviusque saeviusque
percussus facere atque verberatus?
hoc me frigore basiet nec uxor
blandis filia nec rudis labellis,
sed tu dulcior elegantiorque,
cuius livida naribus caninis
dependet glacies rigetque barba,
qualem forficibus metit supinis
tonsor Cinyphio Cilix marito.

---

[1] Quintus Ovidius, alluded to in VII. xliv. and xlv.: see also X. xliv.

XCIII

Narnia, girdled by a stream, white with its sulphurous eddies, thou whose twin peaks are scarce to be scaled, why so oft art thou glad to draw my Quintus[1] from me, and to keep him so weary a time? Why destroyest thou for me the value of my small Nomentan farm, which was precious to me because he was my neighbour? But spare me now, nor overdo, Narnia, thy welcome to Quintus: so for all time mayst thou enjoy thy bridge[2]!

XCIV

It was perfume that the small casket held just now: now Papylus has smelt it, see, it is fish-pickle[3]!

XCV

'Tis winter, and rough December is stiff with frost, yet you dare with icy kiss, as you go here and there, to stop all you meet, and to kiss all Rome, Linus. What more severe and more cruel revenge could you take if you had been assaulted and beaten? In this cold not even my wife should kiss me, nor my innocent daughter with her wheedling lips; but you are more pleasant and refined, from whose dog-like nostrils a livid icicle hangs, whose beard is as stiff as that which, with up-turned scissors, a Cilician barber reaps off a Cinyphian[4]

[2] A high-level bridge joining the two heights, part of which still stands.

[3] Malodorous: *cf.* III. xvii. 6: III. xxviii.

[4] Cinyps or Cinyphus was a district on the N. coast of Africa, famous for the long hair of its goats: Virg. *Georg.* iii. 312.

centum occurrere malo cunnilingis
et Gallum timeo minus recentem.
quare si tibi sensus est pudorque,
hibernas, Line, basiationes ·
in mensem rogo differas Aprilem.

XCVI

Conditus hic ego sum Bassi dolor, Urbicus infans,
cui genus et nomen maxima Roma dedit.
sex mihi de prima derant trieteride menses,
ruperunt tetricae cum male [1] pensa deae.
quid species, quid lingua mihi, quid profuit aetas?
da lacrimas tumulo, qui legis ista, meo:
sic ad Lethaeas, nisi Nestore serior, undas
non eat, optabis quem superesse tibi.

XCVII

Nosti si bene Caesium, libelle,
montanae decus Umbriae Sabinum,
Auli municipem mei Pudentis,
illi tu dabis haec vel occupato.
instent mille licet premantque curae,
nostris carminibus tamen vacabit.
nam me diligit ille proximumque
Turni nobilibus legit libellis.
o quantum tibi nominis paratur!
o quae gloria! quam frequens amator;
te convivia, te forum sonabit
aedes compita porticus tabernae.
uni mitteris, omnibus legeris.

[1] *male* Heins., *mala* codd.

he-goat. I would sooner run across a hundred lewd rascals, and I fear less a priest of Cybele fresh from his vices.[1] So, if you have any feeling and shame, I ask you, Linus, to put off your wintry osculations till the month of April.

XCVI

Buried am I here, by Bassus mourned, Urbicus, an infant, to whom mightiest Rome gave race and name. Six months were wanting of my first three years when the harsh Goddesses cruelly snapt my thread. What availed me my beauty, what my prattle, what my age? Give thou, who readest this, tears to my tomb: so may he,[2] whom thou wouldst have survive thy years, pass not to the waters of Lethe, save when older than Nestor!

XCVII

If you know well, little book, Caesius Sabinus,[3] the pride of hilly Umbria, fellow-townsman of my Aulus Pudens, you will give him these, though he be engaged. Though a thousand duties press on and distract him, yet he will be at leisure for my poems. For he loves me, and, next to Turnus'[4] famous satires, reads me. Oh, what a reputation is being stored up for you! Oh, what glory! How many an admirer! With you banquets, with you the forum will echo, houses, by-ways, colonnades, book-shops! You are being sent to one, by all will you be read.

[1] *cf.* III. lxxxi.; Juv. viii. 176.
[2] *i.e.* thy son.
[3] Alluded to in IX. lviii.
[4] *cf.* XI. x.

XCVIII

Omnia, Castor, emis. sic fiet ut omnia vendas.

XCIX

Sic placidum videas semper, Crispine, Tonantem
nec te Roma minus quam tua Memphis amet,
carmina Parrhasia si nostra legentur in aula,
(namque solent sacra Caesaris aure frui)
dicere de nobis ut lector candidus aude
"Temporibus praestat non nihil iste tuis,
nec Marso nimium minor est doctoque Catullo."
hoc satis est: ipsi cetera mando deo.

XCVIII

You buy everything, Castor; so the result will be that you sell everything!

XCIX

So may you see the Thunderer always placid, Crispinus,[1] and Rome, no less than your native Memphis, love you—if my poems shall be read in the Palatine hall (for they are wont to reach Caesar's sacred ear), venture, as a candid reader, to say this of me: "He brings your time some honour, and is not far behind Marsus and elegant Catullus." This is sufficient: I leave the rest to the God himself.

[1] A rich upstart, and favourite of Domitian, the *verna Canopi* of Juv. i. 26; *cf.* also iv.

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